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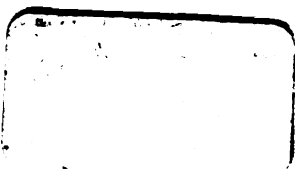
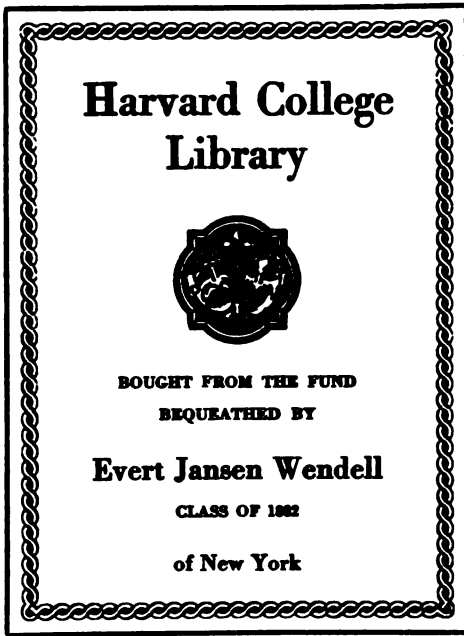
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P 325.9



THE PUPPET-SHOW.



VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 11 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH, STRAND;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCXLVIII.

FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENZELL





TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD,—This number of the PUPPET-SHOW

Completes VOL. I.—

Since 't was begun

I often have obliged you, as you know,
With good advice ; but having yet in store
A portion more,

I thought an excellent occasion
To give it you was in my Dedication ;
And for that reason headed with your name

My opening page ;

Although my doing so, I'm sore afraid,
Will cause at least a dozen foreign princes,
And several kings, who long have begged and prayed
For this same honour—

Hinting, besides, they'd not forget the donor
(Which fact some taste for bribery evinces)—
To die for rage.

When Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, asks his mother—
Who, to his grief, he finds has done amiss—
To "look upon this picture and on this,"

The pictures can't be more unlike each other
'Than is the Session just now finished,
Under *your* languid guidance, from the one
Which, under mine, triumphantly has run
Through Volume One with vigour undiminished.

I'll here enumerate a few
Of the more salient points between the two :—
In all *my* deeds I'm frank and without guile ;
Are you in yours the same ?
I fear you're not, my Lord ;—your very name
Exhales deceit—else how
Can you allow

Yourself to be addressed
As a *prime* minister, when men—
Though not all happening to be possessed
Of the discernment of a Babbage—
Have long since seen and confessed
In public—private—newspaper and letter,
Again and eke again,
That e'en the veriest bumpkin would disdain
To christen thus his bacon or his cabbage
If 't were not better.

Again, my lord : while *I* have fostered mirth,
 And lighted people's faces up with smiles,
 Only abandoning my harmless fun
 To lash some base impostor o'er the earth,
 And tear from off his face his mask of wiles—
 What have *you* done ?
 Come—tell me quickly, for I'd fain be taught—
 Have you done aught
 For Sanitary measures, Education,
 For suffering Ireland, or for Emigration,
 For Practices Corrupt, or Navigation,
 Or Bentinck's sticky Sugar Duties, or
 Produced one really useful law
 For anything ? *You* wot,
 As well as I, You've not—You've not—You've not !
 In short, I find
 That all your Government may be defined,
 As one inextricable Gordian *Knot* !

A few words more. Although
 You're very slow
 In many things, you've certainly stuck fast
 Upon the Ministerial saddle,
 O'er which, in merry mood, Chance cast
 You once a-straddle.
 But do not fondly think you're there for ever.
 John Bull, the steed by you so long beridden,
 Doing exactly all that he was bidden,
 Has now grown tired of this, and swears he'll never
 Be so enduring more, but rear and make
 Your head acquainted with its brother blocks
 Upon Disgrace's road—then quake,
 For this most certainly will be your fate.

There's only one way to avoid these knocks—
 Resign, my lord, before it be too late.
 An act like this, of common sense
 On your part, would excite a vast commotion ;
 The charm of novelty would be intense,
 And move men's hearts as tempests do the ocean ;
 'T would quite dumfounder with surprise
 The world at large, and, of a surety, no man
 Beneath the skies
 More than your humble servitor,

THE SHOWMAN.





NUMBER 1.

LONDON, MARCH 18, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

THE "SHOWMAN" presents his compliments and his portrait to the British Public, and introduces himself as a person who intends exhibiting the PUPPETS of the day in their true light.

In Politics he will attack every side with the strictest impartiality, and will patronise no parties except dinner parties. With regard to the Currency Question he need hardly state that he will issue his own paper, which will be exchanged for 'copper on every possible occasion. The publisher will be Liberal—in his allowance to the trade; but will not, it is hoped, testify such a "love of change" as might induce him to keep threepence out of a fourpenny piece, tendered in payment of a number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

The SHOWMAN will occasionally Review Books, and, what is more, will read them. He will not cut up works with the pen previously to doing so with the paper knife.

In Theatrical matters he will be "just," whether or not managers be "generous." It is a mistake to imagine that critics, like clergymen, cannot officiate without "taking orders." He will not support Her Majesty's Theatre because it happens to be the "old original Opera House:" some things—hats for instance—are not improved by age; nor will he attack the rival establishment on account of its being situate in the vicinity of Seven Dials.

With regard to the Newspapers the SHOWMAN need only mention that he will cultivate the fourth estate with a view to the production of a large crop of jokes. He will be constantly picking holes in the "happy broadsheet which not e'en critics criticize;" and, in fine, will allow himself the greatest liberty with the Press.

In the paragraphs published under the head of "Pins and Needles" particular attention will be paid to the points, which it is hoped will be found not deficient in sharpness, and always of the best-tempered description.



OUR PORTRAIT.—BY GAVARNI.

The "Distorting Glass" will, by caricatures of a novel style, reflect severely on all those who may be presented through its "happy medium." The SHOWMAN asserts, without fear of contradiction, that it will exhibit some totally new features, although not of a very flattering character.

The SHOWMAN will be general in his satire, but particular as to whether it be merited. Whenever he finds himself "called upon" he will of course have the person doing so "shown up."

Doubtless some curiosity will be excited as to the cause of the Cyclopan appearance which the countenance of the SHOWMAN presents. It is well known in newspaper circles that a periodical called "THE EYE" was brought out solely with the view of allowing the Editor to exclaim on the day of publication, "Here we are with our *Eye* out." It was no such object that could have induced the SHOWMAN to part with his orb of vision; nor does he mean to state that it was in fact a voluntary action which deprived him of it. Suffice it to say that, until a future period, it must remain veiled by mystery—and a black patch.

The SHOWMAN will do his best to gratify his readers, and he has no doubt that they will be delighted with his first publication, for none can be so devoid of egotism as to think badly of NUMBER ONE. But if, at any time, a subscriber should consider that he has not received ample satisfaction, the SHOWMAN will be happy to give it him at the *Puppet-Show Office*, where pistols will be kept in readiness from ten till four, and where "rubbish may be shot."

A WELCOME TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

WE do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false of heart as thou:
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate—
Thou paricide of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thine overthrow,
The hisses die upon our lips,
We turn and let thee go.
Poor vagabond of royalty,
So abject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half deified.
Tagged on the faults of humankind
We saw thy meshes lurk,
And constant Fortune's favouring wind
Still waft thee tools to work.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomps before our eyes,
And aye, in thine o'erflowing cup,
The sparkling bubbles rise:—
Alliance, worship, all were thine,
And, spectacle unmeet,
Even genius, drunk with bribery's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirmed the right,
And asked the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven?
Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our reply—
A living mockery of the just,
That gave their truth the lie.

All this thou wert but yester morn—
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art too mean for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.
Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou paricide of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrunk,
And all thy pride and power
Topped and crumbled—reeled and sunk,
And perished in an hour.
A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's heart,
It throbbed—it beat—it nerved their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee skulk and fly,
And hug a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.
To 'escape th' imaginary chase
That made thy soul afraid,
We saw thy shifts, thy shaven face,
Thy piteous masquerade.

We blushed, we groaned, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.
Forlorn old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all its fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on—thou hast not lived in vain.
A mighty truth uprears
Its radiant forehead o'er thy reign,
And lights the coming years:
Though tyrant kings are false and strong,
Humanity is true,
And Empire based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, their power is nought—
There is a God in man.
His revolutions speak in ours,
And make His justice plain—
Old man forlorn, live out thine hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

A TOAST FOR THE TIMES.—May all Englishmen plant a firm foot against the income tax, and prove themselves not inclined to budge it!

A REGULAR SELL.—The *Morning Chronicle* has been converted to Toryism. Can the "premises," which were lately whitewashed, lead to the "conclusion" that a similar process might otherwise have been found necessary by the proprietor? or

Was the change a conscientious one, and induced by the practical Liberalism evinced by the Conservatives? or Was it compulsory, and occasioned by the Whig Journal receiving a heavy check from the enemy? or Was it caused by these three reasons united?

A CHEAP AMUSEMENT.—The best way of combining excitement with economy and amusement with duty—we mean police duty—is to get sworn in as a special constable. You will be provided with a *bâton*, with which you can keep the peace and break people's heads, while an innocent and healthful recreation may be obtained by chasing the mob about Kennington Common. If possessed of ordinary intelligence and corresponding strength, you may take an opportunity of paying off some old scores by knocking down or "taking up" those of your acquaintances who may at any time have annoyed you. If any person should be rash enough to question your authority, he renders himself liable to a penalty of twenty pounds: you will therefore have all the fun on your own side.

THE LAW OF HONOUR.—It has been stated by an Irish authority, that according to the present law relating to duelling it would be illegal, in case of a riot, to "call out" the military. Were it allowable, we are sure that something more than "satisfaction" would be given.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Want of space and want of time—both candid, honest apologies—prevent us from replying in detail to our numerous Correspondents, whose kind suggestions we nevertheless thankfully beg to acknowledge.



KING SMITH AND THE NEWHAVEN PROTECTIONISTS.

CHARLES X. went out of France with the dignity of a gentleman. Louis Philippe slunk out; called himself SMITH; disguised his person; and fled when no man pursued him. On his arrival in England, the congenial name of SMITH met his eyes over the door of the inn of Newhaven. It was a happy omen. He knew he was in a comfortable land—a land of decent people—a land of Smiths: and KING SMITH (may the name we give him stick to him!) took courage for the first time, and thanked God that he was on British ground. He did not remember at the moment that he had very pertinaciously striven to overreach England, and had risked a war with her for certain unmanly projects in Spain. The people of Brighton and Newhaven were, however, as forgetful as his Majesty of this little passage in his life, and warmly received the Ex-King on his landing.

A magnanimous Briton (not a snob), named Stone, raised the shout of loyalty. He welcomed to England the Majesty of SMITH in the name of the people of England, exclaiming, as with their voice, "We will protect your Majesty." KING SMITH was "much agitated," and repeatedly thanked the representative of England for the powerful aid he had offered. There are "sermons in Stones," says a high authority. There was a national declaration in this. The words meant, that if M. de Lamartine, M. Arago, M. Louis Blanc, or the redoubtable Colonel Barbès, should attempt the forcible seizure of KING SMITH, while he was on British ground, Stone himself, at the head of the armies of England, would throw a shield over the fugitive, and dare the saucy Republic to do its worst. We have not heard of Stone since; but he is doubtless engaged in the noble task of arousing the people of England to do their duty in this emergency like Stones—we had almost said like bricks.

On the morning that followed the Ex-King's arrival, a whole tribe of similar Britons came to Mrs. Smith's inn to offer the tribute of their admiration. "At ten o'clock," says the *Sussex Express*, "Mr. Packham introduced between forty and fifty of the principal tradesmen, &c. of Brighton, Newhaven, and the neighbourhood, to his Majesty, whom they heartily congratulated on his safe arrival." Every one of them was no doubt ready to do battle in King Smith's behalf against the French nation. There may possibly have been a lurking idea that King Smith had a million or two in the funds, and that he might expend a portion of the treasure among the Smiths, and the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, of Brighton and Newhaven, after he should have settled fairly down into private citizenship. But no—we will not wrong these noble tradesmen. It was a love of virtue that prompted them to visit the Ex-King. It was that sublime spectacle, a great soul greater than adversity, that they wished to behold. The old idea was still uppermost, however, in the mind of King SMITH. He had neither forgotten the dangers of his flight, nor the magnanimous promise of Stone. In the midst of much "agitation" and "excitement," he exclaimed, "I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you. I feel that I am SAFE." Poor old Smith! There is not a man in England who would hurt a hair of his head.



CHANGE FOR A LOUIS—IN FOUR CROWN PIECES.

I.
In Paris the cost of a dinner varies from 50 centimes to as many francs; while the price of a banquet is fixed at a Crown.

II.
Although the late Reform Banquet cost a Crown, the French consider the entertainment cheap at a Louis!

III.
The newspapers described Louis Philippe at Dreux with his finances reduced to a solitary crown piece, and constantly exclaiming, "Like Charles the Tenth!" Did this likeness, which Louis Philippe saw to Charles the Tenth, refer to the obverse of the crown in his hand, or to the reverse of the crown from his head?

IV.
Two days after Louis Philippe had abdicated, the newspapers spoke of him as being still possessed of a Crown, at Dreux! When and by whom was this petty French town constituted an independent sovereignty?

THE COURT OF ARCHES.
To prove that this court is antique,
There's no need of a splendid oration;
For on seeing the names of the clique,
You're convinced they're the *Fust Jenner*-ation.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.
Messrs. Farren and Vandenhoff, Juniors, are spoken of in one of the papers as "promising actors." We don't mind their promising, but we wish they could be prevailed upon not to perform.

PLUSH INSIDE AND OUT.
According to report, Guizot made his escape in a suit of livery. Had he never consented to pander to the ambitious views of his former king, and act the part of a lackey, there would have been no necessity for wearing the garb of one.

"I PRAY THEE GIVE ME BACK MINE HEART."
The day after the late Bachelors' Ball a lady advertised in *The Times*, as having "lost a small heart." In an assembly of bachelors, what else could be expected?

ON LOUIS PHILIPPE TAKING THE TITLE OF COUNT OF NEUILLY.

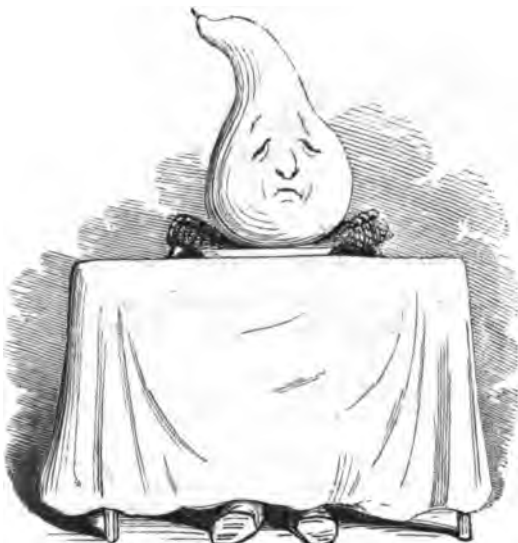
I.
Oh true is the saying, great Louis Philippe,
That as people sow they assuredly reap;
Just think of your acts, and to what they amount,
And you'll find 't is but right you are brought to a Count.

II.
Louis Philippe has dubbed himself Count de Neuilly—
Rarer a fall for Him Majesty, truly;
But Marie Amélie, him Queen, need n't flout—
She's got for her husband *de newly* made Count.

A REPLY TO "THE PATRICIAN."
An article is about to appear in a Chartist Journal, entitled "Not you by your asking;" it is addressed to the author of the inquiry "Who is a Gentleman?"

A FAMILY FAILING.
On leaving Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours separated from each other, after agreeing to meet again at a certain point. The Duke only was there, the Duchess having mistaken the right road. This is an error to which the Bourbons appear peculiarly liable.

THE OLD UMBRELLA.
Louis Philippe left his umbrella at Paris. We suppose he had no use for it when the reign had ceased.



1.—The Banquet of which everybody had had enough.



2.—Louis Philippe dresses for dinner as though nothing is the matter.



3.—Thinks it advisable, however, to bribe the Commandant of the Forts to stick by him.



4.—Hears a rumpus in the street, and mounts a chimney-pot to reconnoitre.



5.—Finds the game is all over, and abdicates with tears in his eyes.



6.—The young Republic refuses to give him up his old Umbrella.



7.—Cuts his lucky along a file of Cuirassiers.



8.—Pulls off his hat and shouts—(what?)



9.—Is shoved most unceremoniously into a cab.



10.—As unceremoniously shoves the horse up a hill.



11.—His valet arrives at St. Cloud with a clean shirt.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

AN IRONICAL, BYRONICAL TRAVESTIE.

'T WAS after February's day,
 When Fortune left the Bourbon breed—
 Around a slaughter'd people lay,
 No more to combat and to bleed :
 When those who help'd to forge the yoke,
 And fix it on their fellow-men,
 Had pass'd to the triumphant Folk,
 And Gallia once was free again :
 When faithless Bugeaud, new-made peer,
 As soon as he felt danger near,
 Gave up to exile and to shame
 Those who from him, at least, might claim
 Some little thank, but, in their fall,
 Learn'd Kings are men—and courtiers worse than all.

Such was the hazard of the die ;
 Old Louis was obliged to fly.
 Behold him 'neath yon terrace wall—
 But no ; he is not there at all ;
 He's just run back for something left,
 Of which he would not be bereft.
 Say what on earth can ever make
 Him thus his hopes of safety stake ?
 What can it be for which he looks,
 With trembling haste, in all the nooks
 And corners of his cabinet ?
La Charte, perhaps ! but I forget ;
 He ne'er would waste his time to find
 What he has always left behind.
 It cannot be his toothpick, or
 His spectacles, I'm certain, for
 He casts them from him carelessly
 With cold indifference—but see !
 His bosom heaves—his heart beats high—
 The long-sought object meets his eye !
 He rushes quickly to the spot,
 And in another moment's got
 His dear Umbrella in his hand.
 His feelings he can scarce withstand,
 But, lo : ere he's had time to clasp
 The handle firmly in his grasp,
 The floor divides, and from the gap
 The young Republic out doth spring,
 With tunic—sandals—Phrygian cap,
 And thus accosts the fallen king :—
 " I say, just stop a bit, old fellow ;
 " I'll trouble you for that umbrellaer."
 Then striding tow'ards where he doth stand,
 Twitches it neatly from his hand.
 " At least," cries Louis, " don't take that !"
 " Dear sir, 't is only tit for tat,"
 The other answers ; " 'T is but fair
 " That you, for once, should learn to know
 " A little of the endless woe
 " That others you have forced to bear.
 " Dost think Morocco's emp'ror, then,
 " Remained unscath'd by sorrow when
 " The famous Bugeaud, duke of Isly—
 " Who's cast you from him, in a way
 " So off-hand, easy, I may say
 " That 't would do credit to a Risley—
 " Made off with *his* umbrella, pray ?
 " ' Come, come, leave wringing of your hands,'
 " My resolution's fix'd and stands
 " Immutable ; of that be sure—
 " And now, my dear sir, there's the door."
 Old Louis stops to hear no more—
 He sees his hopes are built on sand—
 But hastens to the faithful band
 Who're waiting for him down below—
 About two hundred men, or so,
 Of different *corps*—a motley show.
 Towards the Obelisk they go—
 The Ex-King keeping in the centre.
 At last upon the *Place* they enter :
 Say, was it Destiny or Chance
 Which led the fugitive once more,

Ere he should quit for ever France,
 That dreadful spot to traverse o'er,
 The Sixteenth Louis wetted with his gore ?

And now the People crowd around ;
 This " vice of kings" they jostle, squeeze—
 And cries significant resound,
 That set him aught but at his ease.
 Then He, too, wad his hat on high,
 And help'd to swell the gen'ral cry.
 Some say 't was *Vive la France* he shouted—
 But this, we think, will much be doubted ;
 As natural 't would be for Jack Ketch
 To wish a long life to the wretch
 Whose wizen he had come to stretch.
 Perhaps *Vive la Réforme* it was
 Which open'd his ex-royal jaws ;
 But this we won't affirm, because
 'T was something else perhaps ; in short,
 He may have, after all, said—naught.

Bring forth the brough'm ! The brough'm was brought.

In truth, it was a seedy thing
 With not a too elastic spring,
 Nor look'd as if the speed of thought
 Was in its wheels ; but it was *s'iled*
 With dust—though of the kind called " neat"—
 No brush its panels had defiled,
 No cane its cushions ever beat.
 Poor Louis, though, dar'd not complain,
 He knew that all would be in vain ;
 He only look'd with wrath and dread
 On one who on his corn did tread.
 They shov'd him in, and shut the door ;
 Said, " Let us see your phiz no more ;"
 Then gave the sorry hack the lash.
 Away, away, doth Louis dash,
 As if towards immortal smash.

Away, away ! the brough'm and he
 Went on the pinions of the wind,
 At such a rate that he would find
 Both fin'd and pinion'd he would be,
 Were he so fast to cut along
 Among the crowd—the motley throng—
 That in the season, in Hyde Park,
 From half-past four till nearly dark,
 Saunter the " ladies' mile" along ;
 And more than this, his name, I ween,
 In print would very soon be seen
 At all the keepers' gates and lodges,
 For racing on the queen's highway,
 And having been oblig'd to pay
 For such aristocratic dodges.

The jarvey near'd St. Cloud, and tried
 With all his might and main to hide—
 Not Louis in some safe retreat—
 But into something like a trot
 The jaded horse that now had got
 So tir'd it could not keep its feet.
 But all in vain ! do what he will,
 It couldn't drag them up the hill ;
 Which made old Louis rather fear
 'T was up with him—when there appear
 Some men, who're ask'd to help the brute—
 I think that here 't is right to mention
 I mean the horse—their intervention
 Is sought to aid him on his route.
 At first they all say " No !" point blank.
 Then Louis' heart within him sank ;
 But knowing that a bad disease
 Requires violent remedies—
 He, tells his name and hopes they 'd not
 To help him " at a push" refuse.
 They have no sooner heard the news
 Of what he is, than, like a shot,

Putting their shoulders to the wheel,
They say they most delighted feel
They're able thus to bear a hand
To sundry revolutions more—
Achiev'd, though, without human gore—
And from his presence rid the land.

At length St. Cloud's old pile he reaches,
And, heedless quite of mats or scrapers,
Seeks out his desk, and seizing papers,
With trembling hand into his breeches'
And paletôt pockets he doth stuff
A goodly quantity—enough
To line some fifty trunks or so—
Portmanteaus—not trunk-hose, you know.
While thus employed, suddenly
The folding-door doth backward fly;
He shudders, starts, but quick doth rally
On seeing that it is his valet,
Although he adds, with look severe,
"Pray, why so suddenly appear
And fright me thus? What are you at, sir?"
The man replies, "Excuse me, Sir,
I thought a change you might require,
And here have brought a clean Corazza,
With two new waistcoats." "Well, then pack
Them all," says Louis, "*dans mon sac*."
The *sac* to which he here alluded
Was that which all his things included—
His carpet-bag, in fact, and not
The *sack* he'd from his people got.

And now to let our Public rest
Themselves some little period, lest
We tire them through too long relations—
How his at Croydon Louis seek,
And what they say, as also what
Befel him ere he so far got,
We'll not describe until next week.



"*Check to the King*," by W. B. Jerrold.—This is the last of the thousand and one literary ephemera which poor Louis Philippe (and the press) has brought into existence. After the thousand and one shifts to which he resorted in his flight to this country, this "*Check to the King*" (who admitted to Mr. Packham on his arrival that he was very short of tin) must prove doubly acceptable.

We only hope the "check" signed W. B. Jerrold will be duly honoured.

"*Fly Leaves*," No. 1, by John Leech.—Although we are aware Leeches are amphibious, we must still confess our surprise at this abortive attempt to "fly." Our microscopic eye has examined "*Leaf, No. 1*," and we pronounce it to be covered with the same dirty black and yellow smear which a *fly leaves*. We offer you one hint, Mr. Leech, with your leave—At sixpence the public will never buy your "*leaves*."

BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED.

The Life and Times of Louis Philippe.
Louis Philippe, his Life and Times.
The Times and Life of Louis Philippe.
Louis Philippe, his Times and Life.
The Life of Louis Philippe, with a Sketch of his Times.
The Times of Louis Philippe, with a Sketch of his Life.
The History of the First French Revolution.
The History of the Second French Revolution.
The History of the Last French Revolution.
The History of the Next French Revolution (*Nearly Ready*).

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE Operatic season has now commenced in earnest, and the "competing schemes" are in full opposition. None of the *débuts* at H. M. Theatre can be considered as real successes, the chief attraction being Gardoni; while at Covent Garden Persiani is the principal *point d'appui*, Alboni having hitherto given no satisfaction—whether from absolute illness or only an indisposition to perform, does not appear. The old practice of abridging and interpolating operas is maintained in all its odiousness at the former establishment, but the new management of the Royal Italian Opera is continuing the system acted upon during the last season by Mr. Beale—that of presenting musical works in an un mutilated state. We think the public will prefer Delafield and Co.'s entire to Mr. Lumley's disagreeable mixtures. The orchestra at the Royal Italian Opera is in a state of the greatest perfection, though we are sorry to observe that the *entente* between the instruments at H. M. Theatre is not so *cordiale* as might be desired.

Drury Lane has been turned into a circus, and the deal benches in the pit, the vulgar notices as to price which are pasted about the theatre, and the badness of the music, by no means render the entertainments "far superior to equestrian performances in general," as M. Jullien promised. The public evince their appreciation of the attention paid to them by stopping away from what otherwise possesses all the elements of a most attractive exhibition. Auriol the clown, however, will alone repay a visit, and the horsemanship is altogether excellent. We need not observe for the sake of a joke that several of the horses will enjoy a very long run.

A LESSON FOR LITTLE LITERARY LIONS.

(IN WORDS NOT EXCEEDING THREE SYLLABLES.)

In a Street call-ed Fleet Street there was a School for lit-tle Boys, kept by Mr. Punch; and at this School were three lit-tle Boys nam-ed Doug-las, and Gil-bert, and Wil-lie, of whose Pen-man-ship Mr. Punch was ver-y proud, so much so that he us-ed to call them "the most em-in-ent Writ-ers of the Day;" and, though No-bod-y else be-liev-ed him, yet these lit-tle Boys did, and gave them-selves Airs in con-se-quence, which shows how dan-ger-ous it is to praise lit-tle Boys be-fore their Fac-es. One Day these lit-tle Boys play-ed Tru-ant, and went o-ver the Way to have a Lark with the Boys of an-oth-er School, two of whom, Al-bert and An-gus, were ver-y fast Writ-ers in-deed, and there was a deal of Jeal-ous-y be-tween the two Schools on that ac-count. And Mr. Punch heard of it, and, to fright-en them, told them that if they went o-ver the way Old Bo-gy would have them; and Doug-las, who was the lit-tlest Boy of all, cried, and said he did not go o-ver the Way, for he did not like Mas-ter Al-bert; and Gil-bert and Wil-lie al-so said they did not go o-ver the Way, al-though they had brag-ged to the other Boys and told them they had been o-ver. And the big Teach-er said they were ver-y un-ru-ly Boys, and that they should be pun-ish-ed. This was be-cause, on-ly a few weeks be-fore, he had been made Game of, and one Boy had drawn a Pic-ture of a Lem-on Boy, and an-oth-er (Mas-ter Gil-bert it was thought), had writ-ten a Song un-der-neath it a-bout the "Cur-ly-head-ed Jew Boy," and ev-ery bod-y knew this meant the big Teach-er. So the big Teach-er made these three poor lit-tle Boys stand up in a dark cor-ner of the *Daily News*, with a Pa-per be-fore them, say-ing they would nev-er do so an-y more.

This ought to be a Warn-ing to lit-tle Boys nev-er to play Tru-ant.

THE CHARING-CROSS REVOLUTION!

DESTRUCTION OF NELSON COLUMN
HOARDING.FORMATION OF A BARRICADE!
A POTATO CAN PLUNDERED!

VERY-GRAPHIC EXPRESS!

We have just received, by extraordinary express, intelligence that a Revolution has broken out in Trafalgar Square. A tremendous body of men, amounting to several thousands, marched down, singing in chorus, and immediately proceeded to raise a barricade, about a foot high, of two boards which formed a portion of the hoarding of the Nelson column. This was kicked on one side by two policemen, but not before blood had been shed! A small boy's head was broken by a body of a hundred police!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Two o'clock.

The insurgents have plundered a potato can! As I close this dispatch, the victorious citizens are revelling in its contents, and every kind of dissipation prevails. Alarm and consternation spread widely, and the worst fears are entertained by the proprietors of eel-pie establishments. A dreadful rumour prevailed that Mr. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. REYNOLDS contemplated reading a chapter of his *Mysteries of London* to the populace! The military have been summoned to prevent this catastrophe. A Provisional Government will be formed of the following individuals:—

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE,
MR. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. REYNOLDS,
MR. RICHARD DUNN,
MR. CHARLES SLOMAN,
MR. JOSEPH ADY,

And other gentlemen distinguished for literary, scientific, and financial attainments.

SECOND EDITION.

THREE o'clock.

We have nothing new to communicate.

THIRD EDITION.

FOUR o'clock.

Our worst fears have been confirmed. MR. G. J. M. N. O. P. Q. W. REYNOLDS spoke! He was heard with great applause by a body of pickpockets, and, strange to say, lost nothing during his address—which was a violent attack on the institutions of the country (including it's grammar); and concluded with a pathetic reference to the fact—that his journal, in which his speech would be reported verbatim, cost only a penny. His friends the rabble escorted him home.

HALF-PAST FOUR o'clock.

OCCUPATION OF THE NATIONAL
GALLERY BY THE MILITARY!

We are happy to be able to state, that the gallant household troops still occupy the barracks in the rear of this noble building.

FOURTH EDITION.

FIVE o'clock.

BY SPECIAL CONSTABLE!

A special constable, who passed our office on his way home during his tea half-hour, informs us that the populace have not yet thought of

TEARING UP THE RAILS

Of Northumberland House!

FIFTH EDITION.

SIX o'clock.

Mr. COCHRANE has fled—disguised as a respectable man—and abandoned the cause of freedom. The mob are calling out for his head; but it is hoped that the small value of the article demanded will lead them to abandon their desire.

We are happy to state that there is no chance of our having to announce in our next edition that

BUCKINGHAM PALACE IS IN THE
HANDS OF THE MOB!

INTERESTING PARTICULARS.—Previous to each division being marched to the scene of action, the inspectors rode along the ranks and inspired the veterans by shouting, "Scotland Yard expects that every man will do his duty." The War Office, however, is alarmed to find that two drunken grenadiers fraternised with the people.

SIXTH EDITION.

EIGHT o'clock.

We stop the Press to announce the important fact, that

THE TRI-COLOR FLAG IS WAVING!
over the Lowther Bazaar (as usual).

•• If there is anything imperfect in the above account, we are sure our readers will excuse it when we mention the fact, that our own reporter, in his anxiety to procure the latest intelligence, had his head broken in the fray. We have sent him to a respectable carpenter to have it repaired.—ED.

WHO BRAGS AND THEN RUNS AWAY.

A LAY OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

AIR.—"Who loves and who rides away."

On hoarding and wall was a poster stuck,
At which crowds turned round to stare;
'T was signed by Charles Cochrane, who thought he
could get

Up a meeting in Trafalgar Square:
But he looked at a note, dated "Scotland Yard,"
And at home he determined to stay.
Oh! was it not like that political gent
First to brag, and then run away.

Away, away, away,
To brag, and then run away.

So one o'clock struck—yet no chairman came;
And the many-headed mob
Set to hoot, and to moan, and to hiss, and to groan,
And to vote poor Charles Cochrane a snob:
And did you really summon us all
Such a dirty trick to play?

Oh! you never shall be our favoured M. P.—
You who brag, and then run away.

Away, away, away,
Who brag, and then run away.

But little, bold Cochrane thought or cared
For the mob he had tried to humbug;
"What matter who felt—the blows may be dealt—
While here I am sitting so snug."

So the candidate laughed a chuckling laugh;
But, Ten-pounders, mind what we say—
And never give vote for this sneaking gent
Who bragged, and then ran away.

Away, away, away,
Who bragged, and then ran away.

HOW TO SAVE TWO-PENCE A-WEEK.

Purchase the *Puppet-Show*, and look at the illustrations of *Punch* through the shop-windows. You will thus obtain all the wit of both publications, and SAVE TWO-PENCE!

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VISTELLI BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWNS, at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 2.

LONDON, MARCH 25, 1848.

ONE PENNY.



Lord John—"WELL, MR. BULL, AS I DIDN'T PRESS YOU FOR THE EXTRA INCOME TAX, I SUPPOSE
YOU'LL DO SOMETHING FOR THE 'BABBY?'"

Again, my lord : while *I* have fostered mirth,
 And lighted people's faces up with smiles,
 Only abandoning my harmless fun
 To lash some base impostor o'er the earth,
 And tear from off his face his mask of wiles—
 What have *you* done ?
 Come—tell me quickly, for I'd fain be taught—
 Have you done aught
 For Sanitary measures, Education,
 For suffering Ireland, or for Emigration,
 For Practices Corrupt, or Navigation,
 Or Bentinck's sticky Sugar Duties, or
 Produced one really useful law
 For anything ? *You* wot,
 As well as I, *You've not—You've not—You've not !*
 In short, I find
 That all your Government may be defined,
 As one inextricable Gordian *Knot !*

A few words more. Although
 You're very slow
 In many things, you've certainly stuck fast
 Upon the Ministerial saddle,
 O'er which, in merry mood, Chance cast
 You once a-straddle.
 But do not fondly think you're there for ever.
 John Bull, the steed by you so long beridden,
 Doing exactly all that he was bidden,
 Has now grown tired of this, and swears he'll never
 Be so enduring more, but rear and make
 Your head acquainted with its brother blocks
 Upon Disgrace's road—then quake,
 For this most certainly will be your fate.

There's only one way to avoid these knocks—
 Resign, my lord, before it be too late.
 An act like this, of common sense
 On your part, would excite a vast commotion ;
 The charm of novelty would be intense,
 And move men's hearts as tempests do the ocean ;
 'T would quite dumfounder with surprise
 The world at large, and, of a surety, no man
 Beneath the skies
 More than your humble servitor,

THE SHOWMAN.





NUMBER 1.

LONDON, MARCH 18, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

THE "SHOWMAN" presents his compliments and his portrait to the British Public, and introduces himself as a person who intends exhibiting the PUPPETS of the day in their true light.

In Politics he will attack every side with the strictest impartiality, and will patronise no parties except dinner parties. With regard to the Currency Question he need hardly state that he will issue his own paper, which will be exchanged for copper on every possible occasion. The publisher will be Liberal—in his allowance to the trade; but will not, it is hoped, testify such a "love of change" as might induce him to keep threepence out of a fourpenny piece, tendered in payment of a number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

The SHOWMAN will occasionally Review Books, and, what is more, will read them. He will not cut up works with the pen previously to doing so with the paper knife.

In Theatrical matters he will be "just," whether or not managers be "generous." It is a mistake to imagine that critics, like clergymen, cannot officiate without "taking orders." He will not support Her Majesty's Theatre because it happens to be the "old original Opera House;" some things—hate for instance—are not improved by age; nor will he attack the rival establishment on account of its being situate in the vicinity of Seven Dials.

With regard to the Newspapers the SHOWMAN need only mention that he will cultivate the fourth estate with a view to the production of a large crop of jokes. He will be constantly picking holes in the "happy broadsheet which not e'en critics criticize;" and, in fine, will allow himself the greatest liberty with the Press.

In the paragraphs published under the head of "Pins and Needles" particular attention will be paid to the points, which it is hoped will be found not deficient in sharpness, and always of the best-tempered description.



OUR PORTRAIT.—BY GAVARNI.

The "Distorting Glass" will, by caricatures of a novel style, reflect severely on all those who may be presented through its "happy medium." The SHOWMAN asserts, without fear of contradiction, that it will exhibit some totally new features, although not of a very flattering character.

The SHOWMAN will be general in his satire, but particular as to whether it be merited. Whenever he finds himself "called upon" he will of course have the person doing so "shown up."

Doubtless some curiosity will be excited as to the cause of the Cyclopiian appearance which the countenance of the SHOWMAN presents. It is well known in newspaper circles that a periodical called "THE EYE" was brought out solely with the view of allowing the Editor to exclaim on the day of publication, "Here we are with our *Eye* out." It was no such object that could have induced the SHOWMAN to part with his orb of vision; nor does he mean to state that it was in fact a voluntary action which deprived him of it. Suffice it to say that, until a future period, it must remain veiled by mystery—and a black patch.

The SHOWMAN will do his best to gratify his readers, and he has no doubt that they will be delighted with his first publication, for none can be so devoid of egotism as to think badly of NUMBER ONE. But if, at any time, a subscriber should consider that he has not received ample satisfaction, the SHOWMAN will be happy to give it him at the *Puppet-Show Office*, where pistols will be kept in readiness from ten till four, and where "rubbish may be shot."

A WELCOME TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

We do not cheer thee, faithless king,
Nor shout before thee now;
We have no reverence for a thing
So false of heart as thou:
We form no crowds to welcome thee,
And yet, we cannot hate—
Thou parricide of liberty—
An old man desolate.

When, in such sudden dark eclipse,
We see thine overthrow,
The hisses die upon our lips,
We turn and let thee go.
Poor vagabond of royalty,
So abject, so forlorn,
The greatness of thy misery
Shall shield thee from our scorn.

We saw thee yesterday elate
In majesty and pride,
Thy flowing wealth, thy gorgeous state,
Thy power half deified.
Tagged on the faults of humankind
We saw thy meshes lurk,
And constant Fortune's favouring wind
Still waft thee tools to work.

We saw thee building, building up
Thy pomps before our eyes,
And aye, in thine o'erflowing cup,
The sparkling bubbles rise:—
Alliance, worship, all were thine,
And, spectacle unmeet,
Even genius, drunk with bribery's wine,
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

When earnest men affirmed the right,
And asked the judging Heaven,
If ever, since the birth of light,
Had fraud and falsehood thriven?
Our fingers pointed with mistrust
To thee as our reply—
A living mockery of the just,
That gave their truth the lie.

All this thou wert but yester morn—
Thy fall is freedom's birth—
To-day thou art too mean for scorn,
A vagrant on the earth.
Too guilty for our sympathy,
Too paltry for our hate,
Thou parricide of liberty—
Thou old man desolate.

On falsehood built, thy basements shrank,
And all thy pride and power
Topped and crumbled—reeled and sunk,
And perished in an hour.
A truth pervading all the lands
Inspired the people's heart,
It throbbed—it beat—it nerved their hands—
It made thee what thou art.

Lo, like a coward, self-accused,
We saw thee skulk and fly,
And hug a life that none refused,
For want of strength to die.
To 'scape th' imaginary chase
That made thy soul afraid,
We saw thy shifts, thy shaven face,
Thy piteous masquerade.

We blushed, we groaned, to see thee seek
Mean safety in disguise,
And, like a knavish bankrupt, sneak
From sight of honest eyes.
Forlorn old man, our hate expires
At spectacle like this—
Our pity kindles all its fires—
We have not heart to hiss.

Live on—thou hast not lived in vain.
A mighty truth uprears
Its radiant forehead o'er thy reign,
And lights the coming years:
Though tyrant kings are false and strong,
Humanity is true,
And Empire based upon a wrong
Is rotten through and through.

Though falsehoods into system wrought,
Condensed into a plan,
May stand awhile, their power is nought—
There is a God in man.
His revolutions speak in ours,
And make His justice plain—
Old man forlorn, live out thine hours,
Thou hast not lived in vain.

A TOAST FOR THE TIMES.—May all Englishmen plant a firm foot against the income tax, and prove themselves not inclined to budge-it!

A REGULAR SELL.—The *Morning Chronicle* has been converted to Toryism. Can the "premises," which were lately whitewashed, lead to the "conclusion" that a similar process might otherwise have been found necessary by the proprietor? or

Was the change a conscientious one, and induced by the practical Liberality evinced by the Conservatives? or Was it compulsory, and occasioned by the Whig Journal receiving a heavy check from the enemy? or Was it caused by these three reasons united?

A CHEAP AMUSEMENT.—The best way of combining excitement with economy and amusement with duty—we mean police duty—is to get sworn in as a special constable. You will be provided with a *bâton*, with which you can keep the peace and break people's heads, while an innocent and healthful recreation may be obtained by chasing the mob about Kennington Common. If possessed of ordinary intelligence and corresponding strength, you may take an opportunity of paying off some old scores by knocking down or "taking up" those of your acquaintances who may at any time have annoyed you. If any person should be rash enough to question your authority, he renders himself liable to a penalty of twenty pounds: you will therefore have all the fun on your own side.

THE LAW OF HONOUR.—It has been stated by an Irish authority, that according to the present law relating to duelling it would be illegal, in case of a riot, to "call out" the military. Were it allowable, we are sure that something more than "satisfaction" would be given.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Want of space and want of time—both candid, honest apologies—prevent us from replying in detail to our numerous Correspondents, whose kind suggestions we nevertheless thankfully beg to acknowledge.



KING SMITH AND THE NEWHAVEN PROTECTIONISTS.

CHARLES X. went out of France with the dignity of a gentleman. Louis Philippe slunk out; called himself SMITH; disguised his person; and fled when no man pursued him. On his arrival in England, the congenial name of SMITH met his eyes over the door of the inn of Newhaven. It was a happy omen. He knew he was in a comfortable land—a land of decent people—a land of Smiths: and KING SMITH (may the name we give him stick to him!) took courage for the first time, and thanked God that he was on British ground. He did not remember at the moment that he had very pertinaciously striven to overreach England, and had risked a war with her for certain unmanly projects in Spain. The people of Brighton and Newhaven were, however, as forgetful as his Majesty of this little passage in his life, and warmly received the Ex-King on his landing.

A magnanimous Briton (not a snob), named Stone, raised the shout of loyalty. He welcomed to England the Majesty of SMITH in the name of the people of England, exclaiming, as with their voice, "*WE will protect your Majesty.*" KING SMITH was "much agitated," and repeatedly thanked the representative of England for the powerful aid he had offered. There are "sermons in Stones," says a high authority. There was a national declaration in this. The words meant, that if M. de Lamartine, M. Arago, M. Louis Blanc, or the redoubtable Colonel Barbès, should attempt the forcible seizure of KING SMITH, while he was on British ground, Stone himself, at the head of the armies of England, would throw a shield over the fugitive, and dare the saucy Republic to do its worst. We have not heard of Stone since; but he is doubtless engaged in the noble task of arousing the people of England to do their duty in this emergency like Stones—we had almost said like bricks.

On the morning that followed the Ex-King's arrival, a whole tribe of similar Britons came to Mrs. Smith's inn to offer the tribute of their admiration. "At ten o'clock," says the *Sussex Express*, "Mr. Packham introduced between forty and fifty of the principal tradesmen, &c. of Brighton, Newhaven, and the neighbourhood, to his Majesty, whom they heartily congratulated on his safe arrival." Every one of them was no doubt ready to do battle in King Smith's behalf against the French nation. There may possibly have been a lurking idea that King Smith had a million or two in the funds, and that he might expend a portion of the treasure among the Smiths, and the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons, of Brighton and Newhaven, after he should have settled fairly down into private citizenship. But no—we will not wrong these noble tradesmen. It was a love of virtue that prompted them to visit the Ex-King. It was that sublime spectacle, a great soul greater than adversity, that they wished to behold. The old idea was still uppermost, however, in the mind of KING SMITH. He had neither forgotten the dangers of his flight, nor the magnanimous promise of Stone. In the midst of much "agitation" and "excitement," he exclaimed, "I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you. *I feel that I am SAFE.*" Poor old Smith! There is not a man in England who would hurt a hair of his head.



CHANGE FOR A LOUIS—IN FOUR CROWN PIECES.

I.
In Paris the cost of a dinner varies from 50 centimes to as many francs; while the price of a banquet is fixed at a Crown.

II.
Although the late Reform Banquet cost a Crown, the French consider the entertainment cheap at a Louis!

III.
The newspapers described Louis Philippe at Dreux with his finances reduced to a solitary crown piece, and constantly exclaiming, "Like Charles the Tenth!" Did this likeness, which Louis Philippe saw to Charles the Tenth, refer to the obverse of the crown in his hand, or to the reverse of the crown from his head?

IV.
Two days after Louis Philippe had abdicated, the newspapers spoke of him as being still possessed of a Crown, at Dreux! When and by whom was this petty French town constituted an independent sovereignty?

THE COURT OF ARCHES.

To prove that this court is antique,
There's no need of a splendid oration;
For on seeing the names of the clique,
You're convinced they're the *Fust Jenner*-ation.

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE.

Messrs. Farren and Vandenhoff, Juniors, are spoken of in one of the papers as "promising actors." We don't mind their promising, but we wish they could be prevailed upon not to perform.

PLUSH INSIDE AND OUT.

According to report, Guizot made his escape in a suit of livery. Had he never consented to pander to the ambitious views of his former king, and act the part of a lackey, there would have been no necessity for wearing the garb of one.

"I PRAY THEE GIVE ME BACK MINE HEART."

The day after the late Bachelors' Ball a lady advertised in *The Times*, as having "*lost a small heart.*" In an assembly of bachelors, what else could be expected?

ON LOUIS PHILIPPE TAKING THE TITLE OF COUNT OF NEUILLY.

I.
Oh true is the saying, great Louis Philippe,
That as people sow they assuredly reap;
Just think of your acts, and to what they amount,
And you'll find 't is but right you are brought to a Count.

II.
Louis Philippe has dubbed himself Count de Neuilly—
Rarer a fall for Him Majesty, truly;
But Marie Amélie, him Queen, need n't flout—
She's got for her husband a newly made Count.

A REPLY TO "THE PATRICIAN."

An article is about to appear in a Chartist Journal, entitled "Not you by your asking;" it is addressed to the author of the inquiry "Who is a Gentleman?"

A FAMILY FAILING.

On leaving Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours separated from each other, after agreeing to meet again at a certain point. The Duke only was there, the Duchess having mistaken the right road. This is an error to which the Bourbons appear peculiarly liable.

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

Louis Philippe left his umbrella at Paris. We suppose he had no use for it when the reign had ceased.

But soon drew back, because by chance
The stove inside a fire had got,
And, consequently, just like France,
To hold him was too hot.

The men at length have ridden by;
"Once more," cries Louis, "let me fly."
On, on tow'rs Dreux they dash away,
Nor for a single moment stay,
Until they reach the wish'd-for spot,
Where Louis gets some supper—hot—
Almost as hot as is the chace
He thinks they're giving on his trace.

But little though could Louis eat,
Although you would have thought that he
Exceedingly hard-set must be,
For, since the civic storm first lower'd
He scarce had aught—save space—devour'd.

Then suddenly he quits his seat,
And gazing at a five-franc piece—
Which I may mention was his last—
For not a moment does he cease

To ponder upon all that's past,
And mutter with a voice broken
By sighs between each sentence spoken:—
"Comme Charles Dix! Comme Charles Dix!

Old man! old man! that this is true
There's no one bears the fault but you.

Had you not broken ev'ry vow
That you once took in Freedom's cause,
And fetter'd her with unjust laws,
You would not be thus wretched now.
Instead of five poor paltry francs
Of sordid dross, you still would see
Full forty million Franks (but they
All coined at dear Nature's banks)
To you and yours incline the knee,
And joyfully their homage pay.

At Dreux he also stops the night;
But early, ere the dawn of light,
He sets out guided by his host—
Who knows the country—to the coast;

But first his valet shaves off clean
His whiskers white, his famous wig
He puts, with sorrow, "up the spout,"
To pay his small account, no doubt.
(This clears the mystery up about
His having taken "cold without.")

He also buys a coat too big
By half: not many men, I ween,
There are who of themselves would guess
What once was king, nor more nor less,
Was hidden now beneath that dress.
The *Times* asserts that his disguise
Was such as must defy surprise,
And all attempts to scrutinize
"Of even his sincerest friends."
We only hope the *Times* intends
To tell us where to find the latter:—
We need some guidance in the matter.

He also took an English name—
"T was Smith—which when the gendarmes came
And saw upon his passport, they
Ne'er thought to stop him on his way,
Convinc'd naught great could ever own that name.

But here, kind reader, once again
The Printer bids me end my strain.

How Louis, then, put off to see,
And how he felt while crossing o'er,
And how at length he reach'd the shore,
And how to Claremont he did go,
If you would know,
E'en you must be put off to see
Till Number Three.

CONSOLING.

The Count de Neuilly consoles himself by reflecting
that his family are always safe "in the long run."

COMMUNISM OF THE PRESS.

WE are assured by several deeply interested parties, that no sooner had the news reached Whitefriars of the intention of the proprietors of *La Presse* to divide its profits with the editors, reporters, clerks, compositors, correctors, printers, and publishers, than the "spirited proprietors" of the DAILY NEWS magnanimously proposed a similar arrangement to their staff, which was, of course, unanimously refused, as the result would inevitably have been—all work and no pay!

THE FIRST STYLE OF ART.

OUR attention has been called to the fact that whenever one of Lloyd's novels for the billion is advertised it is sure to be "embellished in the first style of art." At first thought one would imagine that to the advertisers truth was "strange—far stranger than fiction;" but the statement is, nevertheless, perfectly correct, for the first, or primitive, style of art was such, that it was necessary to write "this is a cow," "this is a horse," underneath the representations of those animals.

TO GLIDDON AND OTHERS.

IN consequence of the erudite remarks addressed to correspondents on the subject of Chess in the *Illustrated London News*, we have determined, without leave, and with considerable license, to unite with the editor of that department in constituting an organ of the Divan—not the one in the East, but at the West End—in return for which we only demand, as the "unusual privilege of the press," to be placed on the Free List, at whatever establishment we may choose to patronize, for ourselves and friend, and for a cup of coffee and a cigar. The Smoking columns of the paper will be superintended by the writer of the present article, who will be happy to puff any books—he begs pardon—any cigars that may be forwarded to the office. The coffee, in which it is hoped there will be no grounds for complaint, will be passed through the filter of criticism by a subscriber to the *Morning Post*, and is expected to be of sufficient strength to enable a person of the meanest incapacity to read the Operatic criticisms which appear in that journal, and still remain in a state of wakefulness. We subjoin the following as a specimen of the information intended to be given in our

ANSWERS TO SMOKING CORRESPONDENTS.

GENT.—You will find that the smoke "comes out particularly strong" from a full-flavoured Havannah: if you wish to "draw it mild," you will of course choose one of an opposite description.

SIC TRANSIT.—The best way for you to avoid the sickness which you complain of will be to leave off smoking. However, you may as well attend to Horace's maxim, "*cum medio tutissimius ibis*," or, in plain English, "you will get on most safely with a medium cigar."

INGENUUS.—We believe that *cigarettes* are smoked by the Spanish ladies: there are certainly no cigars known as widows' weeds.

LUCY.—Your husband ought certainly to be allowed "*ex luce fumum dare*," i. e. "to have a smoke out of Lucy's presence."

COCKNEY.—You cannot get a genuine Silva in the Minorities, if you offer its weight in gold.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Unfortunately there is no invention to enable gentlemen to "consume their own smoke."

"1830" and "1848."

"It is an old National Guard going to visit his ancient general," said Louis Philippe, as he rode up to the Hotel de Ville in 1830.

"It is an old despotic intriguer going to the devil!" cried the French, as their ex-citizen King drove from the Tuileries in 1848.

Q. What word synonymous with *dear*, is suggestive of a letter immersed in reflection?

A. X pensive.



A PUT-DOWN FOR A PALTRY PUBLICATION.

DURING the past week we have observed in some few shop-windows, with a feeling of unmitigated disgust, a sheet of wretched engravings, called "Chat's Pictures of the Revolution," professing to be "from sketches by that celebrated artist Garvani." Observe that the mean author of this wretched deception, to keep within the bounds of the law, although he does not scruple to overleap all bounds of morality, prints the name of this most distinguished artist, whose reputation is more than European, Garvani instead of Gavarni, hoping to fill his pockets with pence by fathering upon M. Gavarni some of the vilest productions that the most miserable wood-cutter ever scratched out with a graver. To show the extent of the fraud, we may further mention that two of the subjects contained in this sheet, which have been previously printed as portraits of Horace Vernet and Eugene Sue, are now styled Guizot and Lamartine, and bear, as one would naturally suppose, not the remotest resemblance to the names printed underneath. In a few days we shall doubtless have them reappearing as Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

While all this is taking place, the impudent projector of this and similar deceptions no doubt hugs himself with the idea that he will escape unscathed. We swear by our black patch to undeceive him. Let him no longer imagine that those who spend their pence and halfpence on his worthless wares, are to be swindled just whenever his weak brain is capable of inventing new frauds. We advise him that one glance of our single eye will be sufficient to see through him and all his paltry fabrications; and in the event of detection we promise him such a degree of publicity as not even all his humbug advertising schemes, if brought into play, could ensure. He shall be exposed in our columns in the same way that vermin are affixed to a barn door, as a warning to others of their kind. With this caution, we leave him for the present.

With regard to M. Gavarni, we may mention that the only publications on which his pencil has been engaged, since his visit to this country, are, first, the PUPPET-SHOW; secondly, a series of highly finished illustrations, which will shortly appear under the title of "Gavarni in London;" and thirdly, the *Illustrated London News*, to which latter publication, by the way, he contributes a series of sketches of French character typical of the actors in the late Revolution.

BOOKS NOT YET IN THE PRESS.

"THE Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Writer in search of a Publisher," by one who has nearly worried some of them to death.

"What to Publish, and how to get it Published," by one who has had twenty excellent offers refused at least.

Standard Edition—A newspaper edition not exceeding 100 copies.

Standard Novels—The novel leaders of the *Standard*, in which both point and plot turn upon Sir Robert Harry Inglis and Mother Church.

ADDRESSED TO MR. DILKE.

Q. What is the difference between ecclesiastical and literary excommunication.

A. In one case the offending party is Anathematised,

UNWORTHY OF LITERARY NOTICE.—

The undersigned Gents have given no authority to Mr. BOGUE to announce their names as Contributors to a series in course of publication, called "Social Zoologies," and have no intention to contribute to that work.

(Signed) ALBERT SMYTH,
ALBERT SMYTHE,
ALBERT SMITHE.

ON SEEING AN INTOXICATED POLICEMAN.

[IMITATED FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."]

Roll on thou drunk and dark blue peeler—roll!
Thy *bâton* now thou wieldest quite in vain;
Thou'rt conquered by blue ruin—self-controul
Hath ceased with thee;—the gin and watery bane
Doth mar thy course; nor dost thou now retain
One sign of human reason save alone,
When for a moment with thy might and main
Thou cling'st unto some lamp-post with a groan,
Without a hat, and, luckily, unseen, unknown.

His steps shake on the path—the hat he wears
Is but a sport for him—he doth arise
And kick it from him; the vile nap it bears
For four and nine-pence, he doth all despise,
Spurning it from the pavement towards the skies,
And sends it shivering in his playful way
Into the gutter, where perchance it lies
Till, stumbling over it as well he may,
He falls beside it;—there together let them lay.

"JUST ONE COUPLE TO COMPLETE THE SET."—*Punch* is constantly advising the purchasers of the *Comio History of England* to lose no time in completing their sets. We understand that this recommendation is specially addressed to some Irish subscribers who have been educated in the belief that "there is luck in odd numbers."

AN UN-ENGLISH PRINCIPLE.—Quinet, the French historian, aspired to the command of a legion of the National Guard, but having proved himself utterly ignorant of military tactics, his claims were ridiculed. This may do very well in revolutionary France, but in good old England things are managed very differently. Why upon this principle Prince Albert would cease to be Field Marshal!

HOW TO REGULATE THE WEATHER.—If you wish for a fine day, go out with a large umbrella. To ensure wet weather, you should take a walk in a new hat. A fine passage across the channel may generally be procured by taking a preventive for sea-sickness.

QUITE EVIDENT.—The next French revolution will certainly be of a more severe nature than the one which has just taken place, for it will be quite out of taste for the "sovereign people" to accept any small change.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—The badness of the cuts in a certain halfpenny periodical has been excused on the plea that the persons by whom they are printed are unable to "bring them up." We always thought they were sufficient to make any one sick.

MONTE CRISTO AND "IF."—In the paramount vanity of his heart, Alexandre Dumas (Marquis de la Pailletterie) has published in the columns of *La Presse* a letter addressed by him to the ex-Duke de Montpensier, in which he says, "Prince—'If' I knew where to find your Highness, it would be by my speech, it would be in person that I would offer you the expression of my grief at the great catastrophe which has personally befallen you." The literal signification of DE LA PAILLETTERIE is *chaff*; and the Marquis seems to have retained an abundance of

FLY LEAVES, No. 3.



A TRIO OF PUNCHITES.

1st "Eminent Writer." I say, Douglas, what do you think of this PUPPET-SHOW?
 2nd "Eminent Writer." Why, I think we ought to put down all rival publications.
 3rd "Eminent Writer." Otherwise we shall be sold at the butter shops free, gratis, and for nothing.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

The Prussians turn'd their monarch out,
 And sent him to the right about ;
 The monarch in his turn turn'd, too—
 First tail, then visage—Prussian blue.

A HEBREW MELODY.

THE Bill for the removal of Jewish Disabilities has given rise to some extravagant hopes on the part of Young Houndsditch, and among the minors in the Minorities a strong feeling exists. As one young gentleman has found a vent for his feelings in the following lay, we allow the youth to show his abilities on the disabilities question.

HOPE FOR ISRAEL.

O more shall the children of Judas sing
 "Old Clo!" as in olden time,
 Nor sell old harps with a broken string,
 'Neath the sun of a northern clime!

Oh this was the lay of a young Jew boy,
 Though not in his father's bower ;
 The poor old gent had been sold up for rent,
 And was hid in a hole near the Tower.

But soon shall the sun of young Israel shine,
 And—bailiffs and clothemen no more—
 We'll revel in swine, and the bright red wine,
 And be honoured from shore to shore.

CHEAP POPULAR BOOKS. The following may now be obtained at the extremely

- low prices affixed, of EDWARD FRY, 23 Birchin Lane, Cornhill, entrance in Castle Court, viz :—
 1. LAS CASAS' MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON. Four vols., 12mo, Red cloth, Portraits. Price 8s. 6d. Published at 41 4s.
 2. THIERS' HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Two vols., Thirty-six Plates on Steel, 1846. Red cloth gilt. Price 8s. 6d.
 3. THOMAS'S HISTORY OF NAPOLEON. Illustrated with many beautiful Plates, by Horace Vernet. Two large vols., imperial 8vo, cloth gilt. New red do., at 2s.
 4. PUGIN'S PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. 4to, cloth gilt, Two-hundred and four Steel Engravings. New 15s. Published at 47 15s.
 5. HEATH'S VERSAILLES. Twenty-four beautiful Engravings on Steel, cloth gilt, royal 8vo, Price 8s. 6d., Published at 21 1s.
 6. BRITISH NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, from 1560 to 1824. With an Outline of the Naval History of England. One vol., thick 18mo, cloth, 1846. Price, 8s. 6d.
 7. BECKFORD'S TRAVELS IN ITALY, SPAIN, AND PORTUGAL. Thick 12mo. Price 2s. 6d. Published at 6s.
 8. THE COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTOR; OR, ACCOUNTANTS' GUIDE. Cloth 18mo, Price 1s. The best work of the kind.
 9. NATIONAL DEFENCES: containing the letters of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LORD ELLENBOROUGH, and the Speech of R. CORDEN, Esq., M.P. With an accurate Map of the Coasts of France and England, from the Ordnance Survey, coloured. Neatly done up in tinted wrappers, price 6d.

Also the following Maps at the very low prices affixed, viz :—

1. RICHARDSON'S COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS. Thirty-one Maps, coloured, published at 51s. 6d. Price 15s., 4to, half-bound Morocco.
 2. ARROWSMITH'S NEW GENERAL ATLAS. Fifty-four Maps, coloured, 4to, published at 21 12s. 6d. Price 8s.
 3. THE EDINBURGH CABINET ATLAS. 4to, Thirty-one Maps coloured, 1847. Price 3s.
 A MAP OF EUROPE, Coloured, 1844, in a large 8vo cloth case, 4 feet by 5 feet, new. Very suitable for schools. Price 8s. 6d.
 2. The same in tuck. Price 9s. 6d.
 3. MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, 1816, coloured. Ditto tuck. Price 8s.
 4. Ditto ditto ditto, smaller. Price 4s. 6d.
 5. GILBERT'S NEW MAP OF THE WORLD, 1846. Roan case tuck. Price 4s.

23 BIRCHIN LANE, (ENTRANCE IN CASTLE COURT.)

Cheap and Good Writing Papers, at the following Prices :—

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Five Quires Good Letter Paper	..	1 9
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" Super Large Mercantile Post	..	3 6
" Foreign Bank Post, (an excellent paper)	..	3 0
" Satin Note Paper	..	1 0
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Ten " Mercantile Note, Blue Laid	..	3 6
Best Envelopes, 6d., 9d., and 1s. per Hundred.

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PLUMBE'S GENUINE ARROW ROOT should be used in preference to any other—its purity can be depended upon, it being the genuine produce of the root without any admixture. It is recommended by the most eminent physicians as a most nutritious diet, especially for Infants and Invalids. It is an excellent remedy for Colds, Coughs, Influenza, &c. Agents still appointed.—Enquire of A. S. PLUMBE, 3 Alle Place, Great Alle Street.

RESTORATION OF THE HAIR.

To Messrs. A. ROWLAND and SON, 20 Hatton Garden, London.

"Linton, Cambridge, Oct. 23th, 1847.

"GENTLEMEN,—A striking instance of the efficacy of your Macassar Oil in the restoration of the hair has just come under my notice. The person alluded to is a young man named Hystock, of Ashton, near this place, whose entire head of hair came off by some unaccountable means. He purchased of me several different popular preparations, which he regularly and faithfully used, but without effecting the least apparent change. At last I advised him to try a bottle of your Macassar Oil; and, on Friday last, he communicated to me the pleasing intelligence of the reappearance of a thick head of hair. You can make what use you please of this, and refer inquiries to, yours respectfully,

"J. SERGEANT, Bookseller, &c."

"* "ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL" is sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers. Beware of SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD.—VINER'S PORTABLE SCENTS for the waistcoat-pocket and reticule, in every variety of perfume—Vibrona, Geranium, Patchouli, Rose, Violet, Sandal, &c. An entirely new and useful little fancy article, not a paper packet, being so prepared as to retain the perfume. Are sold in boxes, containing one, two, and three dozen assorted scents, at 6s. per dozen, at VINER'S depot and manufactory, 4 Maddox Street, Bond Street, and the principal Chemists and Stationers.

JEAN VINCENT BULLY'S CELEBRATED TOILET VINEGAR.—This elegant Toilet Vinegar is one of the most efficacious and distinguished perfumes; it refreshes, softens, and beautifies the skin. It is substituted with the greatest superiority to the Eau de Cologne, of which it has not the irritating principles; it soothes the irritation produced after shaving; it is of the most beneficial and delightful use in the ladies' toilet and in their baths. Imported into England: sold wholesale and retail by A. BOUCHET, at the repository of French goods, 52 George Street, Portman Square; and to be had of all respectable Chemists and Perfumers, 8s. 6d. per bottle.

Advertisements to be inserted in No. 3 must be forwarded by Monday, March 27, to the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington St. North, Strand.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VERNALL BROTHERS and Co. Peckersborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DAVEN, at the "Puppet-Show Office," 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the Editors are to be addressed.



NUMBER 3.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. I.



MR. COBDEN AS CERES.

RICHARD COBDEN lately appeared in the character of Ceres, and not only acquitted himself with much credit, but obtained a large amount of ready money by the part. The plot of the performance was as follows:—Richard Cobden is much enamoured of Free Trade, and having overcome the giant Protection by means of the club of Public Opinion, is enabled to espouse the object of his affections, and reap, with the sickle of the Anti-Corn Law League, an abundant harvest from his countrymen's crops of gold. We only hope that the public will be pleased with our series in general as well as our

A WARNING VOICE TO THE PARISIANS.

I.

Beware, O France! to-day
Of the dangers in thy way.
In thy majesty and might,
In the splendour of thy Right,
Thou may'st look, with unconcern,
Upon despots fain to turn
Their swords upon thy bosom free and fair—
Thou may'st view, without alarms,
Hostile monarchies in arms,
And with Justice for thy captain thou may'st dare
All the hate of foreign foes;—
Yet, for dangers worse than those
Look around thee, young Republic, and beware!

II.

Thou hast overturned a throne
That was based on fraud alone;
Thou hast swept in sudden wrath
All its panders from thy path;
Thou hast done a glorious deed,
And immortal be thy meed—
May thy garlands ever flourish green and fair!
But take heed, and ponder well,
Lest the tyranny that fell
Have not left a worse to follow as its heir.
Unhappy is the land
Where a mob is head and hand:
Thou hast known the peril once—oh, beware!

III.

Of the fool of good intent,
With his schemes impertinent;
Of the stubborn theorist;
And the dense philosopher,
Who would mould the world afresh,
And make men of wood—not flesh,
Mathematically modelled on the square;
Of the false and glib-tongued knave;
Of the sycophantic slave,
Who would lick the wild beast's feet in his lair;
Of the frenzied zealot, blind
In his love of human-kind—
Oh beware, for Freedom's sake—oh, beware!

IV.

Though the nations yet bow down
To the sceptre and the crown—
Though they bend the fawning knee
To a titled luxury;
More contemptible than this
To behold a people kiss

Of the rabble in the street,
And sit slaving at the feet
Of the ignorant and hungry *proletaire*,
As if virtue fled the breast
That could sport a decent vest ;—
Oh, beware of mob-idolatry—beware !

v.

In the universal heart
Throbs a pulse that takes thy part ;
Through the nations, far and near,
Runs a sympathy sincere,
Burns a hope that thou wilt be
An example to the free—
A people that can think as well as dare ;—
Thou can'st mar, and thou should'st make,
Thou should'st build as well as break,
And raise a noble structure firm and fair.
Mighty hopes pervade the earth ;
It was thou that gav'st them birth :
Beware lest thou destroy them—oh, beware !

SPREAD OF POPERY.—We regret to mention, as a proof of the gradual extension of popish doctrines, that the ceremony of "taking the veil" was again performed yesterday. The convert took it from a shop in Cheapside, and bolted before a policeman came up.

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.—It seems that several coal-mines have been discovered in the Republic of Chili. This is a fortunate event for a Chili climate.

SYMPATHETIC.—We understand that Mr. Feargus O'Connor and his colleagues contradicted the statement of the ex-King of the French, that he lost his throne in attempting to uphold the Charter.

SNOBBS AND RELIC-HUNTERS.

HAPPY is the little town of Newhaven. It does not know itself for joy. It is honoured above all towns in England. **WILLIAM SMITH**, *alias* **LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS EGALITE**, slept in it for a night ! Happiest of all women—most favoured of all hostesses—is Mrs. Smith, of the Newhaven inn, who received the fugitive, her namesake, too, under her roof ; and acquired for her hostelry a renown that will stick to it for ever ! The majesty of **WILLIAM SMITH**, although denuded of the wig, the whiskers, the hat, the umbrella, and all the customary paraphernalia of kingship, shone upon the humble spot, and it is humble no more. Pilgrims resort to it as to a shrine ; they kiss the holy ground where the rejected of France, the scorned of all Europe, but the beloved of Newhaven, placed his illustrious feet. There is not a snob in the town who is not raised in his own estimation since that auspicious day, and who does not boast of the smile, the look, the kind word, or the shake of the hand that he received, from a king who has broken faith with thirty-five millions of Frenchmen. Their love of the majesty of **SMITH** approaches the sublime—nay, it transcends it—but only by one step.

The furniture and household utensils of Mrs. Smith (*not* the Countess of Neully, but the happy and honoured inn-keeper), have been transformed into Royal relics, says the *London Telegraph*. The very pillowslips on which **SMITH** rested his wigless head and whiskerless cheek upon the happy night when he thanked fate that he was on English ground, safe from the fancied pursuit of the gendarmerie of M. De Lamartine and the fiery Ledru Rollin, have been disposed of for a high price. If the barber who shaved his Majesty have not thrown away the lather, he may yet turn a decent penny by it ; and as for the shaving brush and the razor that he used, we may be certain, as long as there are snobs in England, that he will not be so green as to dispose of them for a trifle. We have heard of strange fancies on the part of relic-hunters. They are not at all particular between fame and notoriety—between a great king and a great scoundrel, and would buy the wig of Louis Philippe, or an inch of the rope that hanged Thurtell, Fauntleroy, or Greenacre, with almost equal alacrity. Happy, happy Newhaven ! Crowds will visit thee yet, and every snob in thy favoured precincts will bless the 24th of February that sent to their snobbery such a prize as "**SMITH**."

DISGUSTING FEAT.—Last week a bold young savage undertook, for a trifling wager, to devour the contents of *Howitt's Journal*, besides swallowing a great deal of other trash, including a theatrical criticism from the *Observer*. After the last dose, he began dosing, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

TO LEGITIMISTS.

IN consequence of the success attendant on the sale of Shakspeare's house, a party of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of purchasing the site of the Globe Theatre, in Blackfriars. As the scene of the immortal bard's greatest triumphs, the property is of a peculiarly interesting description ; and though great doubt may be thrown on the identity of the house in which the poet was born, there can be no question but that the site of the theatre in which he acted, occupies precisely the same position as during his lifetime. The ground is at present covered by three small tenements, considerably in arrears, and possession may easily be obtained, either by forgiving them the rent, or by adopting legal measures for their ejectment. The proprietor—an intimate friend of the writer's—has consented in the kindest manner to dispose of them for the sum of £17,500 ; one half to be paid down, the other to remain on mortgage at five per cent, until the completion of the purchase. All persons desirous of testifying their admiration for our great dramatist are invited to forward their subscriptions to the PUPPET-SHOW Office, where they will be taken particular care of. [N.B. Mr. Bunn has kindly offered to write a *libretto* in aid of the funds.]

THE ONLY SAFE METHOD.—Some astonishment has been expressed that the office of *Howitt's Journal* should be situate on the first floor of a grocer's shop. We understand that this arrangement was entered into "at the request of numerous subscribers," among whom it is usual to purchase *Howitt's Journal* and an ounce of tea conjointly ; it having been found impossible to get through the former, without having recourse to the latter.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.—It is not generally known that Pliny the Elder died of drink. Yet who can doubt that he perished through "a drop of the crather."

SIXES AND SEVENS.—We have been asked to state our opinion as to whether monomaniacs should be held answerable for their own acts, or allowed to cut any one's throat for which they may happen to have a taste—or, more likely, a distaste.

We all know that one maniac can be kept in order by the presence of six sane men, and maintain that on the same principle six sound senses are, or ought to be, sufficient for the subjugation of one that is diseased. Besides, if a monomaniac go to law and lose his suit, will not his solicitor consider him liable for his action, and for all expenses ?

STOPPAGE OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.

A GREAT deal has been said about the headlong rashness of the French Republicans, but recent events show clearly that they know where to stop—for the Bank has stopped payment. The populace, after running on the banks of the Seine, took to running on the Bank of France, and the result was that the last comers got the sack—not containing their money, as they expected—but simply their dismissal. The Government talked of issuing notes, but, though the people await the issue patiently, no notes have yet made their appearance. Numbers of persons, owing to the want of specie, are obliged to take credit to themselves—for as much as they can get ; and Paris presents the melancholy spectacle of a town living upon tick. Hoarding gold will now become the fashion among the horde of Paris, and it will require a revolution to put an end to it, as was the case with the absurd hoarding of the Nelson column. This pecuniary difficulty is part of Louis Philippe's legacy to France, which comprised altogether an involved Exchequer, a bad character, a cotton umbrella, an old wig, and a pair of whiskers !

It will gratify the public to know that our foreign relations are on a very good footing notwithstanding this state of things, for our uncle at Berlin has recovered from the gout, our aunt at Vienna has died and left us a legacy, and our pretty cousin in Paris married a respectable man with money.

PARIS FASHIONS.

There have been several changes in fashion lately, and the Orleans family have recently patronised mourning. The use of all ornaments has been abandoned, and silver and gold scarcely ever seen. The lower orders generally carry pistols and bludgeons, and are particularly partial to the blouse trimmed with blood.

THE LAY OF THE CREDITOR.

AIR—"You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette."

You are going far away, far away from all your debts,
There's no one left to pay me now, for you have no assets;
My bill it will be with you, wherever you may go:
Can you look into my ledger, and deny me what you owe?

When you wear the light moustache, and the vest of brilliant
blue,
I fear that you'll forget then all about my I O U.
With the reins between your fingers, and a *danseuse* by your
side,
You'll spend your uncle's legacy, and all your duns deride.

Oh, were I Lord John Russell, or, still better, Robert Peel,
I would pass a stringent measure that would make you debtors
feel;

I would put a stop to swindling, or at least would find a way
That the man who had the goods should be the only one to pay.



"BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

In the good old times of ecclesiastical power, when the black gown hid the cloven hoof, and it was customary to make bonfires of heretics, the clergy procured for themselves immunity from the consequences of crime, on the curious principle that they were men of God, and therefore ought to be allowed to sin uncontrolled. Now-a-days, when common sense is dominant, they are held in greater check, but still there is too frequently a disposition shown to claim something like the old privilege, which is doubtless much envied and regretted. Not long ago, a Reverend Mr. Cavendish was brought to Marlborough Street Police Office, charged with obtaining some of those delicate little worldly vanities so dear to the ecclesiastical heart—diamond brooches—on false pretences. Evidence was given, bail was called for, but was not forthcoming. Time came round—so did the van; and the man of God was taken off in it. Well, so far here was nothing remarkable; a delinquent parson is nothing new, but mark the sequel. On his next appearance, it was stated that an "arrangement" had been made for the return of the brooches and the abandonment of the prosecution; and His Reverence made off in a great hurry—so said the reports—to escape the officers of the civil law, who were waiting outside, till those of the criminal law had done with him within. Now we look upon the dismissal of this prisoner as a gross outrage on justice, which demands that a felony shall not be compromised. There was evidence given sufficient to imprison the man, circumstances brought forward exhibiting fraudulent conduct, but because he offers to return the property he is suffered to depart free,—as if taking it in the first instance were no offence at all! This is Benefit of Clergy with a vengeance. Parsons are for the future to bear, we presume, a charmed life. "Open locks, whoever knocks," cries the magisterial witch, and away goes the captive! But so long as we have the Justice Shallow school on the Bench, it is useless to expect decisions dictated by common sense, or even common honesty.

PRUDENT ADVICE.—The Irish patriots have been telling the English people that if they wish to gain their rights they must follow the example set them by the French. But if the model were to be strictly imitated, many thousand Irish labourers would be turned out of England to starve!



CURIOUS BLUNDER.

Mr. Mitchell, in a recent speech, stated that his party were now hastening to the "goal" of their ambition. By an unfortunate misprint it was made "gaol," and this now appears to have been the proper version.

TANTALIZING.

The *Olympic* playbills assert that on every night of Mr. G. V. Brooke's performance, hundreds turn back from the doors. What a pity they cannot be prevailed on to enter.

AN UNDENIABLE FACT.

The author of the *Comic History of England* states, that he has not taken the work of any particular historian as his basis. We don't know how far this may be true, but we can aver that the production is anything but Hume-rous.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Louis Philippe has, for the last few years, been lavishing immense sums, and descending to all sorts of mean intrigues, in order, like Louis XIV., to be able to exclaim, "The Pyrenees exist no longer." The result has been that the Pyrenees still retain their former situation, while Louis Philippe has been ejected from his.

A CURSE NOT DEEP BUT LOUD.

The orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre possesses at least one merit. This "band still unsubdued" makes so much noise that it prevents the chorus from being heard.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mr. Mitchell said, on March 23rd, that he meant to commit high treason.

It appeared the next day that the Government meant to commit Mr. Mitchell.

BETTER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

Sir Robert Harry Inglis, encouraged by the success of his measures against Billiards and other games on a Sunday, intends shortly bringing in a bill to prevent vessels at sea from playing pitch and toss on the day in question.

AN EXPLANATION.!

Mr. Brooke failed in performing *Shylock*. In this there is nothing extraordinary, for how could he expect to succeed in doing a Jew?

A SENSIBLE FELLOW.

The reason for which the King of Bavaria abdicated was, not to escape from the weapons of the people, but to fly to the arms of Lola Montes.

A CURE FOR BLINDNESS.

The King of Prussia says in his speech of the 21st instant, "Prussia henceforth rises into Germany." How very extraordinary that, before he could discover this, his people must rise in insurrection.

AN UNSEASONABLE CHANGE.

Queen Victoria has just changed her Gentlemen Pensioners into a "Body-guard," for which no one at all connected with trade is eligible. The sooner this corps is sent to the right about, the better; for it certainly, at a time like the present, can have no "business" anywhere.

"BOOKED."

Mr. Libri, the learned librarian convicted of robbing nearly all the public libraries in France, is certainly a great adept at book-keeping, yet, strange to say, his accounts (of the manner in which he obtained the different works) are anything but satisfactory.

THE POLITICAL GAME OF NINE-KINGS.



JOHN BULL AND THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.



John Bull—"IT'S ALL VERY FINE, MY YOUNG REPUBLIC, BUT YOU DON'T LODGE HERE."



21.—His host—with a host of others—bids him adieu.



22.—Not understanding the language of Liberty, he engages an interpreter.



23.—Gives Mr. Packham all his circulating medium to convert into English money.



24.—The Napoleon of Peace in Exile.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(Concluded from No. 2.)

THE coast is gain'd, but what to do,
They're still in a confounded stew,
Or pickle, which you will—no boat
Is there to set them now afloat;
And he who but a week ago
Had decorated high and low,
Stands wildly pond'ring, at a loss
How he himself shall get "a-cross."

It smacketh somewhat, I confess,
Of falsehood, neither more nor less,
That after the sad smack which fate
Had, at a point of time so late,
Administer'd unto the cheek
Of Louis' fortune, he should seek
To get another; yet I speak
The truth, though you must understand
That 't was no fresh one from the hand
Of fate he sought, but, in its place,
A fishing-smack, in which he might
Continue smack his rapid flight.
And, by a short and easy sail,
Sell those he still thought on his trail.

How Louis' breast with joy heaves
On seeing that the boat's hove to!

He goes on board, and quickly leaves

The land behind him; also you
Might have beheld, kind reader—if
You had been there—upon the cliff,
His host stand waving in the breeze
A dirty handkerchief. To these
Adieus old Louis quick replies,
Unable quite his grief to smother!
Oh, sight most meet for human eyes,
One kerchief* waving to another.

In order better to defy
The sailors' curiosity,
The ex-King did pretend to know
Of French not e'en one word, and so
A live interpreter he'd caught,
And with him in the vessel brought.

Now onward, onward under press
Of sail they scud along the main,
Until the steamer, hight "Express,"
They're fortunate enough to gain.
Her steam is up—no time is lost
Her prow is quickly turn'd to sea,
When Louis on the billows tost

* Query, cur-chief.

Most quickly to his cost doth find
He's leaving more than land behind.

And now he asks what course they steer:
The mate replies "he thinks they near
St. Helen—"; ere he's time to end

The word, the ex-King and his *suite*
With cries and screams the welkin rend,
And in despair Britannia greet
As "*Perfidious Albion*" thus to send

Them into treach'rous banishment.
The mate declares, to calm their fright,
He means St. Helens, Isle of Wight,
Not St. Helena—all in vain

He strove their confidence to gain,
With nothing would they be content
Until bold Captain Goodridge said
He would towards Brighton turn the vessel's head.

Look where above the waves they see
Newhaven with its friendly *quay*,

Which waits, we may say, to receive
And lock them in its arms—the sight
Doth make their visages turn bright,
And puts them, while on deck they stood,
As 't was most natural it should,
Immediately on the "*qui vive*."

A few short fleeting moments and
Old Louis jumps upon the strand.
No sooner had his foot touch'd ground
Than turning unto those around
He said—"Although once nearly floor'd,
I now again feel quite *a-shor'd*."

He sits within the Bridge Inn—see
How cosey he appears to be.
Newhavenites now, short and tall,
Come sneaking in to make a call,
And find him deeply plunged in thought
Behind the *Times*; in this there's naught
Which should surprise the meanest mind.
Think but a moment, and you'll find
Behind the *times* had been for aye
His favourite station in life's race:
And now he saw no reason why
He all at once should change his place.

With creaking buffer, groaning chain,
And steam like some wild courser's tail,
Up puffs in haste a special train
On the all-even rail.
Yet Louis stops—'tis very plain
From his behaviour all's not right.
To Packham, to get chang'd it seems,
Ten *sous* he'd given; and he deems
It possible that Packham might
Be keeping quietly out of sight
Till he was gone. This would have placed
Him in a disagreeable plight;
'T was all the tin he now had got.

His fears are groundless, though; in haste
Runs Packham, breathless to the spot.
In spite of all his pains, he'd not
Been able for the ten *sous* piece
More than a Joey to obtain,

Although his pray'rs he would not cease,
Nor yet from his demands refrain,
Until the people said they'd send,
Unless he quickly made an end,

Their servant girl for the police,
"Who'd straightway stop his mouth—they would—
Like that of, be it understood,
A *suer* noxious to the neighbourhood."

Towards Croyden tears the train along,
And soon arrives. A servile throng
Of toadies is already there,
With cringing knees and heads all bare,

O'erjoyed they ~~can~~ their incense bring
To one who, though he now doth own
No crown, and just has lost a throne,
At any rate once *was* a king.

Whirl'd onward by four prancing steeds,
Old Louis now tow'rd's Claremont speeds,
Where, after a most jolting drive,
At last he safely doth arrive.

At present, through the fields and groves
Of Claremont, then, the ex-King roves.
He sometimes also may be spied
Upon the river Thames' side,
With folded arms and musing eye,
Intently gazing on the tide
Which flows in murmur'ing ripples by.

I cannot tell what thoughts may fill
Your brain, old man, but this I will
Tell you in confidence—Give o'er
Lamenting for your name of king,
Or any such like worthless thing;
The world will reverence no more;
Think rather for the time which yet
You call your own, to spend it so
That people may relent; and, though
They be unable to forget
The life of vile intrigue you've led,
May pity you perhaps when dead.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

A well-known puffing firm lately issued an advertisement, in which their "*leather*" was much vaunted, and made to rhyme twice with "*whether*" and once with "*weather*." The last two lines run thus:

"No doubt you'll tell what I have told,
And hint at where the calf is sold."

Now we appeal to a jury of any twelve unenlightened customers of this establishment, whether the use of the word "*calf*" be not a sly piece of sarcasm applied by the proprietors to every one who has been sold at their mart.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Dionysius of Syracuse, from a mighty monarch, became a schoolmaster at Corinth.

Louis Philippe of Orleans, from an indifferent schoolmaster, became a citizen-King of France.

From 1830 to 1848 the Parisian tyrant treated the Liberty of the Press like a modern Damocles, by suspending a sword above its head. Little, however, did he reckon when, and upon whom, that sword might fall!

Between the Syracusan and the Parisian tyrant there is a striking resemblance:—Neither was necessary to the welfare of his country.

WHO'S TO DECIDE?—During the recent debate on the Tea Question, Mr. Alderman Sidney asserted that "if any honourable member consumed a quarter of a pound of tea he would find his nerves so highly strung that he would be unable to get any sleep at night."

This is quite at variance with the experience of Dakin and Company, as to the power of royal nerves—they confidently recommend "six pounds of strong breakfast tea for a *Sovereign*!"

Astronomy may be defined the Attic Science, as it is frequently practised in attics, through achromatics; is worked by quadratics, and often ends in rheumatics.

"My dear Doctor," said an exquisite the other day to Dr. Chambers, "I've really no appetite—I'm quite miserable—do you think a bath before dinner would do me any good?" "Well," replied the fashionable physician, "it would certainly give you a *whet*!"

"TWO OF A TRADE SELDOM AGREE."

A SHORT time since some excitement was occasioned to ourselves, by a report that a deputation from the School attached to the Westminster Hospital was about to be formed, for the purpose of congratulating the students of Paris on the great success with which the late revolution had been performed. On our instituting inquiries, we ascertained that our information was correct as to the general fact, although there were different rumours afloat as to the details; for while one person assured us that the students had determined, with only one dissentient voice, as to the course to be pursued, another persisted in alleging that one-half of the college was completely opposed to the other on the subject. Our readers will imagine that one or other of our informants must have been wrong—or, in other words, they will easily fall into a mistake; for, as the school in question only numbers two pupils, it was quite possible for both our accounts to be correct, as they in fact were. It appeared that there was but little chance of any complete understanding being come to, although a half-and-half arrangement was at one time entered into with much good will on both sides. Previously to this state of affairs, a public meeting had been held, at which the students (Messrs. M. and N.) attended *en masse*. We are enabled to furnish the following

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The meeting was opened by Messrs. M. and N. tossing for the office of chairman, when the former, who cried heads, was declared winner, and accordingly took up his penny and his position.

The Chairman having explained the object of the meeting, It was moved by Mr. N. "that a deputation be formed," &c.

The resolution having been seconded by the same gentleman, It was also supported by him; when

It was put from the chair, and carried unanimously!

Mr. N. then moved that the deputation should consist of himself, and that the chairman should pay his (Mr. N.'s) expenses.

The Chairman refused to put the question, and was therefore called upon to resign; when

Mr. N. took the chair.

Mr. M. then moved that the deputation should consist of himself, and that the chairman should pay his (Mr. M.'s) expenses.

The Chairman refused to put the question; in consequence of which he was in his turn called upon to resign.

Some unusual compliments then passed between the late chairmen; and the meeting separated in disgust.

DEPUTATION OF BAKERS.

WE perceive that our friends the bakers—a body of men notorious for "having a finger in everybody's pie"—have been waiting on Sir George Grey to bring their claims under his consideration, and that he has deferred them for some time. We certainly hoped that the Minister, so far from being crusty to this estimable batch of men—the very flower of our tradesmen—would have administered some crumbs of comfort to them, calculated to effect a rise in the business. Whereas, his postponement of their claims must have been what *Bel's Life* calls "a blow in the bread-basket" of no ordinary severity. We should not be surprised if the injured bakers were to seek revenge for the affront by sending "seconds" to Sir George as soon as possible.

SONG OF THE PICKPOCKET.

AIR—"I'm afloat."

There's a flat, there's a flat on the opposite side,
The country's his home, and his nose is his guide.
Quick, quick, trip him up, knock his hat o'er his eyes,
And we'll take out his wife on the ground as he lies.

I heed not the beaks, I fear not their claws;
My object I'll compass in spite of the laws;
I ne'er will give up to a tyrant of Peel's,
Nor yield to a soul while I still have my heels.

CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND.

We were much startled last week by a statement in the *Familiar Herald*, to the effect that "many gentlemen bring out their pipes after dinner on Sundays, even among visitors, and begin to fill them before they ever think of putting the formal question, 'Do you object to smoking, Miss P. Q.?' Because you have only to say so, and we won't, you know."

This idea is almost as funny as that of the French dramatist, who makes the *élite* of the English nobility spend their evenings at a low pot-house on the banks of the Thames.

FELIX FLUMMERY'S ART MANUFACTURES.

HAMLET was a goldsmith as well as Prince of Denmark. Designs for smoky chimneys are to be seen surmounting the roof of every public building. Ross, of Fenchurch Street, invented the Gent's real head of hair. In a garret in Drury Lane is a plaster cast by Bruciani, and the Italian image-brothers carry one similar in character. The domes of the National Gallery were constructed in imitation of pepper-boxes. Watson makes tea-spoons of Albata plate; and Dixon tea-pots of Britannia metal. Even Felix Flummery has invented a Milk-Pot, which gained the prize awarded by the Society of Arts in 1846. The beautiful in sentiment and poetic invention is already associated with advertisements of matters of everyday life—"So it ought to be," says Moses, "and shall be still." Humbug is pre-eminent and abounds; but ART MANUFACTURES have still to be wedded with it. An attempt will now be made to effect this; and this intention will be made strikingly manifest when the name of Felix Flummery (the inventor of the Milk-Pot that gained the prize, &c. &c.) is mentioned.

The following articles are uncommonly unique, and made public for the first time:—

1. The MILK-POT, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize awarded by the Society of Arts, in 1846. The bas-reliefs are emblematical of the manufacture of genuine London cream; the chief compartment representing the mixing of the chalk and water, as being the most important process (*sky blue inside*). £5 5s.

2. A TEA-POT to match the Milk-Pot, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize, &c. &c. &c. Ornamented with devices of the gathering and preparation of the sloe leaf, and of the country tea-dealer examining a sample. £8 8s.

3. The WEST-INDIA SUGAR-BASIN, to match the Milk-Pot, designed by Felix Flummery, which received the prize, &c. &c. &c. With figures of Lord George Bentinck and Jacob Omnium, as guardian angels, forming the handles. £6 6s.

4. NUTMEG-GRATER, chased on the back with the figure of the Yankee pedlar and his wooden nutmegs, as described by Samuel Slick, Esq., in his autobiography. £3 13s. 6d.

5. A BUCKET in Wood. The bas-reliefs are selected from the old heroic ballad of Jack and Jill going up the hill and tumbling down again. £3 13s. 6d.

6. "Modesty, or Madame Warton as Lady Godiva." A STATUETTE in brass, designed after the celebrated Tableau Vivant at the Walhalla. £10 10s.

7. A SHAVING-POT, with a design of a goat claiming relationship with Mr. Mu'tz. £4 4s.

8. "Bubbles bursting:" ornamenting a CHAMPAGNE-GLASS. The subject represents the commotion in Capel Court during November, 1846, after the celebrated attacks by the Times on Railway schemes. £1 11s. 6d.

9. A LUCIFER MATCH-BOX. The lid ornamented with the Ingoldsby legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil. £2 13s. 6d.

10. AN EXTINGUISHER, chased and gilt: surmounted by the figures of Guy and Hopkins. £8 18s. 6d.

"Hopkins, who prided himself vastly on his penuriousness, heard one day that Guy far excelled him in this respect. He therefore paid him a visit late one evening, and having explained to Guy the objects of his calling, Guy immediately put out his candle, saying, 'If that is all, we can talk in ye dark.' Convinced of his rival's superiority in ye arte of saving by this one acte, Hopkins thanked him for his lesson, and at once took his leave."—*Holinshead's Chronicles*.

11. A PAIR OF SNUFFERS. The sides chased with figures of a Highlander and a Virginian, from an ancient snuff paper in the British Museum. £3 13s. 6d.

12. A SAVEALL in Silver, formed of a figure of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. £7 17s. 6d.

13. A PLATTER in Wood, carved by a knife and fork, with a design illustrating the old poem by Shakspeare, commencing, "Jack could eat no fat." £2 2s.

14. A DECANTER for home-made wine. The stopper surmounted by an original design of the "Black-boy and Belly-ache," alluded to by Mr. Dickens, in the *Pickwick Papers*. £4 4s.

15. The "Editor of the Quarterly" in Lead, surmounting a PAPER-WEIGHT; being emblematical of the heavy articles placed on paper by his direction. £1 11s. 6d.

16. A FOOLS'-CAP in Paper, ornamented with bells, surmounting Felix Flummery (the designer of the Milk-pot which received the prize, &c. &c. &c.), being strikingly suggestive of its proper position. This article is given gratuitously.

SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.—The other day some ignorant seamen in Guernsey proceeded to the beach with a view to eating the Chinese junk!

NOTICE.—If the heavy joke which was sent to the PUPPET-SHOW Office last Monday, and for which two and ninepence carriage was charged, be not forthwith removed, it will be sold to *Punch*, to pay expenses.

GODIVA:

(A *Pose Plastique*, by Madame Warton, before the forthcoming picture by Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

OR, THE PEEPING GENT OF COVENTRY STREET.

*I waited in the street named Coventry;
I hung outside the bus from Putney Bridge,
To watch the three short fares; and there I shaped
The last new "Tableau Vivant" into this.*

Not only we, the smartest blades on Town,
Fast men that with the speed of an express
Run down the slow, not only we, that prate
Of Gents and Snobs, have loved the genus well,
And loathed to see them unamused; but she
Did more, and undertook, and overcame,
The Venus of the *Tableaux Vivans*—Madame
Warton, queen of the Walhalla, near the street
Of Coventry: for when there was nought up
To take the Town, the Gents all came to her,
Clamouring, "If this last, we die of slowness!"
She sought a painter—found him, where he strode
About the room, among his dogs, alone,
His beard shaved close before him, and his hair
Cropped short behind. She told him the Gents' fears,
And prayed him, "If this last, they die of slowness."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"What would you have me do—an animal painter—
For such as these?" "A *Tableau* paint," said she.
He laughed, and talked about Sir Peter Laurie: *
Then chucked her playfully beneath the chin;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Talk! yes," she said,
"But paint it, and prove what I will not do."
And with a sly wink there was no mistaking,
He answered, "Ride you as the famed Godiva,
And I will paint it;" she nodded, and in jest
They parted, and a cabman drove her home.

All was arranged. The boardmen in the street,
As curs about a bone, with snarl and blow
Made war upon each other for a board:
The best man won. She sent bill-stickers forth,
And bade them cover over every hoarding
With large placards, announcing she would please
Her favourite Gents; who, as they loved her well,
From then till Monday next, in crowds should come
And gaze at her—each one his shilling paying
For seats within the public promenade.

Then went she to her dressing-room, and there
Unhooked the wedded fastenings of her gown,
Some soft one's gift; but every now and then
She lingered, looking in her toilette-glass,
Rougeing her cheek: anon she shook herself,
And showered the rumpled raiment 'neath her knee;
Then clad herself in silk; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a bashful maiden slid
Through passage and through passage, until she reached
The platform; there she found her palfrey trapt
With pewter logies and mosaic gold.

Then rode she forth, clothed all in silken tights:
The fiddles played beneath her as she rode,
And the reserved seats hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads beyond the stalls
Had cunning eyes to see: the crimson rouge
Made her cheek flame: a fast man, winking, shot
Light horrors through her pulses: the saloon
Was all in darkness; though from overhead
The flickering gas-light dimly flared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she gave
The signal to the workmen in the flats,
And round upon the pivot slow she turned.

Then rode she back, clothed all in silken tights:
And one low Gent, decked out in Joinville tie,
The certain symbol of a Gentish taste,
Using an ivory opera-glass he'd hir'd,
Peeped—but the glasses, ere he had his fill,
Were shivered into pieces, and the curtain
Was dropt before him. So that the deposit,
Left on the glass, was forfeit to the Jew;
And he, that knew it, grieved: Now all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the interlude
Was scraped on catgut from a dozen fiddles,
One after one, for neither did keep time,
Nor play in tune: and Madame Warton gained
Her chamber; whence re-issuing, as "Venus
Rising from the Sea," the ennui passed away,
And she made everlasting lots of tin.

A*FR*D T*NN*S*Y.

THE NATIONAL GUARD EXHAUSTED BY SERVICE.



"WHAT A PITY IT IS I WAS NOT BORN A QUIET ENGLISHMAN."

A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT.

The Irish patriots have determined that Ireland is not to strike a blow against England until the French steamers shall have obtained possession of our principal harbours. After the matter has been thus settled, we do not see what necessity Lord John Russell can find for keeping a military force in the sister isle.

TO ADVERTISERS.—In consequence of the great success of the "PUPPET-SHOW," we have decided to devote our entire space to the current topics of the day, and to insert no more Advertisements. We have, therefore, to apologize for the non-appearance of those Advertisements forwarded for insertion in the present Number, as also for the omission of several in our last.

* Some years since Sir Peter Laurie undertook to put down the sale of plaster casts of undraped figures by the Italian image-boys in the streets.



NUMBER 4.

LONDON, APRIL 8, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.



GAZE, ye crowd of happy idlers,
Gaze upon it, girls and boys ;
Here is life to charm your fancy,
Mimic show of griefs and joys.
Paper queens and tinsel princes,
Pasteboard monarchs play their part ;
While you laugh, admire, or pity,
Seeing Nature, and not art.
Little think you as ye wonder,
As each enters, struts, retires,
That they are but wooden playthings,
Senseless puppets, moved by wires!

Screened from sight, behind the curtain,
Cunning fingers work the show ;
At whose touch the unconscious figures
Stand or tumble—come or go.
When hereafter, men and women,

Busy actors in the tumult
And perplexity of life—
You will find the world divided
(Or be blinder than your sires)
'Twixt the puppets, great and little,
And the movers of the wires.

When you see a fool acquiring
Name and station and respect,
And a supple-sinewed cringer
Walking steadfast and erect ;
When you see a silly monarch
At an opera-dancer's feet,
And the opera-dancer braving
Mobs and factions in the street ;
Ask yourselves behind what curtain
Stand the men whose high desires
Set the little dolls in motion,
And whose fingers pull the wires.

When you see an able statesman,
Trained to love and do the right,
Acting like a stubborn maniac—
Deaf to reason, blind to light ;
When you see a hoary monarch,
Taught in Fortune's roughest school,
Scorning all his own experience,
And becoming knave or fool ;
Ask if Fate, or those who work it,
Shaping meaner men's desires,
Stand behind to play the showman
To these puppets of the wires.

When you see a greedy rabble
Crowding to the public way,
Scenting plunder in disorder,
As the raven scents his prey,
Moved at once by nobler motives,
Scorning pillage as a shame,
Overturning thrones and systems,
All for freedom, all for fame ;—
Give not these the only credit,
Millions plod, while one aspires,
High ambitions work behind them,
Clever fingers pull the wires,

When you see that daily drama,
Goodness drawn into a snare,
Genius yoked to drudgery's waggon,
Virtue driven to despair,
Innocence betrayed to ruin,
Youth inveigled into vice,
And the blind man unsuspecting

Sigh that good men's prayers and efforts
 Cannot quench the base desires,
 Cannot stay the ruthless fingers
 Of the villains at the wires.

Watch the show, and learn the lesson,
 That with men and mortal things
 He alone is truly potent
 Who can guide and work the springs.
 Learn how great to curb the vicious,
 Help the weak, the sinking save;
 Learn how mean to be a puppet,
 Misdirected by a knave.
 Learn to look behind the curtain,
 Wisest he that still inquires,
 When he acts for self or others,
 Whose the hand that pulls the wires.

FRANCE FOR THE IRISH.—A few weeks since the Young Ireland party were much gratified at hearing that the French had sent over large bodies of men to Ireland. The Repealers felt disappointed on discovering that the auxiliaries consisted of the Irish labourers who had been employed on the French railways.

PRETTY CERTAIN.—As the natural consequence of Mr. Mitchell advising all his hearers to get "pikes," there is but little doubt he will soon find himself in a pretty kettle of fish.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING OF THE SMITHS.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

April 1st.

THIS day a great public meeting of gents, snobs, tailors, and people of all classes, bearing the name of SMITH, assembled on Kennington Common, pursuant to public announcement, to protest against the indignity offered to that illustrious name by the illegal assumption of it on the part of a well-known individual. It is calculated that not less than fifty thousand people were present, including not only those whose names were SMITH, simply, but the SMITHES, the SMYTHES, the SMITHERSES, the FITZ-SMITHS, the FITZ-SMYTHES, the SIDNEY SMITHS, the SIDNEY SMYTHES, &c., &c.

MR. JOHN SMITH, of Tooley Street, was unanimously called to the chair. He said:—Gentlemen, you know the affront that every one bearing the ancient, the honourable name which it is our pride—*(hear, hear, and loud cheers)* our glorious privilege (*tremendous applause*) to bear, has received within the last few weeks from a notorious character, whose real name is said to be EGALITE (*groans*). I have no desire to bear harshly upon that individual (*hear, hear*). If he has sinned, his punishment has come upon him (*hear, hear*). But what I complain of, gentlemen, is, that he should have brought into disrepute among the people of Europe, generally, the time-honoured, and I will say it, honest and manly name of Smith (*vehement applause*). Of this conduct in that respect we are met to express our disapprobation; and I trust that every genuine SMITH who shall address you this day upon the subject, will mark his disgust in the most emphatic terms at this cruel and unprovoked outrage upon so numerous a body of the British people (*loud cheers*).

MR. WILLIAM SMITH rose to propose the first resolution. He said he felt peculiarly aggrieved by the assumption of which they all complained; for not only was his name Smith—it was William Smith: the identical name by which the individual alluded to had designated himself when he skulked out of France. He used to be proud of his name: but he must say that he felt at present somewhat ashamed of it. He should like to know what injury he had done to any member of the EGALITE family, that the chief of that family should bring his (Mr. Smith's) honest patronymic into disrepute? (*hear, hear*). He would simply move a resolution to the effect that that large and influential public meeting of the Smiths of England, utterly repudiated the Mr. Smith alluded to; and informed Europe and the civilised

world, that he was not in any way, directly or indirectly, entitled to bear the name of Smith.

MR. JOHN SMITH, of Spitalfields, seconded the resolution in a short speech; and it was about to be put from the chair, when

MR. JOHN SMYTHES arose and requested the indulgence of the meeting for a moment. He quite agreed in all that had fallen from the preceding speakers, but he thought that the resolution would be more complete if a few words were added to it. Not only were the Smiths aggrieved, as the resolution stated, but the Smythes also. He could answer for himself, and he believed that every other gentleman bearing that name was of the same opinion (*loud cheers from the Smythes*). He thought so—he knew it (*loud cheers*). He thought, too, that the Smitheses were not less decided (*loud cheers*), and the Fitz-Smythes (*prolonged cheers*), and the Sidney Smythes (*renewed cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs*). That was honest. It did his heart good to see the unanimous reprobation which the conduct of the *soi-disant* William Smith had excited (*renewed cheers*). He would not detain them longer, but merely move "that the words Smythe, Smithers, Fitz-Smythe, Fitz-Smith, Smithson, Sidney Smith, and Sidney Smythe, be added to the resolution."

MR. JAMES SMITH said it was high time to put a stop to this constant trifling with the name of Smith. It hurt a man in his tenderest part: all his domestic feelings were injured by it; and a father could not look upon his little Smiths without a blush for the dishonour that it had been attempted to fasten on the name (*hear, hear*). There was no knowing where this kind of thing was to end. Why they would next have M. de Metternich coming over here in the name of Smith (*groans for Metternich*). The King of Bavaria, if the thing were not checked, might be calling himself Joseph, or Thomas, or John Smith when he came to this country, and might, perhaps, bring a certain lady with him, and take lodgings for her as Miss Smith (*laughter and loud cheers*). Nay, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia might take it into their heads to procure entrance into decent society, during their approaching exile in this country, by assuming a name that was of itself a passport to the good graces of Englishmen (*loud applause*).

MR. JAMES SMITH, jun., asked if it were true that M. Guizot had assumed the name of Smith at any period since he left France?

THE CHAIRMAN said he believed not. M. Guizot had, he had heard, called himself Jeames, and dressed the character in plush; but he had not, as far as he (the chairman) was aware, called himself Smith. Besides, it was not likely that, with his notions of his own position, he would have presumed to take the same name as his master (*hear, hear*).

AFTER some other gentlemen had addressed the meeting, the resolution, as amended by Mr. John Smythe, was put from the chair, and carried amid the most vehement applause. The vast assembly then quietly dispersed. It is believed that this was by far the largest public meeting that ever was held in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

ARE YOU AN ATHEIST?—In consequence of hearing the term "atheist" applied to an alarmingly large number of persons, many of whom passed among their private acquaintances as tolerably religious men, the SHOWMAN lately issued a commission in order to ascertain in what sense the word was understood—or misunderstood—by those who were in the habit of using it. It appeared that it was usually employed as a mark of disapprobation applicable to certain obnoxious persons, among whom may be specified:—

1. Those who play the piano on Sundays.
2. Those who think bishops ought not to sit in the House of Lords.
3. Those who dislike contributing towards the support of a church which they do not attend.
4. Those who object to paying twopence to see the interior of St. Paul's.
5. Those who interfere with the conduct of their betters in penny publications.



A MODEL JAILER.

A CASE was recently brought under the notice of Parliament, which exhibits such a want of justice and decency, on the part of the Governor of the House of Correction, as we have rarely seen evinced even by jailers hardened by continual practice into stolid and immovable brutality. A respectable person of the name of Pollett was sentenced to be imprisoned for the non-payment of a debt of two pounds, and was (strange to say) taken to that vile Cacuden, the House of Correction. Here, the governor, notwithstanding Mr. Pollett's explanation and remonstrances, subjected him to the treatment of a felon, ultimately succeeded in destroying his health, and then turned him out, sick, destitute, and disgraced! This conduct has not escaped the single but vigilant eye of the SHOWMAN.

Was the governor ignorant of the law by which Mr. Pollett was imprisoned; and did he imagine that a person confined for an act of contempt, even though the official sinned against were the judge of a Small Debts' Court, was to be put on the same level with one convicted of a crime! Has a continual intercourse with criminality hardened his intellect and feelings; or was his conduct the mere wanton cruelty of a man, to whom the spectacle of misery was a sort of luxury, and who, far from satisfied with the common-place pleasure of tormenting the really guilty, aspired to persecuting the comparatively innocent, and now sought to witness the novel effect of an unjust punishment on a sensitive and educated mind? We are inclined to adopt the latter supposition, and to believe that the jingling of the prison keys, the groans of the miserable, and the sighs of the diseased, are as delightful music to the long ears of this asinine jailer. If Sir George Grey does his duty he will dismiss this man from his situation, and if any further punishment is required for him, the best that could be devised would be to make him secretary to a Benevolent Institution, where the mere consciousness, that he was diffusing happiness, would render him miserable and discontented. This would be better than any other chastisement: better than a horse-pond, even supposing—that we are strongly inclined to doubt—that one could be found in England, sufficiently foul, to be fit for his reception.

HINTS TO IDIOTIC M.P.'s.

ANY one who wastes his time glancing through the reports of the Parliamentary Debates, must be struck by the circumstance that whenever a more than ordinary common-sense opinion is expressed, the speaker is sure to be received with "ironical cheers," cries of "Oh! Oh!" and "laughter." During the frequent visits of the SHOWMAN to the gallery of the house, he has had his eye upon the foremost of those gentlemen who indulge in this intellectual after-dinner recreation, and who, as would naturally be expected, belong to the Calf's-head or Country party. As folly, like vice, to be hated, has only to be seen, the SHOWMAN intends engraving a few of their portraits, strongly marking the peculiar silly, baboonish sort of expression their faces invariably assume, and surrounding them with the appropriate frame of a horse-collar; and he thinks he can promise that the publication of one or two of these likenesses, will produce such an impression on the originals and those who, in parliamentary phrase, "act with them," as will check their unseemly grimaces for the future.



RUMOUR.

It is said that the Conciliation Hall gentlemen are going to "depose" Mr. J. O'Connell. This is cheering; although it is far from right to depose anything that is false.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

The Dean charges for admission to St. Paul's, to raise money to keep up his dignity. This is on the old principle—"Twopence more, and up goes the donkey."

LOOK AT HOME.

We do not deny the assertion of Messrs. Mitchell, Meagher, and O'Brien that many an abuse requiring instant abolition exists in Ireland. We question, however, whether any abuse can be found worse than that contained in their own speeches.

VERY PLAIN.

Those who batten in idleness on the abuses of the present order of things, say that the "system works well;" these persons would be in a queer plight if the people did not work better.

BEHIND THE TIME.

Had Guizot lived half a century or so ago, not only would his ideas have been better suited to the times, but, with his talents for the situation, what a capital Running Footman he would have made!

ON SALE OR HIRE.

We perceive, by an advertisement in *Punch*, that the entire work can be purchased for £4 10s. Judging from its ridiculous puffs of Her Majesty's Theatre, we should say that it could always be bought by a box at the Opera.

QUITE OBVIOUS.

We observe that English residents in Paris are obliged either to pay nearly twice the old price for goods, or else leave the republican city. This is carrying out the old principle of "double or quits."

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

If the Irish follow the advice given them by Mr. Mitchell, the sooner Englishmen leave off travelling in Ireland the better, since every Irishman will be keeping a 'pike and levying a toll of death on all Saxons who may happen to pass.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

The Italians have always hated the intimate acquaintance the Austrians wished to force upon them. Their late sanguinary struggle shows, however, that in future they are determined to keep their oppressors at arms' length.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

Guizot is said to have written to the Provisional Government, claiming his salary for the month of February. The different members of that body entirely concur, for once in their lives, with the ex-minister; there is not the least doubt that, as regards his request—they wish he may get it.

QUERY FOR THE AUTHORS OF "WHOM TO MARRY AND HOW TO GET MARRIED."

Many persons in the state of single blessedness are often heard to say that they have not married from their inability to please themselves; is it not, perhaps, from their inability to please others?

A DEAD CERTAINTY.

The Papers say that at the funeral of the victims of Berlin the King stood on the balcony of his palace deeply affected. There is not the least doubt that his Majesty's grief was still more affected than himself.

A PICTORIAL PARODY FROM PUNCH.



SHAMEFUL ATTEMPT AT OVERCHARGE!

MR. BULL (*a Commercial Gentleman*)—"HALLO, MR. PUNCH, THREEPENCE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THREEPENCE? WHY, THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN SUPPLIES A BETTER PAPER FOR A PENNY! YOU MUST MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!"

MR. PUNCH—"WELL, SIR, YOU MAY THINK IT TOO MUCH, BUT REALLY THE ARTICLE IS SO VERY HEAVY I CANNOT SELL IT FOR LESS."

AN ANSWER WILL OBLIGE.

Some one has written to the *Times* to ask why may not Marylebone, which placed Lord Dudley Stuart at the head of the *pole*, spare *their* (*i. e.* Marylebone's) beloved representative to become the head of the *Poles*? Why does not the *Times*, if it allows its correspondents to make bad jokes, at least prevent them from writing worse grammar?

BEG AND BORROW, BUT DON'T STEAL.

Last week *Punch* published a joke which had previously appeared in the PUPPET-SHOW. We hope that *Punch* will be honest enough, the next time it does us the honour to quote from our pages, to imitate our more respectable contemporaries and acknowledge the source from which its fun is derived.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONDUCT.

Mr. Mitchell contends he is but following the laws of England in telling every Irishman to "rush to the pole," as a means of freeing himself from the Saxon yoke.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."—As the number of dethroned princes threatens shortly to become very considerable in England, we propose, in the interests of public morals, to distinguish these royal fugitives—as many have never distinguished themselves—by some mark or other—one of the crosses, for instance, which they have lately met with.

GREATNESS.—Mr. G. V. Brooke was advertised to perform at two theatres at the same time. Like the large Yankee oyster that took three men to swallow it whole, we presume Mr. Brooke is so great an actor that he requires two theatres to hold him.



THE "PAS DE FASCINATION,"

AS RECENTLY PERFORMED BY LOLA MONTES AND THE KING OF BAVARIA.

LUDWIG AND LOLA.

HISTORY affords many examples of melancholy love-stories. There is that of Dido, who, not being able to pierce the breast of Æneas, pierced her own, and Thisbe, renowned for being able to see through a brick-wall better than anybody, and Sappho, who was "found drowned" at a classical watering-place, and Romeo and Juliet, and those of Heloise and Abelard, and Miss Smith and Lord Ferrers. But not one of all these tales is so touching, in our opinion, as that of the King of Bavaria and Lola Montes—Ludwig the brave, and Lola the eccentric. Since "the bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour," as Johnson says, has resigned his crown, we fear that Lola will not be faithful—for there is some difference between a king in royal robes and power, and an elderly gentleman in difficulties and gaiters. We beg to subjoin a Pastoral. Let our reader fancy the ex-king as a shepherd, with his pipe (a meerschaum), and Lola, in her riding-habit, with her beauty, her bull-dog, and her whip.

LUDWIG.

Sweet was the hour and lucky was the night,
When first my Lola burst upon my sight!
When Munich saw her bounding in the dance,
Grace in her steps, and rapture in her glance!
Lola! my crown I lose, my country flee,
Content with nought but happiness and thee.

I governed others—now I'm ruled by you.
O say, my Lola! will you now be true?

LOLA.

Upon my word, sir! this is pretty work!
I'm not a slave, sir, even if you're a Turk.
You lose your kingdom at your time of life—
You, who should now be dining with your wife!
And coolly come, when all your power is fled,
To bother me with your old foolish head!

LUDWIG.

Is this my Lola!—

LOLA.

No, sir, not at all,
Not your's—far from it—since your foolish fall.
'T is fine to have a palace with a king:
An old man's lodging is a different thing.

LUDWIG.

Ungrateful Lola!

LOLA—(shaking her whip).
Pray, sir, have a care;

My whip is ready, and my bull-dog's there!

LUDWIG.

Madam, for shame—

LOLA—(using her whip).
Take that, you vain old man!

(Helgh Presto!) Leave the house, sir, while you can!

THE PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

UNDER this heading the *Musical World* has published the first of a series of literary and illiterate curiosities. We think the following announcement is deserving a place in our contemporary's collection:—

"Mr. Barry challenges *all Europe* for £200 to produce their equals in any of *their* feats of dexterity on his night."

Now it is neither reasonable nor grammatical to call upon all Europe to produce their equals for the mere purpose of gaining £200. When divided amongst all Europe, £200 appears, like Euclid's definitions of a point, to be "that which has no magnitude," and certainly could be no inducement to make "all Europe" produce its equals when it—or *they*, as Mr. Barry would say—might otherwise pass for being unrivalled. Besides, "all Europe" cannot be celebrated for feats of dexterity; and even then there would not be sufficient room for "all Europe" in the interior of Astley's theatre.

HENRY OF EXETER.

HENRY of Exeter, the Shepherd of the West—whose notions of discharging his pastoral duties include none but those of branding and shearing the sheep—has again taken the field against Mr. Latimer of the *Western Times*, wishing, we suppose, to make him as "gent a martyr" as his celebrated namesake. Exeter is the most benighted of bishops. He would knock a man down with a crucifix, if it was the only weapon handy. He is a vessel of grace—filled with vinegar. He lets "his light shine before men"—but only to scorch them. It may be worth the SHOW-MAN'S while to point out the discrepancy between the precepts of the Gospel, and the conduct of this minister of it—a man, we fully believe, more dangerous to religion than a dozen professed enemies.

The Gospel directs us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us.

Does Henry wish Mr. Latimer to prosecute him for a free expression of opinion?

The Gospel tells us to turn the other cheek to him who smites the one.

Is this the Exon. policy? Henry certainly does give cheek to his opponents—but in a sense far from evangelic.

The Gospel preaches "peace on earth, good-will among men."

Henry persecutes ministers with pamphlets, curates with episcopal authority, and public writers with actions-at-law.

His life is a practical opposition to his precepts—he turns the mitre into a helmet, the crozier into a club.

AMERICAN MARKETS.—AMERICA, MARCH 10.—There was a rise to-day in the price of Niggers. Old Dan Tuckers were done as high as forty dollars, while Buffalo Gals fetched even a hundred. Yellow Gals, too, were brisk; and considerable business was done in fat elderly men slaves. Their feeding is found expensive, and as much as a quarter of a dollar a-day is charged by the dealers for their keep (flogging included).

SHOWER OF ROYAL FROGS.—Europe was recently very much startled by the falling of a shower of royal frogs, whirled from their native ponds by the whirlwind of revolution, and cast upon shores at a considerable distance. They chiefly belong to the well-known Bourbon breed, remarkable for the voracity of their appetites and the loudness of their croak. By the kindness of a gentleman upon whose lands some of them fell, we were allowed to inspect one. He was old and stout. Having placed him on our dissecting-table, we applied the knife, and discovered a large digesting apparatus, a shrunk small withered heart, and a decayed brain. The examination showed that he had been living in very dirty water, and in an unwholesome situation, for some time. This frog may doubtless be looked on as a type of the *genus*; but it seems probable that other showers will fall shortly, and that the ponds will in fact ultimately be cleared from the brood.

SHOCKING PROSPECT.—The mapsellers of London are horrified at the rapid changes which threaten to alter the face of Europe. If things go on in this manner, these gentlemen must shortly sell their present stock on trade to the buttermen; the head of one celebrated firm in the Strand is already *Wild*.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—Lord Normanby, we perceive, has left Paris, giving the diplomatic functions to an *attaché*. This is a high honour to the youth, and was probably granted on Shakspeare's principle—"sweets to the suite."

ARISTOCRATIC ACQUAINTANCES.

Of all the nuisances with which society is overrun, we reckon those persons among the worst who are continually boring you with a long list of their aristocratic acquaintances. The company of such characters is a moral morass; you can't take a single step without having to fear that you "have put your foot in it." The slightest reference even to a Smith, or allusion to a Jones, is inevitably followed by a desire to be informed whether you mean him of that name residing at Mount Vernon Hall, or Florence Villa, and whose second daughter, Caroline, had a mole on her left elbow, and married Captain Fitz-Ordet, of the Bengal Cavalry, or somebody else equally aristocratic and quite as uninteresting.

One of these bores, Augustus Bragfield, was talking very largely of Lord This and Lady That, when, at each description of a rowing-match, or a horse-race, or a flower-show, which his distinguished friends had honoured with their presence, he was interrupted by a gentleman's inquiring whether "Fisk—Tom Fisk" had also been there—and how he looked—and what he did? These questions annoyed Bragfield very much, as his inability to answer them implied his ignorance of such a leader of fashion as it was evident Fisk must be.

Watching his opportunity, he drew his interrogator aside, and, as an especial favour, begged the latter would introduce him to Fisk.

"Introduce you," said the gentleman; "have you ever seen him?"

"Why," returned Bragfield, "there is not the least doubt that I have often met him—casually—casually, you know—but never having been formally introduced—"

"Formerly! you wish to be so at present," observed the gentleman.

"Ha, ha, ha, very good," responded Bragfield. "The fact is, I have been absent from England, and—I don't mind telling you—I can't even recollect the name. Who is Fisk?"

"Why," replied his companion, with the greatest possible coolness, "I really don't know; but as I was coming here to dinner, I happened to see his name on a brass door-plate in Wardour Street."

NOT BAD FOR A STOKER.—The stoker of the *Bea* says, that when Lord Dundonald was dismissed the service, he resembled gas, because he was "turned off the main."

THE NEXT MORNING.

[DESECRATED FROM BYRON.]

He who hath looked with aching head
Where pipes and glasses still are spread,
In the first hour of seediness,
The last of seeing such a mess
(Before the housemaid's clumsy fingers
Have swept the rooms where smoke still lingers)
And marked the rank unwholesome air,
The evidence of gin that's there,
The upset trays that plainly speak
Of what has caused that pallid cheek;
And but for that strong stale cheroot
Which sickens now his very soul,
And but for that half-empty bowl,
Where sugar limes and rum to boot
Appal the seedy gazer's heart,
As if they ne'er had formed a part
Of what he'd lavished praise upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone
Some moments, aye till office hour,
He still might doubt the whiskey's power.
But no, to bed he faintly reels,
So sad the sight that room reveals.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT QUESTION.—We have submitted this question to an Irish barrister, who thus defines the rights of the two classes:—

"A. I am of opinion, that the 'landlord' has a right to send in his bill for lodgings when he thinks proper; and that the 'tenant' has a right to pay it—if he likes.

"PHIL. O'DOODLE.

THE CLASSIC CONCERT.

[BY OUR ELECTRIC REPORTER.]

WEARY, weary, sad and dreary
 Were the stagnant hours he spent,
 When your critic (slightly beery)
 To the Classic Concert went.
 'T was the street where Mr. Mitchell
 Acts French plays with morals lax;
 'T was the room whence dowdies rich ill
 Brook exclusion—called Almack's.

Ten and sixpence cost his ticket,
 Coins, he hints, he scarce could spare,*
 Into such disbursement tricked,
 Drinking tea in Bedford Square.
 Much he grudged the pains of dressing,
 More he mourned the price of kids,
 Cursed the mud (the cabman's blessing),
 Which the briefest walk forbids.

Hot the room, and crowded densely
 With a wealthy ill-dressed crew—
 Orientals love immensely
 Tunes Belgravian Squares eschew.
 White cravats (whole months exploded),
 Ochre coats with buttons brass,
 Bonnets big, with lumber loaded,
 Costume of the centre class.

Mark yon orchestra extensive,
 Two pianos, tail to tail,
 While one fiddle, calmly pensive,
 Leans against the platform rail.
 "Wha's yon lady, maybe you'll ken?"
 Speered a Scotchman, ferret-eyed,
 Of your critic. "Madame Dulcken,"
 Your good-looking friend replied.

Madame's desk containing in its
 Clutch a volume thick and red,
 Madame played, for forty minutes,
 Some one's "Symphony in Z."
 Sleep, with which your critic struggled
 (Tribute due to Madame's sex),
 Came while two men bumped and gurgled
 Through a "Symphony in X."

Now that healing sleep's invaded,
 See, 'tis Madam's sable robe—
 Hark, she plays (by fiddle aided)
 Handel's "Overture to Job."
 Livelier music! Lindsay Sloper
 Pours on air a joyous strain;
 'Tis a "Hymn by Vandalgroper,"
 (Organist to Charlemagne.)

Now! Sensation! That's a man who's
 Written a "Duet MS.;"
 Hear it on those two pianos,
 Sixty pages, more or less!
 For the third time enter Madame,
 Hushed each whisper, mute as death;
 List, the nursery air which Adam
 Framed for Eve to sing to Seth.

Piece the last—Beethoven's *Jamus*,
 With our whole orchestral power;
 Bagatelle that won't detain us
 More, alas! than half an hour.
 Weary, weary, very dreary,
 Were the stagnant hours we spent,
 When your critic, bland and beery,
 To the Classic Concert went.

* The SHOWMAN, however, is impervious to all such hints.—Ed.

A PIECE OF ADVICE.

Let all those Irishmen who have anything to lose
 join with their brothers of England in opposing Meagher
 and Co., otherwise they will find that the Saxons are
 not the only parties who will be "rifled."

THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A HISTORY IN THREE BOOKS. BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

BOOK I.—THE BANQUET.

SICK, nigh even to death, lies that fair France of theirs, and
 an obscene brood of spectral nightmares presses heavily on her
 bosom. Belief has well-nigh vanished out of all hearts, and
 cash from all Pockets. The Divine is no more recognised.
 Arouse yourselves, ye earnest men! And they have aroused
 themselves. They will have a Banquet. The Immortal is not
 yet fled from this wide universe. Multitudinous sounds are heard,
 piercing the azure vault of Heaven. Great deep hearts throb
 wildly. Frenchmen, be firm! They will be so; and in loud
 reverberating peals of Noise is heard the word—Dinner!

BOOK II.—THE UMBRELLA.

Shaded by that old Umbrella which so long, like some
 deadly Upas Tree, overshadowed France, sits the King. Satanic
 cunning grinning on his wrinkled visage. "Order up the
 troops;" and forthwith, at the word, is heard the dull rumbling
 of artillery waggons, and the clash of steel. Prepare yourselves
 now, oh stern patriots! Sounds the trumpet, roar huge voices;
 smoke, as from the pit of Tophet, darkens the air. Livery-
 bedecked Guizot is dismissed; his very shoulder-knots trembling
 with dread. The Throne shakes. France reels like a drunken
 man, and prepares to vomit that foul Orleans mixture too
 hastily swallowed.

BOOK III.—THE BROUGHAM.

The noise and din increase. "I will abdicate!" Miserable
 old man, thou must fly! Hearst thou not the bullets against
 those windows of that Tawdry palace of thine? The dynasty of
 deceit is in its death-throes. Once more the voice of Truth is
 heard proclaiming, that not by trickery and charlatanism, nor
 by ever so cunningly devised centralisation, but by Justice, is
 this planet of ours governed. Doff those robes of thine, false
 monarch. He has abandoned his Wig! Those false Whiskers of
 his, nourished at the expense of nations, are gone—shaved
 clean off; and the political hopes of his family drowned in the
 Suds! In a rickety hack Brougham flies the political Cagliostro,
 his juggler-tricks now over. France trusts to the deep, beautiful-
 minded Lamartine, and the great wild heart of the Cromwellian
 Rollin. Clap your hands, oh Frenchmen! The sun of civilisa-
 tion has emerged from the clouds.

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

THE SHOWMAN has felt it his duty to dismiss one of his assis-
 tants with ignominy and a month's salary. His crime consisted
 in making jokes of a nature calculated to injure the readers of
 the PUPPET-SHOW; but as the unfortunate man's manuscript
 has been paid for, it must not be altogether wasted, and a small
 portion of it is accordingly administered in a careful manner.
 Mankind will probably approve of the conduct pursued towards
 the degraded wretch, but in case any large portion of it should
 feel amused by the monstrous creation of his unnatural brain,
 and inform us to that effect by letter (prepaid), he shall be hired
 —and thus lowered—in order to pander to their vitiated tastes.
 The following are some choice specimens of his humour:—

Q. Why is the publication of a novel in shilling numbers
 like a popular writer's hat?—A. Because it's Dickens's style
 (tile).

PERFECTLY SENSELESS.—It is a remarkable circumstance
 that the bakers on the continent are opposing the use of chloro-
 form, because they have heard that it quite does away with pain.

A FLAGITIOUS JOKE.—The *Standard* certainly bears a very
 appropriate name, for it flags exceedingly.

A COMPLIMENT FOR MUSICAL YOUNG LADIES.—Are
 you going to play that piece from notes, Miss —, because I
 should much prefer your playing it from *here*.

AN OPEN QUESTION.—It seems incredible that Admiral
 Stopford should ever have been a pot-boy, but who would posi-
 tively deny that such was the case with the evidence before him
 that the gallant fellow once took beer out (Beyrout).

STRANGE SIMILARITY.—A difficulty has been said very
 justly to resemble a nobleman's fishing apparatus; for every one
 must admit that it is an obstacle (a nob's tackle).

FASHIONABLE CHANGES.—After the present season, the
 fashion of young ladies riding out with their grooms will, we
 understand, be discontinued, and in its place their brothers will
 ride out with the housemaids. Although this arrangement does
 not come up to our idea of propriety, yet as it is a great change
 for the better, we have much pleasure in giving it publicity.

HOW PUNCH GOT UP HIS LAST NUMBER, AND THE PENALTY HE PAID FOR IT.

THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN, in his number for March 25th, introduced the following joke to the public :—

"ON LOUIS PHILIPPE ARRIVING WITHOUT HIS WIG.

Poor Louis Philippe from the Tuileries ran,
And tore off his wig like a desperate man;
His children came rushing pell-mell into town,
And found that papa had no *heirs* to his crown."

PUPPET-SHOW, March 25th.

Punch, in his number for April 1st, just seven days later, distorted the joke as follows, and published it as an offspring of his own cloudy brain :—

"The following has been forwarded us by electric telegraph. * * *

"Q. Why is there no chance of the Count de Paris being king of France?

"A. Because Louis Philippe sacrificed the *hair* to the crown when he threw away his wig."

PUNCH, April 1st.

The above Literary Felony has not escaped the vigilant eye of the SHOWMAN; and as his readers may desire to know the whole history of the affair, he makes it public in the following six tableaux :—



Punch cuts out the joke from the PUPPET-SHOW, and gives it to his "eminent writers" to dress up in a different form.

"Eminent writers" all hard at work dressing up the PUPPET-SHOWMAN's joke.



Punch examines the result of their efforts; but several of them having disguised the joke so effectually that it is quite lost, *Punch* falls asleep during the perusal.

Punch, aroused by the application of the original joke, selects the best imitation of it, and prefixing the announcement that the joke was forwarded to him by electric telegraph,* gives the joke to the printer.

* The electric telegraph must have been almost as slow as *Punch*.



The PUPPET-SHOWMAN here comes in, discovers the felony, and collars *Punch*. *Punch*'s "Eminent writers" all cut away.

The SHOWMAN, considering that *Punch* had stolen the very worst joke in the *Puppet-Show*, and considering, moreover, that *Punch* had made the joke very much worse, inflicts on him a public castigation.

TRYING IT ON.—It was stated last week that M. Guizot had applied to the Provisional Government of France for the salary due to him as Minister during the month of February. This, however, was untrue, for M. Guizot knew very well that a dishonest servant could be dismissed without either notice or wages.

"NOW AND THEN."—Mr. Warren must be allowed to be the most popular author of the day, for every educated person reads *Now and Then*.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—The papers state, that Louis Philippe is going to "settle" in Lancashire; but from what transpired at a recent meeting of his creditors, it is very evident they would greatly prefer his settling in Paris.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENTS.—Numerous persons have written to inquire who and what we are. In reply, we beg to state that we introduced ourselves in our First Number, and in the most approved style. We, moreover, went to the expense of presenting our portrait, that no mistake might be made as to our identity—and, while we are on the subject, we may as well observe, that the *Times* erred grossly when it stated in a recent article that "Gavarni sins in imparting to his designs a grace which the originals do not possess." However, "truth will out," and we may, therefore, state candidly that the SHOWMAN's principal employé is the presiding genius of the *Quarterly Review*, which may in some measure account for the slashing article in preparation for the generality of the light-literature publications, and from which ONE, at least, will be excepted.

TO AN INSANE CORRESPONDENT.—A man cannot be said to be of regular habits because he goes to bed regularly at five in the morning and gets up regularly at two in the afternoon. Our correspondent must be a regular madman.

TO MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—ALEPH.—To your first question, Yes; to the second, No; to the third, We can't tell.

TO LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot insert the old joke from *Joe Miller*. You had better try *Punch* with it. The riddle about a door not being a door has already appeared in print. The charade shall be inserted—in the waste-paper basket.

TO DISSATISFIED CORRESPONDENTS.—Call at the office: the editor will be represented by a stout Irish compositor who has studied under the Tipton Slasher. The person who signs himself "A Hater of Stupidity," is advised not to allow his hatred to carry him to violence, or he will, in due consistency, begin by attacking himself.

TO CORRESPONDENTS WHO DON'T PAY THEIR POSTAGE.—Profit by the example of Joseph Ady, and save yourselves from Post-office prosecution.

CUTTING THE (FLY) LEAVES.

The *Fly Leaves* are now advertised as being "published occasionally." We can see no occasion for publishing them at all.

Q. How is it the New River water is dear?

A. Because the Company lay it on thick.



SCENE LAST FRIDAY MORNING AT THE "PUPPET-SHOW" OFFICE.

INTELLIGENT MAN.—"Have you the PUPPET-SHOW of to-morrow?"

PUBLISHER.—"No, sir; they were all sold yesterday."

[We may as well observe, for the sake of the joke, that the PUPPET-SHOW, although dated Saturday, is really published on Thursday.]

To meet the unexpected and greatly increased demand for the "PUPPET-SHOW" of last week, an inferior quality of paper had to be used for a portion of the Edition. The Proprietors beg to assure their subscribers that measures have been taken to ensure a sufficient supply for the future, and thereby to prevent a repetition of the circumstance.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VISITELLI BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWSE, at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 5.

LONDON, APRIL 15, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. II.



HARRY OF EXETER.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the portrait of Henry of Exeter, as he lately appeared in his celebrated characters of "notorious brawler," "consecrated perverter of the truth," and "slanderer." It was the opinion of twelve competent critics, who were well acquainted with Henry's general mode of acting, that he had distinguished himself equally in each of his parts; but although he was known to be quite at home in the two former, it was doubted by some whether his identification with the latter rôle would be so complete as it afterwards proved.

We shall confine ourselves to some brief remarks on Henry's new assumption; for it would be a work of supererogation to praise him for his performances of characters in which he has long been recognised as perfectly unrivalled.

On the occasion of his last successful representation, he had challenged Mr. Latimer (who was acknowledged to be quite unequal to him in most of his parts) to appear against him as "slanderer." Every one was of opinion that Henry would gain the laurels, and such turned out to be the case, for Latimer proved himself totally unsuited to the character which his opponent had assigned to him. It is considered that Henry is entitled to much credit on account of his courtesy in placing Latimer in fair competition with himself; and our artist has suggested, in the above cut, that the honour which he thus paid to his unwilling rival has returned boomerang-like to himself.

**CRUEL ATTEMPT AT MURDER, BY THREE
"UNITED IRISHMEN."**

(A new ballad to the old tune of "Sir John Barleycorn.")

THERE were three patriots in the west,
Three patriots fierce and high,
And they swore one day a solemn oath
That COMMON-SENSE should die.

The first was MITCHELL of the pikes,
With his blood at boiling heat;
The second was MEAGHER of the sword,
His steady com-rogue meet.

The third was O'BRIEN of the tongue—
A vaunting man was he—
Nor king nor kaiser could with him
Compare in vanity.

They ran a-muck at COMMON-SENSE,
And mauled him in a speech,
They crushed him in a newspaper,
And smote him, all and each.

They took him to a famous Hall,
And there, in darkness dim,
They spattered him o'er with dirty words,
And pulled him limb from limb.

They swore that brawls were better than toils
For Irish heads and hands;
That 'twas better to fight with pikes and swords
Than to plough the fruitful lands.

They dragged him forth to the public streets,
With shouts and noises loud,
And pelted him with sticks and stones,
In the sight of the thankless crowd:

In the sight of a crowd whom they taught to curse
The kindly hand that fed—
The Saxon hand that, when millions starved,
Provided them with bread.

In the sight of a crowd whom they taught to give
Evil, for good achieved,
And hatred, black as Tophet's pit,
For benefits received.

For they thought, these patriots fierce and high,
That when COMMON-SENSE was slain,
They might sit at the side of Anarchy,
And share her fearful reign.

They thought when COMMON-SENSE was scorned
As a thing of no avail,
They might rule, three kings of Beggardom—
Three monarchs of *Repale*.

But COMMON-SENSE, though harshly used,
Recovered from his fall;
There was sturdy life in his panting sides,
Which sore surprised them all.

Though he was sad and sick at heart,
And smitten by force and guile,
He arose again in his pristine strength
'Mong the true men of the isle.

And fiery MITCHELL of the pikes,
O'BRIEN of frothy words,
And MEAGHER, foe of moral force,
O'MEAGHER of the swords—

Were sore dismayed as he raised his voice,
And cried in the public way,
That the time had come for COMMON-SENSE
To resume his ancient sway;

And so it proved; from far and near
Men gathered at his call,
And vowed these patriots fierce and high
Were humbugs one and all.

And watchful LAW that was standing by
Outstretched his potent arm,
And sent O'BRIEN to Norfolk isle,
For fear of further harm.

Sent furious MEAGHER of the sword
To join him across the sea,
And shaved the head of MITCHELL the hot
To cool his lunacy.

And all the people shouted aloud,
As they joined with heart and hand,
"There never was king like COMMON-SENSE—
Hurrah! for old Ireland."

ANOTHER "PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES."—The *Musical World* speaks of a chorus in *Nino* as "a tune with bald accompaniments." What is a bald accompaniment? We suppose it is what our "discharged contributor" would have called an accompaniment without any (h)air!

HOW TO OBTAIN FAME.—Enter a shop and suddenly decamp, having first taken, in the sight of half-a-dozen shopmen, two or three articles for which you have not paid. You will soon find that you are much run after, and will be sure of obtaining celebrity—in the Police Reports of the following day.

IMPORTANT MOTION.—The Emperor of Russia, we see, has "moved for a return" of all the Russians now in France—to their native country.

VERY VERDANT.—A hotel-keeper recently begged permission to "board" the Chinese Junk!

MELANCHOLY FAILURE.—We thought the Iron King was in good circumstances, but now regret to see that Messrs. Blackwood have been advertising "Hudson's Bay" for sale, price nine shillings! We hope that the rest of the stud will not be sold at such a "tremendous sacrifice."

EX-MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

Brompton Square, April 1.

M. GUIZOT gave an audience to-day to his tailor. It is understood that if certain measures which the latter has already taken should lead to a favourable result, he will be prepared to bring in a bill.

A deputation from the band which had been playing on the other side of the square waited on M. Guizot, upon a matter relating to the currency. M. Guizot, with great presence of mind, escaped by a back-door, in the disguise of a maid-of-all-work.

M. Guizot, on his return, read the PUPPET-SHOW, and expressed an opinion that the press of England was remarkably free.

A deputation from the establishment of Mr. Simmons, costumier, waited upon M. Guizot to inquire whether he would part with his footman's dress, which was likely to prove in request at the next *bal masqué*. We understand that there was some dispute as to the terms.

Madame Tussaud also waited upon the ex-minister, with the view of arranging a "magnificent addition; consisting of M. Guizot, in his celebrated character of footman." His acquiescence was only obtained upon the condition that Louis Philippe would consent to appear with him—and without his whiskers—as Mr. Smith.

At dinner, M. Guizot waited upon himself.



"THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE WHIGS."

THE Whigs have at present but a slight hold on the respect or affections of the community, and such as it is they seem determined to lose it; but they should remember that, willing as they may be to sacrifice their characters, the public are not equally ready to lose their rights. What shall we say to a Government which proclaims itself, with brazen lungs, a liberal one, and on the first opportunity interferes with our ancient right to meet and petition? In 1831 a body of 100,000 men marched to the Home Office, with a Reform petition; in 1834, 100,000 men marched to the House of Commons, with a petition for the recall of the Dorchester Labourers. The Time river has flowed on since then, washing away—like scum upon its surface—stagnant abuses and corrupt dynasties; and England now finds her rights encroached upon by a Liberal Ministry, under cover of a statute raked from the filthy obscurity of the most disgraceful period of her annals! What will Mr. Macaulay—the one honest and brilliant man of the party—think of this employment of an obsolete enactment—a despot-weapon of Charles II.'s—when he next looks at his Essay on Milton, and sees what he has said therein of the reign of that Stuart? The statute provides, that no persons outnumbering ten shall repair to his majesty, or to the Houses of Parliament, to present any petition. We have shown that this statute has more than once been disregarded. Is it necessary to show that it is unreasonable?

The Whigs also have a bill in progress for strengthening the power of the crown and the government—a measure very appropriate as a companion to one weakening that of the people. In the meantime, the labouring classes are unrepresented in the Parliament which is preparing to gag them; discontent is spreading widely; and Europe is in convulsions. Lord John Russell bids fair to be author of another tragedy—of more "interesting situations" than his insipid Don Carlos. This oppres-

sive act was passed in consequence of Lord William Russell having marched, during a despotic reign, at the head of 200 Members of Parliament to present a petition to the crown. Lord John Russell should be the last man to employ against the liberty of the people an Act which was first inflicted on them in consequence of the efforts in the cause of freedom made by his illustrious ancestor, from whom is derived all the honour that pertains to the family name.

MR. JEREMY DIDDLE.

LAST week, at the Woolwich Police Court, Cecil Le Mesurier and Henry Denne, two "gentlemen" cadets, as they are ironically styled, were charged with violently assaulting Mr. Palmer, a grocer. It appeared that Le Mesurier had called Palmer "a fool;" and, upon the latter venturing to deny the imputation, had struck him, assuring him, at the same time, that he was a liar. Mr. Palmer went to the barracks and reported the conduct of the man who had felt so aggrieved at his (Palmer's) contradicting the allegation of folly, when out came Denne, swearing, and asking the unfortunate Palmer how he had dared to inform against him. The grocer replied that he had interfered about the conduct of Le Mesurier alone, when Denne expressed how directly opposite his own conviction was by calling him a liar, at the same time blackening both his eyes. A person named Goodbody, who came to Palmer's assistance, was beaten severely by some of the cadets, and had his coat and hat completely destroyed, besides losing two sovereigns in the struggle.

The result, as given in the newspapers, was, that "the parties having apologised to Mr. Palmer, and made good the loss sustained by Goodbody, were discharged!"

Justice, as personified by Mr. Jeremy, the Woolwich magistrate, cannot be called "blind," for it has evidently an eye to particular interests; but it presents a horrid squint which is disgusting in appearance and awful in its effects. To compare the above case with any half-dozen others which appear weekly in the metropolitan journals, and to prove that there is "one law for the rich, and another," &c., would be too old a story for us to place before our readers; but we must really do ourselves the pleasure of calling public attention to the remarks which Mr. Jeremy thought fit to make on the occasion, and which could only have proceeded from a very imbecile or a very impudent person. It appears, then, that Mr. Jeremy, on dismissing the prisoners, "reminded them that they were always amenable to the laws, and that the superior education which they had received ought to be a guarantee for their good conduct; for, whatever allowances might be made for the thoughtlessness of youth, coarse language and violent assaults could not be expected from gentlemen." Now, Mr. Jeremy must either possess so weak an intellect that he cannot perceive how utterly at variance the principle he lays down is with the conduct which he pursues, or he must possess that impudence of triple brass which can alone enable a man to prove his own injustice and glory in his own perverseness. Mr. Jeremy, after discharging the prisoners without the slightest penalty, informs them that they are "always amenable to the laws!" He then states that "coarse language and violent assaults cannot be expected from gentlemen," although every one knows that it is just the conduct which may be expected from gentlemen cadets; and that as their taste lies in that way, it will probably be cultivated as long as the Jeremies of the magisterial bench allow it to go unpunished.

FINE OPENINGS FOR LEADER-WRITERS.

We are standing on the brink of a precipice, &c.
When we survey the state of Europe, &c.
Affairs have at length arrived at a crisis, &c.
The news which arrived last night by the Indian Mail, and which we were the first to publish, &c.
In another part of our columns will be found, &c.
Last night's debate was remarkable as presenting, &c.
Sir R. Peel reminds us of the man in the fable, who, &c.
The above can be supplied at so much per mile on application at the PUPPET-SHOW Office.



RESTLESS TIMES.

Although the Sappers and Miners were working throughout Sunday, and Sunday night, in fortifying the Bank of England, we are happy to state that the "rest" of the old Lady of Threadneedle Street was not disturbed.

It is usual to propose, as the second toast at public dinners, "Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family." When we consider the very little rest that has lately been enjoyed by royal personages, we cannot but look upon this sentiment as exceedingly appropriate.

The inhabitants of Modena, evidently sympathizing in the above sentiment, favoured their duke with a (r)est as he was endeavouring to escape from his dominions.

The Chartists have sworn never to rest themselves—from their exertions—until they have wrested the Charter from the Government.

THE SIX POINTS OF THE CHARTER.



MORAL REFLECTION.

How much better is the People's Charter than the Jokes in *Punch*—the former having six points, and the latter having no point at all.

A HINT FOR A BARRICADE.

Procure a set of the thirteen volumes of *Punch*. Behind these the enemy may be attacked with perfect impunity, for no living man, let him strive how he will, could ever succeed in getting through them.

CLEAR ENOUGH.

Some parties in this country shake their heads at the mention of the Provisional Government, and declare that it "won't answer." We beg to refer these gentlemen to its reply to the Irish Rebels.

A CONTRADICTION.

Mr. Cobden, *fêted* extensively on the Continent, gets laughed at, and abused, in England. It may thus be affirmed of him, with justice, that he is quite at home abroad, and quite abroad at home.

CHEERING.

The great corruption existing in certain antiquated institutions of this Country ought to be regarded as a good sign; for is not corruption synonymous with decay?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"There is only one difference between myself and Byron," said the Comte de Neuilly.—"I awoke one morning, and found myself infamous!"

NAUSEA.

The draught of the new constitution was lately presented for approval to the King of Prussia. Despite all his majesty's seeming patriotism, we believe this is the bitterest draught he has ever had to swallow in his whole life.

A GRAVE OMISSION.

The turtle-eating corporation of London have let an excellent opportunity for a guzzle escape them. Why did they not get up a feed in honour of Guizot, to show their sense of his partiality to the Livery?

TENANT-RIGHT.

The following queries are proposed by the SHOWMAN, as calculated to elucidate this important matter in its bearings on the lodgers and landlords of the metropolis.

1. Has a tenant any right to play the trombone, when his next neighbour has gone to bed with a sick headache?
2. Does the right of a tenant to a latch-key lapse and determine, when he regularly comes home in such an excited state as not to be able to find the key-hole?
3. Has a tenant any right to burn holes in the chimney-peace (supposing it to be of wood), in order to try experiments with reference to slow combustion?
4. Has a tenant any right, in the absence of another tenant, to use that absent tenant's razor for the purpose of opening oysters?
5. Has a tenant on the second floor any right to water the magnionette-pots on the window-sill, while the tenant beneath happens to have his or her head out of his or her respective window?

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE AT HOME.



"SPECIAL CONSTABLERING, INDEED! AND A PRETTY FOOL YOU LOOK COMING HOME SUCH A BUNDLE OF RAGS AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WITH THE HOUSE ROBBED, AND NEVER A POLICEMAN TO BE FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!"

EVERY ONE TO HIS TASTE.

AN "Admirer of Jam Tarts" has written a letter to the *Times*, calling on the Royal Academy to provide refreshment-rooms for the public at the ensuing exhibition. He has not favoured us, however, with any suggestion as to the particular style of refreshment he thinks desirable for exhausted cognoscenti, so that we are left in doubt as to whether an attendant with apples, oranges, and ginger-beer would be considered sufficient, or if it would be preferable to add to these a few oyster-tubs, with supplies of bread and butter and bottled stout? If the recommendation is acted upon, we may certainly look for a conspicuous notice in each apartment, announcing the interesting fact, that parties bringing their own tea will be supplied with boiling water at 3d. per head, and that shrimps will be charged 3d. extra.

SERIOUS CHARGE.—The *Daily News* is very angry with the management of the Strand Theatre for forestalling that of the Royal Italian Opera by the production of *Haydee*. It even says that the score is not the real one, but a something composed of merely infinitesimal portions of Auber's music, diluted with a great deal of stuff from some one else. This is a serious charge: if true, every one of the actors, aye, even peerless Poole herself, will find themselves some fine morning arrested, for uttering forged notes.

THE POLICEMAN'S COMPLETE ART OF LOVE.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE FORCE.



1. Choose for the scene of your affections some quiet and respectable square, where there are no thieves to distract your notice. Do not commence your attack in the morning, as servants do not like to be seen until the afternoon, when they have "cleaned themselves." About four o'clock they are dressed and at the kitchen window, when you can pay your slight attentions and take your choice.

2. Remember that prudence is the better part of affection; in accordance with which maxim you will, before proceeding further in your amorous pursuit, make yourself acquainted with the quality of meat supplied by the butcher. This you may easily manage by stopping the boy some evening, and insisting on being informed where he is going to and what he is carrying; after which you can dismiss him with a knowing look, which will impress any one who may be passing by with a high opinion of your vigilance. Some authorities would go so far as to recommend you to choose the meat first and the servant afterwards, but this conduct I can only look upon as heartless.

3. Having settled these minor matters of taste, try the area some night when you are going your rounds, always contriving to make as much noise as possible. After a few of these experiments you will be asked what you are "doing with that gate," when you may reply that you "wished to see if it was all right, as there are many suspicious characters about." After this you must walk on, as you will of course be much dearer to the servants by not making yourself too cheap.

4. On passing the house two or three nights afterwards, you will be sure to find the gate unfastened. Walk straight down to the kitchen (this time without making a noise), and inform the servants of it. You will find them very grateful, and quite unable to think who could have "been and done it," or rather undone it. An hour or two afterwards you will see the cook or housemaid, as the case may be—by-the-bye, the cook is strongly recommended for virtuous purposes—so dreadfully frightened that she is afraid to go to bed. Use every means to reassure her, in spite of which you will find that she will positively decline to be comforted until you have promised to keep a constant watch on the house for at least a week.

5. Having gone thus far, you must be unworthy of your cloth if you cannot succeed in introducing yourself into the kitchen. You must immediately ascertain whether there is a cat in the house; and if not, get one, as the cat is known to be the policeman's best friend.

6. Do not appear offended if the refreshments offered in the first instance be not what the advertisements call "of the most *recherché* description." Those love tokens, which commence with a slice of bread and butter, soon rise to the leg of a cold fowl!

7. It is considered safe to fall in love with the cook when the housemaid is already attached to a soldier. You need not be afraid of meeting him, as he must be in barracks early, and you will derive considerable advantage from the arrangement generally, as the principles of reciprocity will be carried out to their fullest extent by the two domestics, and they will keep each other's secrets with all the strictness of self-interest.

8. In all matters connected with the fair sex, regard your inspector as your natural enemy. I was dismissed the force because my "wife" brought me a "cup of tea" when I was on duty. The inspector, however, maintained that it wasn't my wife, and that it wasn't tea.

THE "WAR ORGAN!"



Policeman Clarendon—"COME, I SAY, YOU MITCHELL—MY SERGEANT RUSSELL HAS GIVEN ORDERS TO HAVE YOU TOOK UP—YOU'RE A PERFECT NUISANCE."

IMPORTANT TO REVOLUTIONISTS.

GENTLEMEN desirous of overthrowing the government of their respective countries are requested to apply to the *Daily News* Office, where kings are daily dethroned, cities bombarded, and Republics declared, contrary to all expectation, at the very moderate charge of three pence. Our contemporary has clearly entitled himself to public patronage, by bombarding Warsaw, and making the King of Prussia abdicate, both of which feats he performed last week without the aid of any other party.

N.B. Green gentlemen receive a very liberal allowance.

Mr. Hume has done much to correct the extravagance in the expenditure of the House of Commons. He would render an almost equal service were he to correct the extra-

ORDINARY SINCERITY.—The *Morning Herald*, scorning to deceive its customers, has the words "Latest Intelligence" printed in large capitals at the top of its despatches, more or less electric, from the Continent. After this piece of sincerity, if readers find the news is stale, they have no right to complain that they were not warned before hand.

A certain right reverend prelate, in order no doubt to prove his humility, makes even his sons and daughters address him as "My Lord." Recent events have proved it not quite so easy a task for his grace to *lord* it over Latimer as over his own family.

Government made the most extensive preparations to meet the Chartists. The latter regret that Government is not as ready to meet their demands as it is to meet

IMPORTANT DEMONSTRATION AT THE CASINO.

On Saturday last, when some were in fear, and all in doubt as to what would be the result of the Chartist Meeting on the following Monday, it is gratifying to reflect that the Casino remained faithful to the Government: in the hour of need, or, in other words, at half-past eleven, it did not forget the allegiance due to that crown under which it enjoyed liberty and an annual license.

On the occasion to which we refer the unanimous, universal, uni-everything cry was raised for "God save the Queen." For about half a minute no notice was taken of the call, not from any disloyal feelings on the part of the orchestra, but for the simple reason that the instruments had been packed up for the night. A shout was then raised of "The Casino doesn't answer," which insinuation was at once met by M. Laurent, the conductor, who responded to the appeal in a manner which must raise his *bâton* to a higher position in the scale of loyalty than can be claimed even for those of the special constables.

A report has come to our ears—but we do not vouch for its veracity—to the effect that the most popular *danseuses* of the Casino refused with indignation several magnificent offers of sherry-cobblers and ices from secret emissaries of the Chartists; and one of the spies was led to confess that he had been tampering with the best *deux-temps* in the room, and had endeavoured—though ineffectually!—to gain her over to the unpopular cause by means of a ticket for the Adelphi. This we cannot but look upon as a very free admission on his part.

It will doubtless be alleged by those persons who take a pleasure in sneering at everything, that the adhesion of the Casino will be of little value to the executive. They will probably insinuate that an adept at the *galop* will always be ready to "*Courir pour la patrie*"—which, it must be admitted, is not "*le parti le plus beau*," &c.; and many hint that a person who is in the habit of waltzing will always be ready to turn round. On the other hand, it may be alleged—and this in our opinion settles the matter at once—that those who possess sufficient courage to dance *vis-à-vis* to some persons who are to be met with at the Casino, must certainly be prepared to face anything and anybody.

"COMPARISONS ARE 'ODEROUS'."—"I wonder, Madam," said a young German merchant to Mrs. M—r G—, "that smokers in this country are not in good odour." "Possibly," was the reply, "it is because they are so disagreeably perfumed!"

TO GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

WE understand that a class is about to be formed for the purpose of instructing gentlemen of the press (by means of six difficult lessons) in those branches of education with which most members of the middle, and even of the upper, classes are supposed to be familiar. Amongst the pupils will, or at least ought to, be numbered—

The critic who lately translated *La Reine des feu Follets* as the "Queen of the fireflies."

The German correspondent of the *Times*, who speaks of some students having sung *Der Rhein*, &c. (meaning probably *Das Rhein*), and who introduces us to a "countess" who talked to him in very bad French.

The writer in the *Sunday Times* who talks about omnib; and

The musical critic of the *Morning Post*, who will be admitted on his general demerits.

It is expected that numerous additions, which we shall be happy to chronicle, will shortly be made to the above number.

SUPPRESSED JOKES.—If some of our correspondents, who forward unpaid letters to the PUPPET-SHOW Office, do not cease the disreputable practice, we threaten to publish the jokes which they send us, and which would otherwise have been suppressed out of respect to the authors.

GOOD LAW.—We have been requested to ask our learned puppets, the judges, why rebellion generally breaks out in the capital of a country? Their answer is, that in every country rebellion is a capital crime.

A NOVEL TURN

TO AN AULD SANG.

Jews—as every one has read—
Jews—as Charles Bruce lately said—
Know that you are born and bred
The World's Aristocracie.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
See auld Inglis looking sour;
On you he abuse doth shower—
Inglis—Cant—and Mummerie!

Wha would be a Jew-boy, Jew?
Sell old almanacks for new,
When he's one of—say Bruce true—
The World's Aristocracie!

Wha for Israel's right, by law,
In the house to sit, will draw,
Member stand, or member fa'—
Son of Judah, on wi' me!

By auld London's streets and lanes,
By great Rothschild's cunning brains,
We will spend our hard-earn'd gains
But he shall be an M.P.

Lay our proud opponents low—
Agnews fall in every foe—
Parliament's in every blow—
Opposition's all my eye!

THE VERANDAH QUESTION.

AT a period when the social system of Europe is being shaken to its very centre, when the transformation of kingdoms into republics, of serfs into men, is taking place as instantaneously as the tricks in a pantomime, a certain house of sage grave men can find nothing better wherewith to occupy their time than the removal of a few crazy verandahs, in the town of Colombo, in the Island of Ceylon.

It appears from the statement of Lord Beaumont, that the Governor of Ceylon had forcibly removed certain verandahs which encroached upon the already too narrow streets of Colombo. This is monstrous. The idea of doing away with an abuse which had existed Heaven knows how long!

There are some people so totally devoid of all sense of propriety as to applaud the governor's conduct. Such misguided individuals say that the governor was acting perfectly right; that the demolition of a few rotten verandahs could be no great cause for outcry; that the proprietors, of course, retained the materials, or even if the government had ordered an immense bonfire to be made of them—the materials, not the proprietors—in sign of joy at the abolition of a public nuisance, it would have been no great evil, as most of these structures, so dear to the Colombians, were erected at a period little posterior to the deluge, and were as rotten as touchwood, or certain boroughs which have lately figured very conspicuously in the public papers.

But people who reason thus, do so on a wrong hypothesis; they suppose that, in Ceylon, as in England, any object which is sound and new is better than another, of the same kind, that is rickety and old. No such thing. In Ceylon the case is very different, at least as regards verandahs. The inhabitants hold that verandahs, like wine, improve by age; for they offer to sacrifice, without compensation, all such as have sprung up within the last ten years, provided they get heavy damages for the removal of those erected at any former period. What steps will Government take on this eventful subject?—Time, which, according to the German proverb, brings rees, will perhaps bring an answer to our question.

Others, again, unable to appreciate the immense importance of the verandah question, say, sneeringly, that the sage grave men of the upper house waste their time upon the verandah question from their intellectual impotence to grasp any subject of a more serious nature. To these detractors we reply, at a moment when all the Continent is sweeping away the smallest vestiges of the rotten old political verandahs which obstructed the thoroughfare of freedom, the sage grave men occupy themselves with the Colmorian verandah question, in order to prove that, however the other authorities of the world may choose to succumb to public opinion, they, at least, will manfully defend the last remnant of their verandahs, which have encroached for so many, many years on the liberties of this country, and, therefore, must be good; under their shade they are resolved to sit and smoke, as hitherto, the cigar of privilege, attaching no belief to the promises of sundry demagogues that the people will soon put them in the shade altogether.



EDITOR'S BOX.

At the Haymarket, a drama from the pen and French dictionary of Mr. T. Morton, and entitled *Old Honesty*, has been produced. It is written with a "purpose," and is intended to illustrate the very novel idea that "Honesty is the best policy"—a species of morality which one of our wittiest writers designates as worthy of a returned convict. The great point in the piece is Webster's making-up for the hero; and—if he will take the compliment as it is meant—we may be allowed to state that he assumed the part of the honest man with prodigious talent.

At the Olympic a (*mal*) à-propos farce has been produced under the title of *Lost a Sovereign*. The piece contains several very venerable jokes which have been going the round of the press for many weeks past; but unfortunately the author has not shown the best taste in his selection. Two children, of the ages of seven and nine respectively, who play nearly as well as children of five and six, have made their *débuts* at this theatre. They will never fill the house; how can they, being so small?

At the Strand a lamentable attempt has been made to perform Auber's *Haydee*. There is a chorus at this theatre of which one-half does not sing at all, and the other half out of tune. The orchestral accompaniments are what might be expected from a few scratching violins, two screaming cornets, a grumbling ophicleide, and a few other instruments whose merit consisted in not being heard. The music pleases us as much as that of the most successful of Auber's operas—though, of course, we can only speak of the melodies; while the plot is quite as ingenious and rather more improbable than any of Scribe's *libretti*. The actors produce some amusement by speaking of the heroine throughout as *Idy*: this suggests to us that a much more reasonable pronunciation would be *Ady*; and that a very good burlesque might be given under the title of *Joseph Ady, or, A Secret Worthy Knowing*.

NEW READINGS.

If an ignorant charity-boy is told to read a-b ab, and reads it b-a ba, it is a new reading, though one for which the pupil obtains little credit. But when an actor represents the reverse of any character which he may be required to interpret, it is considered a proof of genius; and he is lauded for an originality which might be equally claimed by the obtuse child.

Every one except the critic of the *Faunting Post*—who, after all, is nobody—is aware that Jenny Lind made *Norma* a quiet sort of young lady disguised as a Druidical priestess, who constantly carried a dagger about for a mere show, and who was far too well-mannered to lose her temper, in spite of any injuries that she might have received from *Pollio*. It appeared to us that Miss Jane's intentions were honourable so far as they went, but that, from the character being unsuited to her, she was, in spite of her evident endeavouring, unable to do it justice. Her friends, however, maintained that her perverse reading was intellectual; and that, in fact, she wished to play *Norma*, with the "character" of the priestess entirely left out. Now if this *ad libitum* interpretation be encouraged, we shall not be astonished to see *Lucia* represented as a regular flirt; and all respectable mammas will agree with us that the clandestine meetings and correspondence with *Edgar* indicated a certain levity of disposition. Her fickleness is a matter of notoriety, and in order to prove that she experiences no regret at her lovers discovering it, we have only to observe that she

acknowledges her fault, and, without condescending to explain, merely makes one exclamation, which, according to our "New Reading," should be given with an air of the most unblushing effrontery. Her subsequent madness may be accounted for on the supposition that *Edgar* has, immediately before her marriage with his rival, inherited a large property, and has thus become a very desirable match. *Lucrezia Borgia* might be easily turned into a good hospitable woman who imprudently entertains her guests with British brandy, and thus poisons them. Hypercritics would object to this "New Reading," as being inconsistent with other portions of the opera, but that is an objection of no moment whatever; in fact, so little care need be given to the author's real intention, that we do not despair of one day seeing *Iago* represented as a virtuous man, on the strength of the epithet "honest," which is applied to him in so significative a manner.

GREAT MEETING OF HOTEL AND LODGING-HOUSE KEEPERS.

A VERY numerous meeting of the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers of the metropolis was held the other day, to consider what measures ought to be adopted by them at the present eventful crisis.

After the preliminary forms of taking off paletots, ordering goes of gin-and-water, and electing a chairman, had been gone through, several of the most influential gentlemen present said that they viewed with feelings of unmitigated disgust the mode of warfare adopted by the inhabitants of Paris, Berlin, Milan, and other places, which consisted in showering down chairs, tables, work-baskets, pianos, bandboxes, desks, chest of drawers, paper-knives, and other articles upon the heads of the military—that such a course of things, if permitted to take its course, was most destructive of social order and household furniture, and that its effects would be most prejudicial to theirs. That they (the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers) had no wish to restrain in any way the liberty of the subject; and that, therefore, they should offer no objection to the householders of London transforming the contents of their houses into a sort of cabinet grape-shot, if such were their pleasure, but that they (the Hotel and Lodging-house keepers) deprecated in the strongest terms, and would oppose, with all the energy of which they were possessed, the conduct of any individuals occupying rooms in their establishments who should show symptoms of manifesting their patriotism in a similar manner.

It was then proposed, with a view of conceding in some degree to public opinion, that worthless and heavy lumber should be stowed away under the beds, sofas, and in the cupboards of the several apartments, in order that the lodgers might not be deprived of taking part in an amusement which was every day becoming more popular. One gentleman begged to suggest, for this purpose, the buying up the volumes of *Punch* from the butter-shops; but this was negatived by an immense majority, on the plea that the great superincumbent weight of the said numbers would materially strain and endanger any edifice in which they might be placed. The words "paving-stones" were then substituted, and the resolution adopted without opposition.

It was further proposed, that every individual, wishing to hire rooms, should have a printed paper, containing the following questions, given to him:—

"How old are you? Where were you born? Was your father married? To your certain knowledge, did he ever suffer from the tooth-ache or take Morison's pills? Do you read the *Daily News*? Are you subject to sea-sickness? And, do you prefer the Italian Opera to Her Majesty's Theatre?"

That if the answers to these questions, particularly the last, showed that the individual's mind was tinted with Chartism, he should be required, in order to ensure the interests of the hotel-keeper, to do the same with his furniture, for such time as he, the individual, remained in the former's establishment; and in case of his refusing to enter on such an engagement, he should not be allowed to enter the house. This was carried unanimously, and the meeting separated.

An advertisement of Professor Holloway's is now going the round of the papers, headed, "The greatest sale of any medicine in the globe." It should evidently be, "The greatest sell of any medicine in the globe." If the University—(of Humbug we mean, whence Holloway derives his degree)—notices this matter as it ought, it will certainly strip him of his professor's gown for such a contemptible blunder.



THE FALL OF METTERNICH.

"In mercy help! help the bewildered blind,
Surprised by tempest, and infirm by age;
From every quarter yells the whistling wind—
Say, where shall he find refuge from its rage?
The trusty bridge, whose time-worn arches bore
Such crushing weights, must now yield to the stream:
Oh! help blind Metternich he doth implore,
And his poor old pet dog, *Ancien Regime*."

"Where is Lord Castlereagh? long dead and gone;
But Wellington, staunch friend, say where art thou?
Ye English Tories, have your hearts turn'd stone,
That ye are deaf to my distresses now?
E'en Aberdeen betrays the faith he swore,
Regardless whether I may sink or swim—
Oh! help blind Metternich he doth implore,
And his poor old pet dog, *Ancien Regime*."

The Eagle's wing'd—the blind one shakes with fear;
Adieu, ambition, honours, and rewards!
For, lo! the system which he loved to rear
Tumbles around him like a house of cards—
All gulph'd at once—the feudal way is o'er,
His policy he finds is all a dream.
"Farewell, blind Metternich, thy reign is o'er—
Thou'rt banish'd with thy dog, *Ancien Regime*—"

We had not brought the sentence to an end,
Ere, washed from the old bridge on which he stood,
Himself and worn-out dog—his slow-paced friend—
Were swallow'd up by the surrounding flood.
There, sunk some hundred fathom deep and more,
They lie together 'neath the rushing stream,
Confound'd with forgotten things of yore—
He and his old pet dog, *Ancien Regime*.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Government was blamed for its great tardiness in assisting the Bank of England during the late panic. Determined not to merit this reproach during the present one, it resolved to bolster up the establishment at any price, and accordingly sent down in a most liberal manner several thousand bags of—gold dust? No—sand!

NEWEST FROM PARIS.—Messrs. O'Brien, Meagher, and Co., adduce as a proof of the great sympathy for Ireland existing in France, that they actually saw in a shop-window in the Palais Royal, the glorious words, "Here they spike the English."

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE WORLD.

"They (the Jews) are the aristocracy of the world."—*Vide* Mr. C. BAUCA's speech, in the House of Commons, Tuesday, April 4.

PEERS of England, Magnates of Hungary, Palatines of Allemania, your reign is past! What are your titles of nobility compared to those of the people of Israel? You are but the aristocracy of small portions of the globe—they are the Aristocracy of the World! The most ancient Christian potentates are but mere genealogical mushrooms, springing up around the base of the towering trunk of Judah!

To think that, like Molière's rich citizen, who had spoken prose all his life without knowing it, we should have existed so long in ignorance of the fact which it was reserved for Mr. C. BRUCE to proclaim! We shudder at the idea, and can only restrain our grief at the past by giving full vent to our joy at the future.

No sooner was the startling intelligence generally known than the sensation created was immense: Belgravia was deserted, Park Lane was desolate, and even Buckingham Palace itself was, for a time, nearly empty. Every one had rushed to procure mansions in Holywell Street and the Minorities at any sacrifice, however great. His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has been fortunate enough to obtain the whole of Mr. Burgess's premises. Not many, however, have had such good luck. The Duke of Devonshire, for instance, has only succeeded in renting the shop and back-parlour where, in former times, portraits were taken with the greatest accuracy and a pair of scissors, in black paper and two minutes, for the small sum of one penny; while Hudson himself has not been able to get more than a damp cellar and a cold—but he is buoyed up by the promise of a front attic at no distant day. The *Morning Post* is negotiating for an early coffee-stall at the corner. "Hebrew spoken here" is to be seen in all the shop-windows of the vicinity. Stultz's customers have taken their measures to save him the trouble of doing so, and have gone to Moses: the latter, without the least hesitation, has determined not to imitate the exclusiveness of the German *Schneider*, but to make for all such as may come to him, even supposing they do not bring letters of introduction from three Rabbis, two Archbishops, the PUPPET-SHOWMAN, and Young Disraeli.

Let it not be supposed that this sudden recognition of their worth will make any change in the manners of the Children of Israel: taking the merchant nobles of Genoa for their models, they will still continue to exercise their calling—of Old Clo!—and to dispose of hundred-bladed knives and Russian leather pocket-books, at an immense loss—to the purchaser—as usual. How vivifying is this! how generous their even now not taking the shine out of their Christian imitators, but contenting themselves with imparting it to their oranges in the different public thoroughfares! How sublime is their pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, when you refuse to say how much you will take for your coat; and how kind their correction of your ideas as to its value!

THE TRUE VERSION.—The editor of an intended edition of Lord Byron's hitherto unpublished works, announced in his advertisements that the most valuable of all the M.S.S. had been furnished by the poet's own family. This is quite correct: the contribution in question was a notice from the family solicitor, that if the individual did not desist from his design, legal proceedings would be commenced against him.

GREAT NONSENSE.—It has been foolishly remarked that the practice of laying wagers is likely to increase with the spread of education; as at present many persons refrain from it solely because they don't know any better.

HYMENEAL PROBLEM.

Given—All the marriages reported (and paid for) in the *Morning Post*.

To find—A single case where the bride is not described as looking "exceedingly beautiful, and being splendidly attired;" or where the "manly grace of the gallant bridegroom" is not the *point de mire* of the fair sex present.

HOW TO READ PUNCH.—Peruse it without cutting it open. You save time, and you lose nothing.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWES, at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 6.

LONDON, APRIL 22, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE ON DUTY.



A SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

MR. BOB ACRES (a Special Constable)—"WELL, LET THEM COME—HEY, SIR LUCIUS! WE—WE—WE—WE—WON'T RUN."

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER (a Grenadier)—"RUN! WHAT THE DEVIL'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

ACRES—"NOTHING—NOTHING—MY DEAR FRIEND—MY DEAR SIR LUCIUS—BUT I—I—I DON'T FEEL QUITE SO BOLD, SOMEHOW, AS I DID."

HOW TO MAKE A "MONSTER" PETITION.

GET half-a-dozen skins of dirty parchment, some deal tables, pens and ink, and unwashed clerks. Go to work briskly, transcribing all the names in the *Court Guide* and *London Directory*. Write down the name of the Queen, and be particular in putting down as often as possible the names of such persons as are notoriously opposed to the sentiments contained in the document. Next, dash your petition with a little blasphemy, and add obscenity and slang in abundance. Having carried out these instructions to the letter (or rather to the signature), count up the names; multiply twice their number by fifty, and add a million. Take the gross amount, and proclaim it the genuine one; and you will then find that you have succeeded in making a "monster" petition—and no mistake!

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN ORIGINAL.]

ON the Common men call Kennington the midnight hour
is dark;
No Gent is there on business—no Gent upon a lark;
But a pale and spectral drummer paceth slowly up and
down,
And the music of his instrument rolls sadly o'er the town.

Then straightway is the Common peopled thick with
shapes of air—
The signers of the Chartists' great petition all are there;
Four millions of Nobodies, without or flesh or blood—
Their shadowy high-lows never left a foot-print on the mud.

In apocryphal battalion the "Pugnose" heroes stand,
The "Flatnose" regiment musters near—an awful
phantom band;
The martial form of Sibthorpe goes dimly stalking by,
And the Roman nose of Wellington is seen against the
sky!

But mark that group of chieftains, with faces long and
wan—
'T is the Delegates who travelled in the Snigsend patriot
van—
There scowls the warlike Cuffey, there smiles the
phrensised Jones,
And there the gallant Harney goes prancing o'er the stones.

But round one awful leader the shadowy staff attends,
Before one warrior phantom each General lowly bends;
That ghost hath burly bearing—that ghost hath reddish
hair,
'T is he! Salute, ye squadrons! Great Feargus' self is
there!

Right down the long battalions he casts his glittering eye.
In warlike pomp the proud array tramps, slowly march-
ing by;
And as he marks the dusky ranks of every wheeling file,
The sham Napoleon's curling lip relaxes to a smile.

He whispers low to Murphy—that podgy man of war—
And 'mid the rustling legions flies the message, fast and far.
'T is the watchword and the countersign which through
the ranks have spun—
The first is "Cut, and Conquer," but the last is "Cut,
and Run!"

Ha! see amid the darkness stalks a figure stern and tall!
And Feargus faintly murmurs "*Sauve qui peut!*—a
Special!"
It dimly shook a staff aloft, and all the vast array
At that shadow of a Special faded meltingly away.

THE CHARTISTS AND THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

We believe that "measures, not men," is a popular cry with the Chartists, and certainly, whatever may be said about some of their measures, it must be admitted that many of their men are scarcely worthy of the name. There are, of course, some honest-minded persons among so large a body, but they generally manage to keep out of sight, and are found among the silent believers in the Charter, not its noisy supporters. These latter appear to consist chiefly of low-minded and low-mannered men, who hate the middle and upper classes just as the fox does the grapes—because they can't reach them.

On Thursday last the "Convention" had a debate as to whether it would be expedient for their party to be on good or on bad terms with the middle classes.

The most popular view of the question seemed to be that the middle class would be found useful, in case of a collision between the mob and the military, in restraining the ferocity of the latter, and that, therefore, it ought to be patronized.

A Mr. Hitchen complained, and with great justice, of having been deprived of his situation solely on account of the opinions which he held; and denounced a whole class on account of the brutality displayed by a single member.

Then came Mr. Walter, who, after boasting in a significant manner that he himself was a member of the middle classes (which, if true, is a great stigma upon them), declared himself to be so egregiously stupid that he could not perceive any difference between Prince Albert and a chimney sweep.

But the most amusing of all was Cuffey, the "ugly little old man," as he aptly describes himself. This gentleman favoured the "Convention" with a long account of respectable acquaintances, which, however, was evidently looked upon as "chaff" by his wide-awake auditory. He was continuing to prate about "his friends of the middle classes," when unfortunately he spoilt the whole story by confessing that whenever he met either of them—and there were two!—he was sure to be saluted with "Here's that Cuffey; I should like to have the shooting of him." In conclusion, we must be allowed to congratulate Cuffey on a circumstance which he communicated with peculiar glee to the "Convention," and which was, that his "friends of the middle classes" were willing at any time to become bail for him! When will Cuffey put the sincerity of his "friends of the," &c. to the test?

NOVEL DEFINITIONS.

Drilling a soldier—Running him through.
Breaches of trust—Trowsers not paid for.
Ball practice—A dancing lesson.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE BELT.

It is satisfactory, when so many constitutions are breaking up every day, to see that of Lord Brougham as vigorous as ever. The other night, no sooner had he walked into the House of Lords than he began to walk into the King of Sardinia, and half the powers of Europe, in the most ferocious manner. In half an hour he had given the Pope a facer, knocked down all the Italian Dukes, inflicted a black eye on the Emperor of Austria, and, by a sudden turn, bestowed a back-hander on the Provisional Government. This last, we presume, was because they did not "naturalize" him in France. We understand that they refused to do so, on the ground that to make his lordship a "natural" citizen of any country was beyond merely human powers.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MARKET.

DURING the whole of last week Special Constables were in great demand, and in the early part reached as high as 5 feet 11 in., but towards the close 5 feet 8 in. was the favourite figure. Staves were offered and taken pretty freely. From seven to ten o'clock on Monday there was a general rise of the population—to breakfast; but a heavy fall of Chartists was expected—beneath the truncheons of the Police. On Monday afternoon Specials, in many instances, were done—brown, their houses having been robbed during their absence. Prison bonds were at a premium, and, without exception, closed firm.

LORD BROUGHAM NOT A FRENCH CITIZEN.

WITHOUT doubt it was Lord Brougham's love of talk which made him wish to be naturalized a French citizen. This was the first step towards getting himself elected a member of the National Assembly, in order that at the close of the session of the English Parliament he might favour the Parisians with his eloquence, and at the same time gratify himself with listening to the music of his own voice. But as this could not be managed without abandoning his privileges as an English peer, and his pension as Ex-chancellor, His Lordship declined the honour, and contented himself with abusing the Provisional Government in the House of Lords, with this advantage, that as they have not the privilege of a reply, he can have all the talk to himself.

FAILURE OF THE EXECUTIVE IN PUTTING DOWN THE CHARTIST DEMONSTRATION.

In one of the proclamations lately issued by the Government against the Chartists, it was announced that "no procession or other persons" would be allowed to follow the petition which it was intended to present to Parliament. We never knew, as is here assumed, that "procession" and "person" were synonymous; but as the Commissioners of Police (who signed the composition from which we quote) are evidently of that opinion, we may expect shortly to hear of the issue of a notice forbidding "any person or other processions" from climbing over the railings at Hyde Park; or declaring that any "person or procession" found sticking bills on any given wall, will be prosecuted according to law. We understand that the Commissioners were invited, directly their gross grammatical failure became a matter of notoriety, to attend an evening school for the instruction of adults; they have however no wish to improve themselves, and have entered into an arrangement with a charity boy, by which he will in future correct their proofs prior to publication.

MR. JOHN MULLINS TO HIS FRIEND BOB LINT,
alias THE "BANTAM," MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

"Chiswick, Wednesday, April 12, 1848.

"DEAR BOB,

"I am the most unfortunate devil that ever existed. I thought to have come out rather strong this vacation, and to have shown myself worthy of the name of a "fast man," which I obtained at College by getting plucked for my "Little Go;" but it seems I shan't be able to come out at all—at least for some time—being confined to my bed, a perfect cripple. It serves me right though. I was fool enough to go and get sworn in as a Special Constable for last Monday. I thought that this would give me some importance, and, between ourselves, enable me, under pretence of looking after some male-factors I had reason to suppose were concealed in the house, to enter the Establishment for Young Ladies—you know—just opposite our place, and thus get an interview with, or at least give a letter to, Miss Muggins, who is one of the teachers—such an angel, Bob—but more of that when we meet. What, however, has been the case? Instead of entering on our functions at about eleven o'clock—or even stretch a point, and say half-past nine—after a comfortable breakfast, and so on—I'm hanged if we were not called out of our beds at two o'clock in the morning, like a set of precious Accoucheurs, or Metropolitan Firemen, and made to do duty all night, with the rain pouring cats and dogs. They would not even allow us umbrellas; they treated us exactly as if we had really been nothing more or less than so many regular peelers. I was put on a beat, as they call it—Paradise Row—such a hole—you don't know it: I hope you never may. Fancy me walking up and down a dirty lane, bordered by dunghills and pigsties, diversified by a few hovels almost as wretched. Really this conduct on the part of the authorities is nauseous to a degree. The sum total is, that I have spoilt a new pair of boots—annihilated a good hat—lost the right skirt of my coat, which, with the handkerchief in it, was taken by a Chartist—got awfully laughed at for my appearance in the morning—and contracted a fever, which prevents me coming to your spread.

"Remember me to all your fellows at the Hospital, and believe me yours truly,

"JACK MULLINS."

SONG OF "THE OUT-AN-OUTER."

No fun, no facts—no bills, no acts,
 No Parliament dictation—
 No queen, no king, no anything
 To rob or rule the nation.
 No law, no priest—no great, no least,
 No high nor middle classes;
 No lordly hall, no houses small—
 No—nothing but the masses.

 No well-filled purse to make things worse,
 No bank, no cash, no labour—
 Let each man see he hence must be
 Co-equal with his neighbour.
 No church, no state—no tax, no rate,
 No gin—no whiskey toddy;
 Henceforth we strike for "share alike!"
 No nothing—no nobody!"



THE GREAT UNPAID *versus* THE GREAT UNWASHED.

AFTER Feargus O'Connor had dismissed the meeting on Kennington Common, the petition was entrusted to certain of the Delegates, to take down to the House. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Clarke, on his arrival at Vauxhall Bridge was told by the Police Inspector there that he could not pass. While Mr. Clarke was arguing the point, "two young men galloped up at a furious rate, one of them evidently in a state of great excitement." The first "young man" immediately commenced proceedings by spurring and lashing his horse, so as to cause him to go through a set of manoeuvres which might have done honour to the "Cirque National," but were totally out of place in a public thoroughfare: this characteristic violence of his behaviour immediately led Mr. Clarke to suspect that the first "young man" might be a magistrate. On his asking if this were so, the second "young man" replied, "Yes, we are magistrates;" while the first "young man," spurring his horse up to the cab in which Mr. Clarke was seated, continued, "Yes, I am. Who are you that asks? Go and be damned!"—besides more in the same elegant but ungrammatical strain.

How lucky it is that proverbs sometimes err; for if that which declares "Manners make the Man," were true, the first "young man" would have had but little chance of figuring among the Lords of the creation, but would long ere this have been shut up among other wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens or Wombwell's menagerie. What a pity this would have been: what a superb specimen of the great Unpaid—what a model of refined, gentlemanly, magisterial behaviour we should have lost! There, ye misguided, sanguinary Chartists, compare your behaviour with that of this Chesterfield of the bench, and tell us whether there is any resemblance between the two. You talk of obtaining universal suffrage! first fit yourselves for it by learning to behave after the manner of your betters: when you have succeeded in that, it will be time enough to think about letting you share in their rights.

SIGNS OF "THE TIMES."—The fictitious signatures of the editor to the Chartist petition.



A SATISFACTORY REASON.

Forty-five rounds of ball cartridges were served out to each soldier on duty last Monday week. The knowledge of this fact conduced greatly to keeping the Chartists quiet, for they feared that they might get served out as well as the cartridges.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

The *Times* maintains that London owed its security to the Special Constables. This is not the only instance of a capital having been saved by Geese.

THE SAME THING.

The Chartists have been talking for some time past about purchasing the Charter with their blood. We see by an advertisement that it can now be bought for one penny.

A FAIR CONCLUSION.

The *Times* proposes that "an ample Old English Repast" shall be provided on Easter Monday, exclusively for Special Constables. This, we suppose, is on the principle that "none but the brave deserve the fare."

MOST PROBABLE.

Mr. Meagher, we believe, has been heard to intimate his intention, as soon as a Republic is formed in Ireland, of having his "pick" of places. It is far more likely he will have his "pick" of oakum instead.

ON A PRINCE.

That Albert's a very great "leader"
 Of troops, must be plain to a dolt;
 But this you'll allow, my dear reader,
 He's deucedly given to "bolt."

ADVICE GRATIS.

We should advise all gentlemen addressing public meetings, after the passing of the Gagging Bill, to take particular care not to allow themselves to be transported by their feelings, otherwise they may find themselves transported by Government as well.

SOMETHING BEYOND A HUG.

Sir G. Grey says his Gagging Bill will embrace England as well as Ireland. With Sir G. Grey, as with Bruin, the words *embrace* and *crush* appear synonymous.

NO SUCH LUCK.

It appears that extensive alterations are being made in the Royal drains of Windsor Castle. We fear it will be some time ere there will be any alterations in the Royal drains on the country.

AN EXPLANATION.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor declared that if the Convention decided the procession should take place, he would be found in the van. By this he did not mean that he would lead the Chartist forces, but simply that he would ride in the vehicle provided for the Delegates.

A CONCLUSIVE REASON.

In prohibiting the Chartist meeting, Government was obviously not justified in resorting to a measure of Charles the Second's, for who ever heard of an "act" of that king that was not discreditable.

NO EXCUSE.

Some disgust has been caused to ourselves and other respectable persons by one of the Chartists speaking of the *Times* newspaper as the "bloody old thunderer." After all it must be admitted that this language is purely Convention-al.

THE CHARTIST BOMBASTES.

(Slightly altered from George Cruikshank's well-known design.)

BOMBASTES (*Feergus O'Connor*)—"BEGONE, BRAVE ARMY, DON'T KICK UP A ROW."

AUDACIOUS OUTRAGE.

THERE is one circumstance in the conduct of the Chartists calculated more than every other to inspire all loyal hearts with disgust: we allude to their having caused Prince Albert to leave London so precipitately for the Isle of Wight. The only excuse that can possibly be offered is, they were not aware what terror their meeting was destined to cause. Had they once imagined the effect it would produce on His Royal Highness, we trust, for the sake of humanity, that they would have desisted. Are these misguided men not aware that the place of a colonel is at the head of his regiment when the latter is called out, and can they ever forgive themselves for having caused the Prince to forego the privilege of his rank—to adopt a line of conduct diametrically opposed to all the sentiments of chivalry, the thirst for military renown, the desire to distinguish himself, which are the natural characteristics of every Field Marshal?

His sense, however, of the poignant sorrow which any accident, however trifling, to himself, would entail upon his adopted country, was stronger than his pardonable longings after Fame: he sacrificed his own wishes on the altar of England's weal, and left his regiment to take care of itself. Well may he exclaim to the Chartists, in a similar strain to that used by the Archers towards Polichinello:—"Rascals, villains, scoundrels, jail-birds, blackguards, caitiffs, thieves, robbers, how dare you frighten me!"

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.—Last week *the* Lablache made his appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, and totally eclipsed the son, whose attempts to shine were quite futile.

ABSURD FALLACY.—It is a mistake to suppose that the Patent Ramoneur Association has had any effect in doing away with Derby Sweeps.

THE JUVENILE CHARTIST.



"SUCH A CAPITAL LARK, SIGNING MY NAME TO THIS CHARTIST PETITION. I ALWAYS SIGNS IT WHEN I GOES OVER THE BRIDGE AND WHEN I COMES BACK."—*Vide Errand Boy's Statement, quoted in the Times, April 13th.*

*** It appears that the name of the Duke of Wellington was appended no less than nineteen times to the petition, so that there is good grounds for supposing His Grace was the juvenile Chartist referred to above.

PROOFS OF LOYALTY.

THE events of the last two weeks have established the fact that loyalty consists in singing "God save the Queen" out of tune, and in keeping the head uncovered when exposed to a thorough draught. Any one who neglects either of the above essentials is looked upon as a Chartist and a rebel, and accordingly has his hat knocked over his eyes, and sometimes—his pocket picked. At the minor places of public amusement, loyalty may be witnessed in its most distressing form; and we have seen several old gentlemen who not only took off their hats but also deprived themselves of their wigs. It is said that a linen-draper's shopman became so excited at the Casino, that, after divesting himself of his coat and waistcoat, he shouted frantically for a boot-jack, when he was humanely taken care of by the authorities.

RESPECTABILITY.

THE Secretary of the "London Peace Society" has written to the *Times* stating that a Mr. P. Edwards is not a member of that Association; although, at the same time, he does not wish to "imply the slightest reflection on Mr. Edwards's respectability." The SHOWMAN used formerly to "keep a gig," which for years past has been considered a proof of respectability; but on reading the above statement, he gave it up, and became a member of the London Peace Society, as a new economical means of maintaining a station in society.

BEYOND A DOUBT.—According to the papers, the Chartist petition was placed on the floor of the House, being too big to lie on the table. The recent scrutiny into its contents proves that as long as it exists it will lie anywhere.

THE BILL.

BALLAD, FREELY ADAPTED FROM THE LENORA OF BURGER.

A LODGER on the quarter day
From restless slumber started ;
" Have you a letter for me, pray ? "
As down the stairs he darted.
He waited for it until night,
And then was in a pretty plight
At having had no token
To prove his means unbroken.

And up and down the stairs he flew
To ask about his letter ;
The landlady could give no cue
To satisfy her debtor.
And when the latest post had called
He tore his wig (for he was bald),
To earth his bills all flinging,
The bell in fury ringing.

The servant ran to him and cried,
" Why did you please to ring, sir ? "
Good heavens he 's mad ! (this is *aside*),
" Can I do anything, sir ? "
" Oh, Mary, I am lost for aye,
The last post now has passed away,
The governor has done me ;
It 's deuced hard upon me ! "

" Your governor should know no rest
Until he does befriend you ;
Bore him, be one continual pest,
And soon some tin he 'll send you."
" Oh, Mary, Mary, useless trick,
The governor has done me alick ;
Since thus my prayer 's unheeded,
His aid shall not be needed.

" Alas, that thus I should be done,
How falsely have I counted ;
A bill is now my course alone,
My bill must be discounted.
Oh, Mary, I am lost for aye,
The last post now has passed away,
The governor has done me ;
It 's deuced hard upon me."

Urged by despair and void of sense,
His rent resolved on paying,
He rushed with mad improvidence
To Mister Levi's, saying
He must have cash. The cash was lent
Upon his bill ; full soon 'twas spent,
And he himself absented
Ere the bill was presented.

Hush, listen, listen, tramp—tramp—tramp,
Three heavy steps he counted,
As up the stairs with clattering stamp
A man most quickly mounted ;
And listen at the door a tap,
More and more loudly sounds rap—rap,
And then these words were muttered
With Jewish accent uttered :—

" Halloo, undo that door, young man,
Come, you 've no time for sleeping ;
You 're cotched at last, so now you can
Give up—you 're in my keeping."
" Be off ! Who 's this so late at night ?
I can't come out in such a plight ;
So quickly hence be walking,
Nor waste your time with talking."

" 'Tis true you 're in a precious plight,
By luck you 're quite forsaken ;
I thought I 'd catch you some fine night,
And now you 're safely taken."
" But stop, I think I have some change,
And probably we may arrange "—
" Pooh, if I wait for ever,
I 'll take you, though so clever."

The young man felt that he was booked ;
He flung a coat around him,
And loosed the door ; the bailiff looked
Delighted to have found him.
Off in a cab they rolled with speed
(Which sorely did distress the steed),
The driver, who 'd been drinking,
Lashing away like winking.

And right and left on either side
The drunken cabman blundered,
And oaths he scattered far and wide
As o'er the streets he thundered.
" Your honour, I am very dry—
I knows a public-house close by—
I wish you 'd stand a pot, sir ;
Yer know it 's very hot, sir."

Three pots were brought : vanished the beer,
The bailiff his aid lending ;
His victim prayed 't would make him queer,
But no ; the cab was tending
Its proper course, and now the steed
Flies faster still with whistling speed,
The driver mad with drinking
Lashing away like winking.

And swiftly towards a massive gate
With tearing speed they hurried ;
Descended, reached an iron grate
(The youth felt greatly flurried) ;
The doors unfolded creaking wide,
The victim spake not, but he sighed,
For now the sun had risen,
And shone not in that prison !

And when he sleeps, unto his glance
Round in a circle scowling,
Linked hand-in-hand, wild spectres dance,
And with these words are howling :
" Though pressed for rowdy e'er so ill,
Forbear, forbear, to give a bill ;
From bills thy thoughts all sever,
Or thou art lost for ever ! "

THE TWO STUDENTS.

THE two students who compose the school of the Westminster Hospital have, since their meeting, which we reported in our third number, been devising all sorts of expedients for procuring the necessary resources for the deputation to Paris. Last Saturday student No. 1 had himself sworn in as a Special Constable, in the hope that student No. 2 would assault him, and thereby render himself liable in the penalty of £20 ; but as student No. 2 had, in the meanwhile, pursued a precisely similar course, it seemed doubtful whether either would derive any benefit from the proceeding. It was subsequently proposed that students 1 and 2 should assault each other, with the view of mutually recovering damages ; and it is understood that this line of conduct will be adopted as soon as its judiciousness shall have been confirmed by the opinion of counsel.

A PUBLIC INSULT.—People often talk of the insolence of the mob, but we are sure nothing can equal that of the Government, by whose orders a number of Royal Engineers have for some time past been actually taking sights of all London.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Delicate young people, desirous of a profession where but a small premium and little exertion are required, should apprentice themselves to Mr. Beard, the photographer. He advertises to "take" any one for half a guinea, and it is beyond a doubt that his business is a light one.

"YOUR IF IS THE ONLY PEACE-MAKER."

Shakspere.

THE following very serious *fracas* occurred last week at a celebrated club in the neighbourhood of Westminster. It appears that the inhabitants of the Alley behind the club, after an attentive perusal of Catnach's most favourite ballads, the Newgate Calendar, and Reynolds' Miscellany, had come to the conclusion that they had a right to share in the billiard-room, dining-room, reading-room, smoking-room, to loll in the easy chairs, to lounge on the divans, and to put their feet on the mantle-pieces of the aforesaid club; and Mr. O'Donnor had presented a petition, signed by the immense number of fifty-three names, praying that the petitioners' claim might be allowed, but at the same time hinting that it did not much matter whether it was or no, as in case of its not being granted by fair means they intended to appeal to force.

Mr. Crisp observed that the extraordinary number of names to the petition had induced him to make some inquiry as to its contents. He had found it signed by three old washerwomen, a fact Mr. O'Donnor had not mentioned. The number of signatures Mr. O'Donnor had represented to be attached was more than the whole adult population of the entire Alley. Why there were even such names as Lola Montes, Heavy-wet, Shandygaff, and Half-and-half, to be found in the list. He had no desire to throw any ridicule either on Lola Montes, whose dancing he much admired, nor on Heavy-wet, Shandygaff, and Half-and-half, which were liquids he was very partial to himself (*oh, oh*), but on Mr. O'Donnor he was desirous of throwing both obloquy and ridicule. He had no hesitation in saying that he should never believe Mr. O'Donnor again.

Mr. O'Donnor then said it was unfair to make him accountable for all the names attached to the petition. As for his not being entitled to credence, he would answer that charge elsewhere. Mr. O'Donnor then left the club, when Mr. Lushy, fearing from Mr. O'Donnor's last words that a hostile meeting was intended, hurried before a magistrate with Mr. Crisp, who was as anxious to prevent one as himself, and stated the whole case.

The worthy Magistrate then despatched a messenger for Mr. O'Donnor.

The messenger shortly after returned, but without Mr. O'Donnor.

Magistrate—Where is Mr. O'Donnor?

Messenger—He—(hesitating.)

Magistrate—What did he say—did he refuse to accompany you?

Messenger—He used very violent language, and said he'd see you d—n'd before he came.

The worthy Magistrate then issued a summons, which he entrusted to a Police Sergeant, and shortly afterwards it was reported Mr. O'Donnor was awaiting the pleasure of the Court.

Magistrate—Show him in.

Mr. O'Donnor immediately made his appearance, when

The worthy Magistrate observed, that expressions had fallen from Mr. O'Donnor, which he himself had not heard, as he had not been present, but from which it appeared that Mr. O'Donnor intended a hostile meeting with Mr. Crisp. Mr. Crisp was sorry—

Mr. Crisp here hurriedly interrupted the worthy Magistrate by saying that he had certainly said that he should never again attach any credence to Mr. O'Donnor; he also might add that he looked upon him as an impostor, a blackguard, and a petitioning swindler, and further, that he should very much like to kick him on the first opportunity: he meant, however, nothing personal or hostile towards Mr. O'Donnor; and if he had been betrayed into any expressions which were unbecoming on the part of one gentleman towards another, he deeply regretted it.

Mr. O'Donnor said, that after the very satisfactory explanation given by Mr. Crisp, their friendship could not but rest on a still firmer basis than before, adding that he was incapable of retaining any rancorous feeling in his breast.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE CHARTISTS.

AIR—"The Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

MARCH, march, thieves, rogues, and beggar-men!

Now, lads, hoist high your great "Pugnose" defrauder!
March, march, husbands of charwomen!

All ye brave Chartists, march onward in order.

Many a banner spread

Flutters above your head,

Many a man now is ripe for disorder;

Up, lads, and at them, then,

Down with the "Special" men,

Fight for King Feargus, the sham friend of order.

March, march, &c.

Come from the towns where your looms now are lazy,

Come from the caverns of iron and coal,

Come from the Hall where men speak that are crazy,

Come with the bludgeon, the pike, and the pole;

Specials are quaking,

With fear their knees shaking;

Screw up your courage and mind what you're arter;

England shall many a day

Tell of the bloodless fray,

When the brave Chartists fought not for their Charter.

March, march, &c.

A LESSON IN SYNTAX FOR THE MANAGER OF THE HAYMARKET.

It appears from the newspapers that some letters have recently passed between Mr. G. V. Brooke and Mr. Webster, respecting the engagement of the former at the Haymarket Theatre. It is well that the subject of the correspondence is not of the slightest interest to the public, otherwise they could not but feel thoroughly tantalized at Mr. Webster's statement. His ignorance of grammar renders his explanation so obscure, that any one who will take the trouble to read his letter, will know less about the subject than he did before he laboured through the three-quarters of a newspaper column, which Mr. Webster has found necessary to thoroughly conceal his meaning. As a fair sample of the whole, we extract the following passage, preserving the original punctuation:—

"Mr. G. V. Brooke sent his agent to me on Monday the 21st of Feb., the next days Tuesday and Wednesday, he waiting in the neighbourhood of this theatre, on the two first days, but I would not see the party (Mr. H. Holl) until Thursday, the 24th."

From this we gather that Mr. G. V. Brooke sent his agent to Mr. Webster on Monday; "the next days, Tuesday and Wednesday, he (Mr. G. V. Brooke) waiting in the neighbourhood" of the Haymarket Theatre. So far, although the style of composition is anything but elegant, we fancy the meaning is intelligible; but in the next breath we are told, that it was "on the two first days" that Mr. G. V. Brooke was waiting, which, of course, would be the Monday and Tuesday, instead of the Tuesday and Wednesday, as just stated. Not content with thus embarrassing his meaning, Mr. Webster goes on to say, that he "would not see the party, Mr. H. Holl," whereas a line or two above he gave us to understand that Mr. G. V. Brooke was the personage intended.

If Mr. Webster, during his intercourse with Mr. G. V. Brooke, talked the same wretched grammar that he seems to write, and if, moreover, as he allows us to suppose, he prepared the agreement himself, we are not in the least degree surprised that Mr. G. V. Brooke should, as Mr. Webster elegantly expresses it, "not have known the import of what he was signing." In a rational point of view, Mr. G. V. Brooke has, therefore, good grounds for repudiating an engagement which neither he nor any one else could understand; nevertheless, if the matter is to be settled by the aid of gentlemen of the long robe, he can hardly expect justice to be rendered him; for, judging from the comments made in the House of Commons on the grammatical construction of the clauses in the new Crown Security Bill, the lawyers, as a body, seem to be as inveterate enemies of Lindley Murray as Mr. Webster himself.

DURING the excitement of Monday, the 10th inst., a large body of miscreants made an attack on the PUPPET-SHOW Office, lured by the valuable "articles" always on sale there. As the SHOWMAN expected something of the kind, the marauders were soon repulsed, and his property, as well as the ringleaders, secured.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALIEN ACT.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne having been put on duty as "a Special" in Leicester Square, a place he had heard persons speak of, but never before visited himself, was petrified at the immense number of individuals with large beards and scowling faces that everywhere met his view: to be frank, His Lordship felt anything but comfortable.



Two of these individuals made such an impression on him—acting as a sort of mental nightmare—that he could only rid himself of them by throwing off their portraits, which we have had engraved, and now present to our readers. So horrified was he at such a focus of *ragouts* and Republicanism existing in the very heart of London, that on being *relieved* by a loyal cheesemonger,



he immediately got up his famous Alien Act. This will completely refute the calumnious report that the patriotic nobleman brought in the bill because he was anxious to get rid of his tailor and his bootmaker, as well as his wife's dressmaker, all foreigners, who had dared to press for a settlement of theirs.

THE SHOWMAN'S ARISTOCRATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. SHOWMAN,

Perceiving by the reports in the papers that the signature of Snubnose has been attached to the Chartist petition, I have to request of you to state, in your next Number, that such signature was not written by me, nor was any one authorized to append it on my behalf.

BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

SIR,

Having observed that my name has been appended to the Chartist petition, I beg to say the same is an impudent forgery.

Your obedient servant,
J. SMITH.
Commerce House, Borough.

SIR,

Having observed that a Mr. Cuffey has boasted about his having received from me an invitation for himself and wife to dinner, I beg most unequivocally to deny the truth of his statement. I never have and never will invite Mr. Cuffey or his wife to dine with me; and every one of my acquaintance knows that I should be the last to disgrace myself, my family, the constituency I have represented for twenty years, and my reputation as a man of sense, by ever being guilty of such an act. I only hope Mr. Cuffey will present himself at my door: I shall then have the pleasure of administering to him the damndest hiding mortal man ever received.

Your obedient servant,
SIBTHORPE.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

SAY, what sounds are those which issue
From the streets of fair Madrid;
What, those lurid flashes darting
Through the night in which she's hid?

Cries for freedom are the former,
Louder than the whirlwind's blast:
Lightnings from the people's muskets,
Fired in Freedom's cause, the last.

Where is pandering, vile Christina,
Whose intrigues have caused this? See!—
First to doom the unresisting;
When oppos'd, she's first to flee.

With her pale-face mate and bastards,
From the city walls she speeds—
For her country's weal she cares not—
Self alone is all she heeds.

Trembling, recreant wretches, turn ye!
Every danger's long since o'er:
Freedom for the present mourneth,
Steep'd in pools of human gore.

Once again that dastard caittiff,
Narvaez, has won the day;
Once again, must Spain, submissive,
Bow before his despot sway.

Now once more this band of traitors
Think their might stands on a rock
Which can brave all Freedom's efforts—
Which can laugh to scorn each shock.

Fools! the day is not far distant
When your boasted might shall fall,
Serving, for your bodies mangled
By it, as a funeral pall:

For from Heaven, trickling slowly,
Drop by drop, the blood you've spilt
Soon shall wear away the basement
On which all that might is built!

DER. Sollte DER Lust haben, die *Times* vom 10ten März nachzuschlagen, so wird er in der 4ten Spalte der 6ten Seite den Ausdruck „das Rhein“ finden. Daraus wird er ersen können, dass die Wörter „der“ und „das“ in unserem Artikel zufälligerweise versetzt worden sind.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVER, at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 7.

LONDON, APRIL 29, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. III.



THE IRISH CERBERUS.

THE Irish Cerberus has made a great deal of noise lately, and some persons are now fully acquainted with its unnatural history. Its breed is similar to that of the cur, with which it has many peculiarities in common. When in want of food, it will beg with the greatest earnestness; but will nevertheless growl at its benefactor even while the proffered victuals are being devoured. The Irish Cerberus barks in a loud and offensive manner; but it is, of course, not allowed to bite. Its eternal snarling, however, has been so tiresome of late, that Grey, the modern Hercules, has felt himself called upon to put a stop to the nuisance. In order to accomplish his end with greater facility, he solicited Parliament to invest him with increased powers, and his request having been granted, decided not to destroy but merely to muzzle the troublesome beast, after which it will probably behave for a short time with a little quietness.

FRATERNITY.

I.

WHAT though the crowds who shout the word
Pervert the meaning it should bear,
And feel their hearts with hatred stirred
Ev'n while their plaudits load the air;—
Yet shall not we, thou mighty THOUGHT,
Despair thy triumph yet to see,
Nor doubt the good that shall be wrought
In thy great name, FRATERNITY!

II.

By prophets told, by psalmists sung,
Preached on the Mount by lips sublime,
The theme of every sage's tongue
For twice a thousand years of time;
What happy progress hast thou made?
What bliss to man has flowed from thee?
What war and bloodshed hast thou stayed?
What peace affirmed? FRATERNITY!

III.

Alas! the years have failed to teach
The obvious lesson to mankind;
A myriad preachers failed to preach
Conviction to the deaf and blind.
Still do we rush to furious War,
Still to the slayer bend the knee,
And still, most Christian as we are,
Forget thy name, FRATERNITY.

IV.

And shall we, crammed with mutual hates,
Despise our neighbour for a flaw?
And sneer because he promulgates
Before he understands thy law?
No! let us hail the word of might,
Breathed by a nation of the free;—
Thy recognition is a light—
Thy name a faith, FRATERNITY.

V.

The preacher may belie his creed,
But still the truth preserves its flame:
The sage may do a foolish deed,
Yet wisdom shares not in his shame.
Be scorned hushed—be cavil dumb—
Whatever evils France may see,
We'll look for blessings yet to come
In thy great name, FRATERNITY.

TAKE NOTICE.

Elihu Burritt cautions the public against confounding his newly published "Voice from the Forge" with the Chartist petition, which is a "Voice from the Forger."

"FAST" AND "SLOW" MEN.

AFTER all, the "fast" and "slow" men may shake hands: they both agree in abusing whatever happens to be above their respective powers of execution or even comprehension. The "fast" man is far from having any wish to produce compositions of a high class—which is a lucky thing for him, as he might fall a prey to disappointed hopes; nevertheless he thinks the feat is perfectly easy, provided a person be dull enough to attempt it. The "slow" man is astonished that any one, having the smallest pretensions to the epithet of literary, can parody Fennyson's poems, or indulge in a joke at the expense of a person who has written a five act play: he would not condescend to such trivialities—and if he did, the public would be unable to read them.

The "fast" men, it is true, have proclaimed openly their preference of *Box and Cox* to any of Shakspeare's plays; but, on the other hand, the "slow" men have given such a definition of the word "fast," that, to be consistent, they must look even upon Aristophanes as one of that class. We don't say for an instant that they can really admire a writer who has been guilty of producing a species of parodies, but then he lived so many centuries ago; and as "age before merit" is one of the maxims which the "slow" coaches act upon (and which induces them to yawn over the identical pieces that sent their grandfathers to sleep before them), we hope they will be fully shocked when they reflect upon the error they have fallen into.

The "fast" men, in attacking modern five act dramas, resolved, for the sake of generalisation, to "make the rule absolute" and accordingly "went at" Shakspeare along with the rest—partly because his ideas had required more than two acts for their development, and principally because it was not worth while to spoil the beautiful unity of their pet design, by making an exception even in favour of our greatest dramatist. The "slow" men also generalised and fell into a mistake similar to that of their opponents; they reproached the "fast" men with that which had received the sanction of the best models, but have not yet had the ability to perceive the glaring error which they have committed.

However, it is by no means a bad thing to be a "fast" writer, if we accept the definition of the enemy, which would place Thackeray and Bon Gualtier among the number. Besides, it would only be necessary to leave out all the points from a "fast" article, in order to make a very good "slow" one. Still, we must confess, that if compelled to adopt the character either of a "fast" or "slow" man, we should hesitate much as to which was the most desirable to be avoided; we should reflect whether a rogue or a fool was the most to be despised, and in fact should feel (if our self-respect will permit the simile) like a donkey placed between two very offensive bundles of hay.

A RIVAL TO OUR "DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR."—A correspondent, whose name we will endeavour to forget, sent us some prose articles and conundrums, which were intended (by himself, not by us) for the PUPPET-SHOW. He actually wrote the week afterwards to inquire whether we should take any notice of his prose and cons! We shall, of course, not answer him.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—Lord Brougham, in his speech relative to the business of Parliament, complained that it present the judges "were compelled to make meaning out of that which had no meaning, to reconcile contradictions that were irreconcilable, and to do many things that were impossible—all which might be prevented by a revival of acts of Parliament." We cannot understand why the judges should be prevented from practising the supernatural feats attributed to them by Lord Brougham; or if there existed no persons to "make meaning out of that which has no meaning, to reconcile contradictions that were irreconcilable," &c. &c., there would be no one to interpret the orations delivered by His Lordship, and the world would be loser to a very large extent!

FLATTERING OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

IN the advertisement of a book entitled, "*Sketches of Her Majesty's Household*," certain "opinions of the Press" are inserted which cannot fail to have the desirable effect of "keeping it off every one's table." One journal hints that "the writer has been much behind the scenes," while another intimates, that "like the boy Jones, the author has taken a secret survey of the royal household." So far it only appears that the author has been skulking about the palace like a thief, and we involuntarily imagine him lying concealed in a chimney by day, and prowling about at night in search of "authentic particulars." Then, as to the other merits of the book, we find a sporting authority pronouncing that it is "calculated to attract attention"—meaning, probably, the attention of the SHOWMAN, who has made up his mind to "push" the book—on one side. The last opinion is, "that the book is a dangerous one;" from which we conclude that its grammatical inaccuracies would render it by no means fit for young persons who have not "completed" their education. We were astonished to find that the author was indiscreet to such an extent as to prevent him keeping even his own little secrets. Why tell all England that a certain journal considers him every bit as bad as the boy Jones? Why blazon forth that another looks upon him as a palace sneak? and why glory in the prediction of a third that his book of tittle-tattle, with all its dangerous grammar, "is calculated to attract attention." If this suicidal writer were to emerge next week from the House of Correction, he would doubtless walk about London with his hat off, in order to prove that he had been "behind the scenes," and that he was "dangerous" to persons with pocket-handkerchiefs about them. We need scarcely add that he would be "calculated to attract attention" from the police.

HOW TO CONTRACT A DEBT.—Pay off half of it.

VERY GREEN.—We understand that a simple-minded pawnbroker has just commenced business in the immediate vicinity of the Hall of the Chartist Convention, from having heard that "spouting" was carried on there to a tremendous extent.

Q. What is the root of misfortune in Ireland?

A. The potato.

FRIENDSHIP—A FRAGMENT.

1st Mutual friend. Ah! my dear fellow, how do you do to-day?

2nd Mutual friend. Middling, thank you; how are you?

1st Mutual friend. Pretty well (a pause). Fine weather, is it not? Warm for this time of year. By the way, have you heard how our poor friend, Bob Gauntlet, is going on?

2nd Mutual friend. Well, I don't know; I'm afraid there's not much chance of his recovery.

1st Mutual friend. Ah! I thought so from the beginning. It will be a severe loss to us. I do not know what we shall do without him. I—*à propos*—I've got two stalls for the Italians to-night—if you like to accept one—

2nd Mutual friend. You are very kind; I certainly will avail myself of your offer. Ah! here's my fellow. I sent him to inquire about poor Gauntlet. (to Servant.) Well?

Servant. Captain Gauntlet died this morning, sir.

[Exit Servant.]

1st Mutual friend, } (shocked,) { Died this morning!

2nd Mutual friend, } { Is it possible!

[a Pause.]

1st Mutual friend. I wonder where he'll be buried.

2nd Mutual friend. Oh! at the family vault at—what's the name—I suppose. As his most intimate friends we shall be requested to attend, no doubt. I hope they won't name a day on which the hounds meet.

1st Mutual friend. Oh! his family could never be so devoid of all respect for decency as to do that.

2nd Mutual friend. I should think not. Poor Gauntlet—dead. (a pause.) Well, I must be going.

1st Mutual friend. Good-bye, then. If we are invited to the funeral you can meet me here, and I will drive you down in my cab—it's a melancholy thing.—Ah! by the bye, don't forget the Stall—Grisi and Mario both sing . . .

BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE AFTER EASTER.

LORD BROUGHAM to apply for leave to become a citizen of the Cannibal Islands.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL to draw his quarter's salary.

SIR ROBERT PEEL to inquire "what is a pound?"

MR. J. WILSON to explain the difference between capital and currency.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE to make himself ridiculous.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN to bring in a Bill for the removal of Her Majesty's head, and its being brought up to the bar of the House.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR to be hissed and hooted.

LORD MORPETH to abandon the Sanitary Measure for another year.



THE "FINALITY" GOVERNMENT.

WHEN a coach is beginning to go down hill, the driver puts on a drag chain to retard its movement. This, we presume, is the principle on which the Government are acting. They see that their descent has begun, and are anxious that it should proceed as slowly as possible. But Lord John Russell is scarcely heavy enough to encumber the progress of an Empire, and if he attempts it, he will be certainly hurled from the machine, and, possibly, crushed under it. We are advocates for dealing briefly with this kind of people—in fact, we like "something short" in politics: so we will expose the consistency and character of this Government in a few propositions.

The Whigs promoted the Reform Bill—which was a change in the Constitution—by violent language, tumultuous meetings, and coarse threats.

The same men now affect to shudder at a whisper of physical force; and are hurrying on a measure which in 1830 would have gagged the mouths of their whole party.

The old Whigs under Fox, of the "buff and blue" school, praised the first French Revolution.

The new Whigs under Russell, of the "milk and water" school, condemn the example, and (through their organs) attack the proceedings of the last French Revolution, infinitely milder, and juster, than its predecessor. In short, they are acting on Tory principles without the merit of honesty, and elaborately justifying, by the animination of despotism, against the people, the position of power in which the people has placed them.

THE ALIEN BILL.

THE SHOWMAN gives notice to his friends and the public, that he intends to move in the House of Commons the insertion of the following clause in the above Bill:—

"Provided always, and be it enacted, That nothing in the above Bill shall apply to, affect, reflect on, touch, move, influence, interfere with, agitate, or excite, any such foreigners, strangers, or aliens, as shall by cookery, buffoonery, singing, acting, fiddling, writing, horsemanship, artificial-flower-making, balancing sticks with plates on their chins, or other similar pursuits, amuse, exhilarate, refresh, interest, or gladden the British Public. Wherefore, be it enacted, that Benjamin D'Israeli, Venetian Jew; Jules Chack, French citizen; Messrs. Moses, Jews; A. Soyer, Jullien, Celeste, and others of like employment, trades, habits, professions, and callings, be, and the same are, hereby exempted from the operation of said Act."



A BAD PLEA.

It is maintained that the "Gagging Act" will not, in any way, affect the spouting patriots of Ireland, inasmuch as the orations of these gentlemen are specimens of "open and ill-advised speaking."

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Our friend the *Charivari* announces, that in France the "Robert Macaire system" has given way. Given way, as it would seem, to the "devil-may-care" system.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Charles Cochran has given over playing the guitar—but he has taken to playing the fool.

INDUBITABLE.

What the Communists desire is, that Government should supply the raw material, and the people the labour, each man getting an equal share of the profits, without regard to industry or talent. To accept such conditions as these, the people themselves must be as raw as the material.

ABSURD REPORT.

The Germans talk of discarding the costume of the present day, and adopting one of the sixteenth century. They would show their wisdom much more by their re-dressing all existing abuses than by their puerile ideas of re-dressing themselves.

THEATRICAL RUMOUR.

On account of the empty state of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley has determined on praying the Queen to grant him an "audience."

AN OBSCURE REASON.

Jenny Lind is fulfilling her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, in consequence of Mr. Lumley's representation that he possessed the first operatic company in London. The director, doubtless, imagines that nightingales sing best when kept in the dark.

A PLEASING SOUND.

The *Observer*, in noticing a concert which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, speaks of "a volume of sound which seemed to fill the house." This volume of sound appears to have done more for Mr. Lumley than all his company together have yet been able to accomplish.

VERY PRUDENT.

With reference to C. Cochran's intended procession, the Commissioners of Police advised all well-disposed persons to leave the disturbers of the peace to be "dealt with" by the public authorities. The advice was complied with, under the impression, no doubt, that the authorities might prove "ugly customers."

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

On the evening of the Monster Meeting, several Cords got very tipsy, from an over-indulgence in gin. It is supposed this is the "cordial spirit" which, according to the Delegates, prevailed among the assembled multitudes.

A PREMIUM FOR REBELLION.

The King of Hanover lately told his subjectson of should anarchy break out among them, he would immediately abdicate. After this it cannot be doubted that the next post will bring us intelligence of the most frighted disturbances.

A BAD CONCLUSION.

Mr. Cuffey is always talking about his favourite tavern the "Black Horse." We understand that he goes there in order to prepare himself for argument, but that in the most illogical manner he often manages to get drunk on the premises.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.



REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué of all of them.

No. I.—THE ALBION.



Executing a series of the nature of the present, an unprejudiced person with extended ideas, and appetite to correspond, is necessarily somewhat at a loss where to begin. After carefully weighing the matter in our mental scales, patriotism and alphabetical order have united to turn the balance in favour of THE ALBION, which we therefore make No. I., as it is of course letter A.

Whence the ALBION derives its name does not appear certain, but it is an admitted fact that the expression "*perfidie Albion*" was first used, in reference to it, by an irritated Frenchman, who had arrived too late for the five o'clock joint. It is separated from the French colony established at Drury Lane by a narrow channel, of considerable intercourse, and is subject, as midnight approaches, to constant invasions from its opposite neighbours, who issue forth in hungry bands, and, thirsting at the same time for stout, commit vast ravages on whatever the Establishment and themselves can afford. It is but just to wel that the spirited proprietor invariably makes them sha for these incursions.

A dinner at the Albion is attended with moderate nse, and by efficient waiters, who instead of avoiding relax, like domestic servants, appear to take a positive atight in it, for they almost entreat gentlemen to "give their orders," and these, we must allow, are executed with religious strictness—we say "religious" because the waiters are of course supposed to be thorough supporters of the establishment.

In dining from the joint there are two modes to pursue, and by a person's adoption or rejection of either of these his general disposition may be predicted with tolerable—but to him intolerable—accuracy. The indolent man, to whom



MAKING A DASH OF IT.

dinner is the one grand object of the day, will not pu himself to what he considers the unnecessary exertion of carving. The waiter will feel—that is, he will hear—himself called upon to perform that operation, and the lover of ease will thus be enabled to commence business with his day's work cut out for him. The



THE FIRST CUT.

active man, on the other hand, cuts without any shuffling, and never loses sight of the adage, that "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

The government of the Albion partakes largely of the nature of a republic, as nearly all classes are admitted to enjoy its advantages, although, of course, to do so to any extent, a slight property qualification is requisite. There are certain discretionary powers invested in the head waiter and a well-disciplined corps who "serve" under his direction. In case any breach of the *entente cordiale* should occur among the *Albionnais*, the only reference from the above functionaries would be to the proprietor of the establishment, from whom there could be no appeal except to the better feelings of the offending party. In the kitchen there is, we need hardly say, a provisional dynasty, the head cook being of course the *chef*.

In the coffee-room—probably so called because a cup of coffee was never seen in it—the *droit de visite*, or right of visiting, is not only permitted but encouraged. So different is the Albion policy from that pursued by our Gallic neighbours!

Before concluding our remarks we have something—it is only advice—to give the waiters of this establishment.

Civility is pleasing and costs nothing, or at all events nothing except a few pence on settling the bill, but we would recommend that politeness be not carried too far, as, on the principle that extremes meet, it may at last assume an appearance of insult. Now the waiters at the Albion have a habit, most unpleasantly polite, of addressing a person when his last moment has arrived, when he has just made up his mind for the worst, and has intimated that he feels prepared for it, when he has, at considerable mental expense, with pecuniary ditto in immediate expectation, brought out his purse and his philosophy to meet the trying occasion—of addressing a man in this state with the words, "Do you wish to pay, sir?" If the question were put in good faith the natural answer would be "No; of course I don't;" or, "Well, if it's the same to you I'd rather not;" but we always suspected that there was a deep sarcasm concealed in the interrogatory, which in fact meant, "Do you wish to pay, sir? because if you don't,



GIVING THE WAITER SOMETHING FOR HIMSELF.



"GIVE ME MY BILL."

you'll have to pay all the same." But, in whatever view the question be considered, we ask seriously whether it is right, when a man has signified his readiness to settle an account, thus to trifle with the best feelings of his nature, and suggest the wicked idea of "letting it stand over." Few persons really like paying, although justice and the waiter may require it; and the idea of any person absolutely wishing to pay—as if he longed for the luxury—is unnatural, and consequently disgusting.

We have said nothing about the wines of the Albion, but, *à propos* of the subject, what is the meaning of calling a wine "generous"—for what did it ever give except the headache? For the rest, we may observe that Mr. Simpson does not compose his own sherry, although, like Julien, he evinces excellent taste in his selections; nor does he act upon the principle, which is put in practice by too many hotel-keepers, that "any port will do" not only "in a storm" but on every occasion.



COLD WITHOUT.

THE GREEDY LITTLE BOY.



"OH! YOU COVETOUS LITTLE FELLOW! YOU CAN'T HAVE THE OTHERS UNLESS YOU GIVE UP THOSE YOU'VE ALREADY GOT!"

CONSOLATIONS IN DISTRESS.

WHEN your journal doesn't sell, it is consoling to reflect that the ignorant public can't appreciate it.

When lying in the gutter, from the effects of previous undue elevation, it is consoling to reflect that you will soon be taken up.

When reposing there a second time, it is consoling to reflect that, although a very low fellow, you will soon be re-fined.

When all a manager's productions are damned, it is consoling to reflect that it proves there are no *claqueurs* in the house.

When unable to write a tolerable parody, it is consoling to reflect that "you're not one of those fast men."

When you have finished a bad article, it is tremendously consoling to reflect that you will be paid for it.

A NICE POINT.—If Lord Brougham could succeed in becoming at once an Englishman and a Frenchman, what would he do in case of a war between the two countries? Would he take up arms against himself; and if so, is he the kind of man who can conquer himself on all occasions? Would he side with the English during the session of Parliament, and fraternize with the French in the autumn while residing at Cannes? Or would he do a little fighting on his own account, cruising about the channel and descending upon whichever coast might chance to be unprotected? And if caught by the English, would he be hanged; and would the body be afterwards sent to Paris, in order to be guillotined?

A happy misprint in a Dublin paper represents the star of the Repealers as having reached its *calumniating* point.

BENTINCK O'LYNN.

It has been remarked of late, that the Noble Lord, the steward of the Jockey Club, the keeper of the British Lion, and the member for Lynn Regis, has been absent from public affairs in a most unaccountable manner. It must be admitted that this has caused no very lively regret, but the SHOWMAN does not hesitate to avow, that he feels some interest in this wizard of statistics, when remembering how the latter, though a cipher himself, managed to raise such confusion among the figures in the revenue returns. He therefore inserts a ballad on the Noble Lord's political career, which may possibly have the effect of awakening the dormant interest of the public on his behalf.

AIR—"Brian O'Lynn had no breeches to wear."

Bentinck O'Lynn had no party to wear,
He joined with D'Israeli, and made up a pair,
But the Tories were out, and the Whigs they were in—
A bad state of things for poor Bentinck O'Lynn!

But Ben he was bitter, and Béntinck was loud,
And bigoted Inglis joined, too, with a crowd,
And Hudson's bad grammar came usefully in
To match the statistics of Bentinck O'Lynn!

The Parliament met, and the braying began;
Ben sneered like a serpent, as only Ben can;
And Sibthorpe, the long-eared, assisted to win—
"We'll be Ministers yet, boys," quoth Bentinck O'Lynn.

The Parliament laughed, and the newspapers sneered,
The kick of those donkeys by no one was feared;
And now we need care not the ghost of a pin,
For the Tories themselves have sacked Bentinck O'Lynn!

BOB LINT (*alias* THE BANTAM) TO HIS FRIEND
JACK MULLINS, CHISWICK.

"DEAR JACK,

"So, you've been Special Constabbling, have you, and got laid up with the rheumatism in consequence? 'Serves you right—I do not pity you one iota. To prove, however, that you are not the only one who suffered for his zeal, I will just tell you how *We* served out a 'Special.'

"At my spread, which your rheumatism prevented your attending, there was a gent named Snorsdell, newly imported from the country. In the course of the evening he let out that he had been 'sworn in,' and talked a good deal of what he had done on the day of the Meeting. On hearing this, Hawker, of University—the 'Whitechapel Pet,' as he's called there—tipped me the wink, and we plied Mr. Snorsdell so briskly that he soon got pretty considerably screwed. Hawker then pretended to entertain an unbounded amount of veneration for his loyalty, and made such a fool of him, that he invited us all to supper the next evening.

"On the following morning, Hawker and I, who had arranged our plan, went to his house. He was particularly seedy, and quite oblivious of the invitation. On being reminded of it, and seeing there was no means of escape, he requested us, seeing he did not know much about town, to undertake the affair for him, he of course to pay the damage. On this we went to the hostess of the Spread Eagle, next the hospital—'Mother,' as we call her—and ordered a good supper for the evening. At nine o'clock we were all assembled. Mother had done wonders. In fact, she had been guilty of all kinds of unnecessary luxuries; she had launched out into a sort of eastern magnificence—floor newly sanded—clean spittoons, with fresh saw-dust—and a large nosegay in a quart pot on the mantel-piece. The supper itself consisted of all the delicacies of the season—oysters—rumpsteaks—boiled beef—greens—potatoes—and lots of 'thick,' which is a name we use to designate a superior species of half-and-half, composed of stout and porter. But *pocas palabras*, as Christopher Sly observes—to the point.

"Just as we were going to take our places, the 'Pet' rushed in with a confounded look of dismay, and inquired if there were any one present who had served as a 'Special.' Snorsdell said that he had. The Pet replied, in that case, he had better look out. There was a Chartist debating club down below, and some of the members had sworn to having seen a person go up stairs who had been very severe towards them on the day of the Meeting, adding that they were determined to serve him out. This put Snorsdell in a precious funk. Suddenly the noise of a

great many people coming up stairs was heard. 'There they are,' cried the Pet. We all declared there was not a moment to lose, and advised Snorsdell to hide. We told him that, the better to allay suspicion, we would go on supping as if nothing were the matter, and let him out when the rascally Chartists were gone. We then shoved him into a cupboard, in the upper part of which glasses, and the lower one coals, are preserved.

"He was no sooner 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' than the Chartists—students of University, who were in the secret—entered the room. After kicking up a tremendous shindy, and swearing they would massacre Snorsdell if he fell into their hands, they allowed themselves to be pacified by an invitation to supper. We then all sat down, and pitched into the edibles like bricks—Snorsdell's heart in the cupboard beating to the tune of our knives and forks all the while. On the removal of the cloth, pipes, gin-and-water, whisky-toddy, and the like emollients, were introduced. After doing justice to the same, the supposed Chartists said they would retire to their club down stairs. No sooner were they gone and the cupboard unlocked, than Snorsdell rushed out—such a figure! as black as a coal-whipper—and in an awful state of trepidation! He wanted to be off immediately. We told him, however, that this would not be advisable, as some of the humbugging democrats might still be below and see him. The best course he could pursue was, in our opinion, to return to his hiding-place until we had assured ourselves that the coast was clear. Well, in he went, and we out, locking the room-door behind us.

"At about three in the morning all the inmates of the house were aroused from their slumbers by a most horrible noise. Tired of waiting, Snorsdell had been groping his way towards the door, and had knocked over the table, with everything on it, in so doing. On his saying, in reply to their questions as to what he did there at that time of night, that he was the founder of the feast, which you recollect the Pet and I had ordered, taking care not to mention Snorsdell's name, he was walked off to the station, charged with an attempt at housebreaking. On his sending, next morning, from the police court to his landlord for a testimonial of respectability, that worthy individual refused to give him one. We had knocked him up at 2 A.M. to tell him that Snorsdell had been convicted of stealing five silver spoons and a plated salt-cellar from a house where he had been invited to dinner. It was not until late in the afternoon that our 'Special' was released by the instrumentality of his father's solicitor, who vouched for his good character. I rather think he suspects us, but he has said nothing, and he'd better not. At any rate he has had to pay five pounds ten—the price of the spread—for the pleasure of being locked up six or eight hours in a musty cupboard, and then figuring at a police-court as an individual endowed with burglarious propensities. Let this be a warning to you not to go Special Constabbling again, or, by Jove, we'll treat you in a similar manner. Come up and see us as soon as your rheumatism will allow. The Pet makes you as profound a salaam as his means and back-bone will admit of.

"Yours ever,
"BOB LINT."

PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The following line appears in an acrostic addressed to Albion in the *Musical World*:

"Love springeth fledged and full grown from thy tongue."

If any person in the confidence of the writer will inform us of the meaning of the above, we promise to take in the *Musical World* every week, and what is more, to read it.

HALEVY, the composer, offers himself as candidate for the National Assembly, and our Discharged Contributor offers his opinion that this is one way that popular distresses may be alleviated.

The *Athenaeum* has been reproving Mr. Tegg for issuing "mutilated" editions of *Tom Jones*, and other works containing passages which a parent would withhold from a child. Mr. Tegg replies that "such editions are not for England, but for the Colonies." Is not this a delightful sense of the duties of a Mother-country?

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—The "Odd Fellows" have lately been getting Lord Brougham to present a number of petitions in their favour to the House of Lords. They did this, no doubt, on the principle, that no one could be more interested in the granting of their demands than such an odd fellow as his Lordship most certainly is.

A LITTLE LEADER FOR A YOUNG IRELAND NEWSPAPER.

"Ourselves alone! Our own right arms! Stab, stab, stab!"

WE offer the following course of instruction for the juvenile patriots of this slave island.

Carving knives are good for sticking soldiers in the back. They may be bought cheaply at the ironmongers. It would be well to notch the blades. The wound inflicted would thus be more severe and more troublesome to cure. If a pike be not handy, a pitchfork is not a bad thing for poking up a Saxon. If you can heat the prongs red hot, previously, the effect will be excellent. We would advise patriotic barbers to cultivate an extensive acquaintance with Saxon customers. The wielder of the razor has many good chances—*verb. sap.* We know the hint will not be thrown away.

There are many Saxon vessels in the harbour—could a few holes be bored through their bottoms at low water? but you must be careful in performing the trick. The thing is to make the leak slow, but uncomeatable. The ship will be, perhaps, out of sight of land before the damage be discovered. The blackguard Saxon flag will then be probably hoisted—reversed!—and in a few hours more it will be draggled at the bottom of the sea.

Hurrah then for our Immortal Isle!—Hurrah for Liberty!—Hurrah for broken bottles!—Hurrah for cold vitriol! We shall have our own again! Let the Viceregal Butcher do his worst! We have cleavers as well as he; and can, and dare, and will use them on his own marrow bones! If this be Treason—Hurrah! We mean it! Sedition is mere milk and water—Treason is burnt brandy! We'll quaff our full of it—more, and more, and more—till we're roaring, shouting, burning!—Mad drunk!

INSANITY OF MR. WEBSTER.

It is now beyond a doubt that the manager of the Haymarket Theatre has taken leave of the small amount of senses which he originally possessed. The disease with which Mr. Webster is afflicted is of rather a peculiar nature, and may be described as grammatico-phobia, while his hatred of the English language is so great that his friends declare he will murder it whenever he has the opportunity. The SHOWMAN, on being consulted as to the best means of cure, replied, that he thought he could give the patient one or two articles which would do him good. He also recommended that pen, ink, and paper should be kept carefully out of the lunatic's reach. There is no accounting for the strange fancies of madmen; but it is a fact worth mentioning, that Mr. Webster firmly believes that Mr. Spicer lives in a portable house of such small dimensions that it can be enclosed in a letter, and sent post-free, on payment of one penny, to all parts of England. This plainly appears from a letter in which his worst symptoms are manifested, and in which, among other similar extravagances, he declares that "every letter of Mr. Spicer was dated from the Union Club, until that of the 17th of March, which contained his private residence!" We are afraid that there is little hope for the poor man, as grammatico-phobia is a disease which is seldom cured in the case of a person of mature age.

AN ILLITERATE PERSON.

"A clergyman, late head master of a public school," advertises for a gentlemanly young man as articled pupil, and to be prepared for the universities or for holy orders, *which can be guaranteed as a literate person.* Now we beg to ask of any of our readers the following plain questions:—

1. How can holy orders be guaranteed as a literate person? and what does the expression mean?

2. Was the advertising clergyman really the head master of a public school, and if so, was he dismissed for thrashing every boy who wrote decent English; and was he the preceptor of Mr. Webster, who exhibits strong evidence of having been under his tuition?

If the illiterate person should favour us with any communication calculated to throw light on his advertisement, let us request that he will get his "gentlemanly young man," if he obtains him, to make the document intelligible before it is forwarded.

HINTS FOR COCHRANE.

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE is the most indefatigable man of his age. If he does not attain the notoriety at which he aims then is there, in defiance of all proverbs, a something which perseverance cannot conquer. Next week Mr. Cochrane is to be peculiarly busy. We have been favoured with a programme of his arrangements, which we have much pleasure in making public.

On MONDAY, Mr. Cochrane will shave himself in Trafalgar Square, at 9 o'clock precisely. He will then stand upon his head on each of the dumpy pillars bounding the southern extremity of the square; after which he will sing comic songs all day on the top of a twopenny omnibus.

On TUESDAY, Mr. Cochrane will promenade up and down Regent Street, under the shade of one of the monster umbrellas used in Covent Garden Market. The honourable gentleman will wear a yellow hat, a black shirt, a pink coat, red trousers, and white boots.

On WEDNESDAY, Mr. Cochrane will, for a wager, eat a roast sucking pig and a beefsteak-pie, and drink three dozen of Stout under the Duke of York's Column. He will then exhibit some ingenious conjuring tricks on the esplanade behind the Horse Guards; after which, he will stand on his head on the point of a corkscrew in various parts of the Metropolis.

On THURSDAY, Mr. Cochrane will drive an omnibus from Charing Cross to the Bank, drawn by two giraffes and a laughing hyena, from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. He will then recite "My name is Norval," and "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," at Alderman Wraithman's Column; and in the evening will appear at Astley's, as clown.

On FRIDAY, Mr. Cochrane will have a line stretched from the top of the Duke of York's to the top of the Nelson Column—on which elevated tight-rope he will dance the Colosse Hornpipe, cut his own hair with a breakfast knife, balance three duck eggs on the tip of his nose, and, finally, jump down on a feather-bed in Cockspur Street.

On SATURDAY, Mr. Cochrane will wind up the astonishing feats of the week by sailing in a tub from Westminster to London Bridge, making—in the tub in question, eighteen pancakes, changing his dress so as to appear in four-and-fifty different characters, diving under twelve coal barges, and upon his landing in the City, playing Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony upon his chin. In the evening he will appear at Her Majesty's Theatre as Norma.

THE PUFF OF THE TEMPEST.

WHAT has become of the *Tempest* which was announced by Mr. Lumley to be in readiness for Her Majesty's Theatre more than a twelvemonth since? We shall be truly sorry if it is not produced, as the *libretto* will be one of the most curious compositions that literature, theatrical or otherwise, can boast of. In the first place, the *Tempest* by Shakspeare will have to be done into the kind of English which is intelligible to M. Scribe, who in cooking it up will probably throw in a few French *roles* by way of improvement. It will then be translated into German for the use of the composer, who, it is expected, will be inspired with some of the Shaksperian spirit (considerably diluted). The "book" must be put into an Italian form previously to its production at Her Majesty's Theatre, and finally, an English version will be published for the benefit of ignorant subscribers. If this point should ever be arrived at, the SHOWMAN intends bringing out an edition which shall contain the original *Tempest*, by the Swan of Avon, on one page, and the translation of *La Tempesta*, by the Goose of the Haymarket, on the opposite one. The contents would produce an exceedingly novel effect.

A GREAT FACT.—Lablache did not reach London quite so early as was expected: the eminent *basso* has, however, written to the SHOWMAN in explanation; and it must be admitted that the alleged reason of his non-arrival is perfectly satisfactory. It appears that Lablache is, from personal considerations, in the habit of engaging two seats in the *diligence* which he intends to patronise: he had sent to book his places when about to leave Paris, but imagine his horror at discovering that one was in the *coupe*, while the other was in the *intérieur*. Without losing his integrity, it would of course have been impossible for him to make the journey.

A MUSICAL JOURNAL.—The *Morning Advertiser*, being the Publicans' paper, may fairly be styled a "barrel organ."

A LESSON FOR OPERA GOERS.

We hear that Demoiselle Zoja is coming out at Covent-Garden, as a rival to Jenny Lind, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. However popular this opera may have been, we knew hardly any one who could get over the title. If two persons spoke of the *Figlia* it was generally somewhat in the following style:—

"I was at Her Majesty's Theatre last night. Saw Jenny Lind in the—the—you know—where she plays the dr——"

"Oh—ah—yes—the Druidess——"

"No—the Drum——"

"You mean the Fil—Fil——"

"Yes—that's it—the Fil—Fil—charming is not she? It's extraordinary what vivacity she throws into the part," etc.

It struck us the publication of the true mode of pronunciation would be a boon to society. We therefore present it to the million enlightened readers of the PUPPET-SHOW:—

La Fil-yar del Red-je-mentoe.

HINTS TO ORGANGRINDERS.



A SWEEPING CHARGE.

1. The best time to commence practising is when young ladies do the same, i. e. about ten or eleven in the morning. Play in such a manner as to make it worth their while to get rid of you; and remember the hour of the music-lesson and the number of the house.

2. If you see a young man of spooney appearance walking with two young ladies of any appearance whatever, ask him for money: it will look shabby to refuse, and young ladies are all charitably disposed when there is a gentlemen present who will not allow them to give their own money.

3. Always endeavour to find out where there is a dinner-party, and favour the company with the *Eclipse* polka, or *Post-Horn Galop*, played in *adagio* time; if this should not be considered sufficient, a very good effect may be produced by "rendering" the *Sicilian Mariner's Hymn* with each succeeding bar given more slowly than the former one, until you end with a most expressive howl. But the safest music is that of Macfarren, whose airs have done more for the organ-grinders than would be readily believed.

4. Never lose sight of the maxim that "the illness of the inhabitant is the organ-grinder's opportunity;" and look upon a knocker covered with leather as an invitation to commence the noisiest of French quadrilles. As sickness, generally speaking, does not last long, it would be desirable, wherever you discover its existence, to give the address to every organ-grinder you meet. This is a delicate compliment, which will be appreciated and probably returned.

5. If you can find out the residence of some literary or professional man, to whom quiet is essential, a little money may now and then be gained from him. Should he, however, become annoyed by your constant attentions, and desire you to "move on," throw your organ on the ground, and say he did it. Any magistrate will award you damages—though of course this is a trick which must not be played off twice in the same neighbourhood.

T'IS BROUGHAM NO MORE!

(*Ce n'est plus Lisette.*)

BY A COCKNEY BÉRANGER.

WHAT, Brougham, is it you?
You with that awful beard?
Your moustache meets my view
With perfumed *cirage* smeared!
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

With accent of the north
No more your words are spoken;
Nonsense you now bring forth
In French a good deal broken.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

To gain some honours new
Gainst Albion you would tend;
'Tis not long since you knew
To English mobs to bend.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

Erewhile our nation's prayer
You urged on bended knee,
But that's an old affair;
How altered you must be!
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

When at our greatest men
The shafts of wit you'd throw,
You'd settle eight or ten,
And yet you were no foe.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

But now to France you go,
Nor heed your English fame;
Farewell, my lord—but no,
Citoyen is your name.
No, no! it cannot be!
Brougham you are no more:
No, no! it cannot be
That Brougham I knew of yore.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.—An "honourable delegate" recently informed the Convention that he had allowed his wife to go out for a few days' washing. Instead of bestowing her services on strangers, why does not the worthy lady commence operations on her husband and his colleagues?

A counter-feat—Persuading people to buy what they don't want.

THE SOONER THESE ARE DONE THE BETTER.—Red herrings, classical concerts, bills, bill-discounters, tooth-drawing, Chartist speeches, a hungry man's dinner, and this paragraph.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VINEY & BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVER at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 8.

LONDON, MAY 6, 1848.

ONE PENNY.



SCENE.—An Omnibus Loitering Place.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*very much enraged*)—"CONDUCTOR! IS THIS OMNIBUS GOING ON?"

CONDUCTOR—"No, Sir! THE 'OSSES IS STANDING QUITE STILL."

THE VALUE OF LOYALTY.

THE burlesque at the Haymarket ends with a song in honour of Her Majesty, which, while it prays for the safety of the Queen, at the same time ensures that of the *Castle of Otranto*. As the piece is deservedly successful, the author's ingenuity is, in this instance, quite thrown away; but in case of failure, the expedient of introducing a loyal sentiment, just as the curtain is about to fall, would be found very useful, as of course any one daring to hazard a hiss would be treated as a Chartist and a traitor. Any farce concluding with "Well, you young dog, I suppose you must have her: and now, three cheers for Her Majesty," would be sure to have a long run; and there would be a fair chance even for a sentimental comedy in blank verse, provided "God save the Queen" were played *fortissimè* after each act.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

AN ANTICIPATION.

[Suggested by Branger's "*Sainte alliance des peuples*."]

I.

The wars had ceased: the weary nations furled
Their tattered flags, and sheathed their blunted
And, sick of blood, the decimated world [swords;
Counted its scars, its glories, and rewards.
A little whisper, raised in doubt and fear,
Made an appeal to all the suffering lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

II.

Old men left childless and disconsolate;
Widows forlorn, and maidens sorrow-crowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men mournful, gazing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, yet of cheer—
Repeating ever, *Oh, ye ruined lands,*
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

III.

The ploughman singing at the early morn,
Stopped in his task, and shuddered to behold,
Through the long furrows for the future corn,
Half-buried skulls projecting from the mould—
Bones of his brethren, scattered far and near;
And sadly gazing sighed, *Unhappy lands,*
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

IV.

The whisper spread—it gathered as it went;
From crowd to crowd the aspiration flew;
Distracted Europe staunched the wounds that rent
Her bleeding bosom, pierced at Waterloo;
Her wisest sons with voices loud and clear
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

V.

"Why should ye drag," said they, "the furious car
Of blind ambition? why with sweat and toil
Follow the panting demi-gods of war,
And with your blood make runnels through the soil?
Long have ye suffered—long in mad career
Borne fire and sword and sorrow through the lands—
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.

VI.

"Sheathed be the sword for ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—let your battles cease,
And be the cannon's voice for ever dumb,
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, whom ye revere,
Is he not Father of all climes and lands?
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.*"

VII.

The words grew oracles; from mouth to mouth
Rapid as light the truthful accents ran,
From the cold Norland to the sunny South—
From East to West; they warmed the heart of man;
The prosperous people with a sound of cheer
Took the glad watchword through the smiling lands,
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.*

VIII.

They spread, they flew, they fructified apace;
The spear and sword hung rusting on the walls,
Preserved as relics of a bygone race
When men went mad, and gloried in their brawls.
Peace, the fair mother of each bounteous year,
Dropped corn and wine on the prolific lands.
*Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands.*

IX.

England forgot her deeds of battle done,
France blushed at "glory" gained in fields of gore,
German, Italian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught kings a lesson and were foes no more—
Knowledge achieved the circuit of our sphere,
And Love became the gospel of the lands—
*When that alliance, holy and sincere,
Had joined all hands.*

NO SUCH LUCK.—Speaking of the Schleswig-Holstein war, the *Observer* says, "Prussia stands alone in this affair." It strikes us that, in the present state of their coffers, the insurgents only wish Prussia would "stand a loan."

RETORT COURTEOUS.—The SHOWMAN was conversing the other day with a lady of violent temper, when the name of a third party was mentioned. "I wish I could revenge myself on that man," said the lady. "Marry him," was the polite reply.

MORE PROOFS OF LOYALTY.—Several placards, dated from St. Pancras Workhouse, and headed "Children deserted," were posted up lately at the West End. The SHOWMAN could never have supposed that Prince Albert's example had been so rapid in its effects on the juveniles among the lower orders.

LOVE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Doctors' Commons.

1st Gentleman (*discovered reading a will*). "I give and bequeath unto my daughter, Fanny, the sum of forty thousand pounds—hem—hem—to be paid unto her—hem—hem—in form following"—hem—

[1st Gentleman, after having finished his perusal of the will, is about to leave, when 2nd Gentleman enters.]

2nd Gentleman. Hullo! What brought you here?

1st Gentleman. Oh—a—merely a little business for my aunt—relating to my late uncle.

2nd Gentleman. By the way, there's a report that you're going to marry Fanny Hawthorn; but I would not believe it. You can't be so foolish as to give up the little widow. Recollect, she has twenty thousand—

1st Gentleman (*interrupting him*). Yes—but Fanny has much more (*stops; correcting himself*) has much more—more *vaicete*—more truthfulness—she is all—all nature. Ah! Tom, you've yet to learn the power of pure, fervid love. What is all the wealth of—of—Araby to—Her heart and a cottage are the summit of my wishes

PALMERSTON THE DICTATOR.

If a fiery temper and an obstinate character were the best qualifications of a Foreign Minister, Lord Palmerston would certainly bear away the palm from every diplomatist in Europe. He makes them all swallow his instructions as Mrs. Squeers made the boys at Dotheboys Hall bolt the treacle and sulphur. On the 10th of March he addressed a dispatch to Mr. Bulwer at Madrid, peremptorily requiring the Cabinet to change their policy. We are far from wishing to undertake such a grievous task as to explain his conduct on reasonable grounds, but it seems to us that he is endeavouring to become Dictator of the World; and we should not be surprised to see, some of these days, the publication of such dispatches from him as the following:—

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. BULWER.

SIR,—You will be pleased to read this dispatch immediately to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I see that the Queen has been in the habit of riding out in her carriage in the afternoon. This I cannot permit. As the Minister of the foreign policy of Great Britain, I must protest against this undue assumption of power; and I beg likewise to add, that I have observed with disgust that General Narvaez wears a green coat buttoned up. This cannot be permitted—I wear black. By-the-bye, it rained at Madrid, I see, last month. Were you consulted beforehand on it as British Ambassador?

I am, &c.,

PALMERSTON.

LORD PALMERSTON TO MR. DOBBS, CONSUL AT THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

SIR,—His Majesty Wankee Fum drinks rum and water. Be pleased to express to him my disapprobation of this. For the future, he will limit himself to two squaws—not four, as I said in my last dispatch.

PALMERSTON.

THE "SPREAD" OF EDUCATION.—A school dinner.

HOW TO ENJOY A YACHT CRUISE.

As the season is approaching when yachting will become the prevailing amusement, the SHOWMAN thinks it right to give some hints to cookneys which may enable them to enjoy a cruise to the best advantage. He promises faithfully that, if these are attended to, the reader will find his cruise a most interesting one; nay, more, remember it to the last day of his life.

With regard to the kind of vessel to select, a wise man will go in any one he can get. Only very rich people can make a choice on that subject, and they are too proud to take advice. Choose a day when it blows very hard, and particularly when the glass is low, and the sky to windward full of dark heavy clouds flying fast. Breakfast before starting very richly, and drink a good deal of wine of different sorts. This is an important point.

Dress with great care. We should recommend your newest coat, and tightest trowsers strapped down. You should wear a glossy hat, rather small for you than otherwise. Be sure to put on a new pair of white kids before coming alongside in the boat. They enable you to get a firm hold of the side-ropes.

If the captain recommends a reef being taken in, pause, and tell him to wait a little. It looks knowing and plucky; and, besides, if you take the craft you have a right to be obeyed.

Should the wind be high, and there be a rough sea, make a point of sailing close on the wind, and go forward and station yourself on the weather bow. This is an admirable place for observation under these circumstances; and you will find that the sharp contact with a meeting wave will be attended with lively and interesting results. As to the important question of sea-sickness—of that dire affliction we know but of one unfailing preventive: not brandy, not bottled stout, not devils and hock and soda-water (which last was Byron's method), not even courage and fresh air, but simply this—to stop on shore.

If on deck while the vessel is being put about, be sure to stay aft and watch the main-boom swing across. It is an interesting spectacle; do not be out of the way of it. While work is going on, mix with the men at work. Go in among them, and see where the ropes lead, and how things are managed.

When tired and anxious to slumber, ask the nearest sailor to wrap you round with the main-sheet, and lie down in the lee gangway just over the scuppers. You will find every accommodation on board a well-regulated craft. You can amuse yourself by playing with the fore-top, and need never be short of money, for the guns (if any) are always provided with coins.

A BALLAD FOR CHARLES COCHRANE.

Air—"When the heart of a man."

WHEN a mob is convened in Trafalgar Square,
 It soon is dispersed when the Peelers appear;
 Like the sprigs of a birch-broom they quickly, quickly
 Sweep all the place and the thoroughfares clear.
 Letters and numbers their necks disclose,
 But on their staves they count more than those;
 Press them—distress them—with bruises, their use is
 To answer and fell you beneath their blows.



PROSPECTS OF LIBERALISM.

AFTER all that has been said, and justly said, about the absurdities committed by the Chartist agitators during the recent excitement, let it not be forgotten that the cause of progress is a sacred one, and that the stupidest of its supporters cannot make it unjust, though they may make themselves ridiculous. The blustering of O'Connor, and the boobyism of Cuffey, must not induce us to neglect the fact that Mill advocated the Ballot, and Brougham Triennial Parliaments. The world must keep moving, and if two or three clamorous mendicants choose to ride behind and shout, by all means whip them off, but don't stop the vehicle. Religion is no less a holy sentiment because, acting on some weak minds, it has driven them into fanaticism. Neither is the fruit of the cotton-tree less pleasant because apes gambol on its branches and wanton among its leaves. We perceive a strong disposition among the Tories, and among the members of that recreant Government which assumes the name of Liberal, to make the follies of a few demagogues an excuse for practising a retrograde policy; and to exaggerate the embarrassments of the French Republic, in order, by inspiring a dread of change into the minds of the timid, to obtain power to carry on the government of the country on the old and hacknied system of dilatory progress, which has long been repudiated by every one of energy and foresight. It now, therefore, becomes the duty of the people to watch over their interests, and insist upon Reform being carried out; above all, to protest against the paltry notion of the Whigs that the Reform Movement did all that was expected from it when it brought them into power.

Have we no need of change? Is England so thoroughly perfect now? Is all right so long as Russell draws his salary, and Morpeth eats public dinners? Let those who think so, defend the barbarous corruption of the last election; let them show a plausible reason why thousands of our countrymen should be in a state of destitution; let them eulogize the "asinine noises" with which arguments are answered in our senate; and prove it to be fortunate that Ireland is in arms. These considerations must be met with some other reply than the "Oh, oh" of a government lackey, or "Not at home" from Sir George Grey. Lord John Russell would be better occupied in inditing common-place prose or verse, and calling it literature, than in labouring to reconcile Pitt policy with Fox professions, and inventing false speeches to excuse false conduct. The man who stands still among a crowd in progress is knocked down and crushed; he falls without sympathy, and lies without assistance.



A MELANCHOLY FACT.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor, when addressing his followers, is in the habit of calling them his children. Doubtless the reason of this is because none of them have arrived at "years of discretion!"

THE TRUTH.

The Chartists indignantly deny the wishing to divide the property of the middle classes and aristocracy. We believe them. They would prefer taking it entire.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A distinguished Chartist has gone to perform the grand tour—at Brixton of course.

A DIFFERENCE WITH A GREAT DISTINCTION.

A weekly journal speaks of the perfect manner in which the orchestra at Franconi's executes its music. Our contemporary was probably thinking of the complete manner in which the musicians murder it.

QUITE WORTHY OF HIM.

A gentleman who writes under the pseudonym of Rosenberg, has published some letters (in a periodical of which we forget the title) in defence of what he calls the "slow" school of literature. We expected last week to have seen an attack upon Good Friday on account of its being a "fast day."

HERALDIC.

On a door-plate in Wardour Street are the words—"Arms, Crests, and Ciphers." We fancy that this is not the only instance where arms and crests are to be found in close connection with ciphers.

A "PROGRESS" JOKE.

Carlotta Grial has performed so often with Perrot, the ugliest man that has yet appeared on any stage, as to have excited the admiration of Douglas Jerrold, who praises her, because she generally "dances with an object!"

MYSTERIOUS NONSENSE.

The *Musical World* speaks of a very ordinary musical transition as "a cunning device of the author, and pleasant to hear." We cannot but consider the affected style of writing in the *Musical World* as "a stupid device of the editor, and most unpleasant to read."

WANTED AN ANSWER.

Some individuals have asserted that Jenny Lind will not "take" much this season. What do they call, then, the five or six thousand pounds she will receive from Lumley?

A DOWNY AGITATION.

Mr. Smith O'Brien has been using only the softest phrases since the passing of the Gagging Bill. But the fact is, that no man could speak hard words when he's so much "down in the mouth."

THE GAGGING ACT.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Wright, of Adelphi celebrity, was a strong supporter of the late Government measure. This, however, will be readily believed by those who are acquainted with the gentleman's "gagging propensities."

VERY DEEP.

A morning paper says that since Sir G. Grey's Act, Messrs. Mitchell, Meagher, and Co., have adopted a lower tone than formerly. Looking at the awfully vulgar abuse they indulged in, we should have declared this impossible.

THE POLITICAL SHOWMAN.



SHOWMAN RUSSELL—"WALK UP, WALK UP! WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN: WE'RE A-GOING TO GO THROUGH SOME OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FEATS EVER PERFORMED!"

JOHN BULL (to himself)—"OH, OH! I KNOW THAT CHAP; HE'S ALL TALK! HE TAKES YOUR MONEY, AND THEN YOU FIND IT'S ALL OUTSIDE SHOW!"

TEMPERANCE AND THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE SHOWMAN'S attention has been called to a statement published by a teetotaling hosiery, from which it appears that any person who chooses to cut down his daily allowance of grog by one glass, may enjoy the luxury of wearing three pairs of stockings, five shirts, and an indefinite number of flannel waistcoats, instead of the number to which the majority of the human race are at present necessarily confined by their indulgence in alcoholic liquors. It has been also satisfactorily proved by a temperate cobbler that the man who drinks his two bottles of wine per day, might (supposing him to pay his wine-merchant) for the same outlay rejoice in the delight of wearing a new pair of Blucher boots every morning and evening of his existence. Now, these calculations

may be perfectly true, but they are lamentably one-sided; and the SHOWMAN engages to demonstrate, that whatever may be the advantages of abstaining from alcohol, there are also many benefits to be derived from giving up coffee and ginger-beer. For instance, the man who spends fourpence a-day in ginger-beer might purchase twenty-eight copies of the PUPPET-SHOW instead, thus benefiting not only himself and friends, but also the proprietors of the periodical in question. Supposing him, moreover, to expend twopence a-day in coffee, he might, in addition to his twenty-eight weekly numbers, become a regular subscriber for ten monthly parts; and, taking for granted that he revels in one cup of tea (at twopence a-cup) every afternoon, the very satisfactory result is obtained that the cash thus thrown away might be profitably employed in buying several of the half-yearly volumes.

THE SHOWMAN AT GREENWICH FAIR.

ALTHOUGH the Public were absolutely overwhelmed with criticisms of the different amusements on Easter Monday—the said criticisms, like the National Guard at the grand fête in Paris, lately, presenting a seemingly interminable array of serried columns—no mention was made of Richardson's! Indignant at this neglect, the SHOWMAN determined that he himself would supply the deficiency, and accordingly set off to Greenwich immediately. On his arrival he soon discovered the truth of the poet's remark, that "none but the brave enjoy the fair," and that those who possess the largest amount of courage, more or less moral, are the persons who obtain the most amusement.

The great fun consists in scratching everybody's coat with an instrument which produces a disagreeable noise, resembling—as we were informed—the tearing of cloth. The joke is harmless, and was probably very amusing when first invented; but half a century's use has somewhat brushed off the bloom of novelty; and it is only by increasing the size to a prodigious extent that the makers now hope to obtain a sale for the ancient and innocent contrivance. The SHOWMAN confesses that, "for this occasion only," he descended to an old joke; for, being determined to "come up to the scratch" in a proper manner, he procured a coat-tearer of the very largest dimensions, and performed feats which will not, it is thought, be soon forgotten.

The SHOWMAN, of course, went into one of the Shows, and, in a courteous manner, saluted the person who holds the same office with reference to beasts which he himself exercises towards men. The principal objects of attraction were a horse with only three legs, which after fair time (as the SHOWMAN understood) is enabled, by means of a wooden one, to draw a four-wheeled chaise and an old lady about the suburbs of London; together with "an elephant re-



sembling a pig"—and it must be admitted that in this animal the resemblance to a pig was so very strong that, Heaven forgive him! the artist of the PUPPET-SHOW asserts that it actually was one! However, a likeness of the animal is presented to the reader, and he may judge for himself.

Of course the SHOWMAN, who has a cut at everything, indulged in a few throws with the sticks. From a calculation made on the spot, it appeared that pincushions could be knocked off at an average cost of four shillings each;



although the SHOWMAN, who possesses more than the usual amount of dexterity, obtained several at the rate of two for six and eleven-pence.

The SHOWMAN, of course, went into a swing. Whom he met there he will never divulge. He would only hint to a certain small gentleman who made one of the number, that the swing is very typical of party—at one moment



up in the air, at another quite the reverse. The SHOWMAN would also call to the little gentleman's recollection, that the latter only saved himself from being thrown out by catching hold with both arms when the car was at the highest point. This should impress on the little gentleman's mind, that although he may at present be in full swing, caution is nevertheless advisable.



At the "Crown and Anchor" a placard was to be seen, requesting gentlemen to "change their own gold at the bar." In accordance with this advice, the SHOWMAN proceeded to "change his gold at," &c., and by that financial operation obtained possession of two bad half-crowns (which, by-the-bye, are left at the PUPPET-SHOW office for the use of the Shakspeare Committee). He subsequently endeavoured to change his bad half-crowns at the bar, but there was no demand for the article, in consequence, no doubt, of there being an abundant stock in hand. There is a great deal of kicking, and a little dancing at the "Crown and Anchor," and it need hardly

be observed that hops make persons inclined for malt, and that when people get elevated they become exceedingly low.

Of Richardson's Theatre who would attempt a description? Certainly not the **SHOWMAN**, who contents himself with offering his readers a *verbatim* copy of a very legitimate drama which was performed there on the occasion of his visit, and which rejoiced in the very appropriate title of

THE MYSTERY.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

VIRTUOUS AND HANDSOME LOVER.

VICIOUS AND UGLY DITTO.

WEAK-MINDED FATHER.

INNOCENT AND (CONSEQUENTLY) INJURED MAIDEN.

SOMEbody's GHOST.

ACT I.

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—I am virtuous, though poor, and will not yield to the temptations of a moustachioed libertine!

ACT II.

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Avant, caitiff! Thy black moustache cannot conceal thy still blacker heart!

Vic. Lover.—Ha, ha! say'st thou so! We may meet again!

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Nay, believe it not. Adieu for ever.

ACT III.

Virt. Lover.—What, ho! Do I behold the base persecutor of innocence?

Vic. Ditto.—Rash boy, prepare to meet thy fate!

Virt. Ditto.—Is it even thus? This broken blade shall suffice to slay my hated rival!

ACT IV.

Weak-minded Father.—Destroy not life! I prithee take not that which you cannot give!

Vic. Lover.—Take that, old man! (*Kills him.*)

Virt. Ditto.—It is my father!

Vic. Ditto.—I know it is. Ha, ha!

Virt. Ditto.—Then die! (*Runs him through.*)

Vic. Ditto.—Perish, vile slave! (*Returns the compliment.*)

[*Enter Inn. and Inj. Maiden.*]

Inn. and Inj. Maiden.—Oh, misery! Why do I survive this scene of horrors! (*Stabs herself.*)

ACT V.

Resurrection of all the characters, for the purpose of producing a grand final effect. SOMEbody's GHOST appears and frightens everybody into a tableau. GHOST pulls a string, and curtain falls.

After the representation of the above affecting drama, the **SHOWMAN** felt so unwell that he was obliged to return immediately to London; nor did he feel relieved until he had thrown off four or five articles of the most slashing character.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—The week before his intended procession, Mr. C. Cochrane sent to the different workhouses letters addressed at random to Mr. Jones, or Smith, or Williams, each letter containing a slip of paper with the words "No Poor-law Bastiles," to be worn in the hat of the recipient on the day of the meeting. The workhouse authorities resolved in consequence to let no pauper go out on that day, taking care that though Mr. Cochrane might give Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith the "slip," the latter should not give it to them.

A "THUNDERING" MISTAKE.—The *Times* concludes a favourable notice of the Lyceum burlesque by stating, that "the audience expressed the greatest delight at the fall of the curtain!" We at first thought of asking the critic for an "explanation," but ultimately determined that it would be useless to do so, as such a careless writer could not be expected to give satisfaction to anybody.

NEVER TOO LATE.—We see that a few days since a lecture on Manners was delivered at the Whittington Club. This is a step in the right direction.

THE SHOWMAN IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

A SKETCH.

Now that the reign of pillories is o'er,
And stocks confine the "patriot" no more,
What splendid prospects open on the sight,
Of realms illumined by O'Connor's light!
Of tailors sitting cross-legged on a throne,
And making laws—and small-clothes—of their own;
Of private soldiers making monarchs bleed,
And shoeblocks polishing a nation's creed;
While purblind tradesmen, by delusion queer,
Trust those in Government they won't for beer!
In yonder narrow street, that crowded hall,
With dirty tables, and a whitewashed wall,
Sees forty "patriots," daily met to bawl:
With cautious step, soft gliding through the den,
Armed with our pencil, we will sketch the men.

As on a dunghill, 'mongst the feathered race,
He who crows loudest holds the highest place,
So here, the noisiest brawler leads the rest,
The worthy offspring of a rebel nest—
Feargus,—still used to share, for many a year,
The poor man's profit, and the rich man's sneer;
For who, within our dark and foggy clime,
Prefers hard labour to unpunished crime?
Say, who would till the land, or plough the deep,
If lies could clothe him, and sedition keep?
Better than shuttle, anvil, spade, or flail,
The workman's dole, derision, and the jail.

Next on our list, see yonder babbler rise,
Whose glasses half conceal his goggle eyes;
He gilds, with harlot ornaments, his lead,
And writes at once for buttermen and bread—
Skilled in describing all the burglar race,
Or raising blushes on a virgin face.

Eccentric Cuffey, shalt thou miss the pen,
Bravest of tailors—foolishest of men?
Shall he triumphant from the lash escape,
Whom Nature's self stamped kinsman of the ape?
Or England's laws be altered at his will,
When no clown trusts his breeches to his skill?
When such are leaders, who would dare describe
All the inferior creatures of the tribe?
Sad will be England's fall, if fall it must,
And these shall gibber o'er the sacred dust!

THE "FAST AND SLOW" QUESTION.

"THE writer of the Alboni Acrostic, a poetical enigma, recently published in the *Musical World*, finding himself unable to answer our query as to the meaning of the line

"Love springeth flegged and full-grown from thy tongue,"

coolly asks us to explain the meaning of a certain Master Howard "knocking down his little playfellows with the gay *brioche*."

We candidly reply that we have no more conception of what is here meant than we have of the meaning (if any) contained in the articles of the *Musical World*. The "gay *brioche*" writer himself might have had some faint idea of his own meaning, though we are in nowise bound to interpret that which we never even read. Really the writer of the Alboni Acrostic ought to understand the phrase, since he is so eminently qualified *à faire des brioches*!

PATRIOTIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

ON Easter Monday a dinner was given, by some of the City wards, to all such poor Special Constables as liked to partake of it. It is an extraordinary fact, that since this every man and boy in Bethnal Green wished to be sworn in as a Special. On being told there was no need at present of their services, they wanted to know when it was likely they should be required, for they were always ready. This is a lesson for the Chartists, from which they may see how widely diffused the feeling of loyalty is even among the lower classes. We reject with ignominy the idea that the hope of a dinner has anything to do with this demonstration.

MR. COCHRANE'S INVITATION.

THANKS to the considerate kindness of Mr. John Smith, of North Muggleborough Workhouse (Lancashire), we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of the letter of invitation lately received by him from Mr. Charles Cochrane.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR,

"Can you make it convenient to be in town on Easter Monday? Pray come if possible, as I have invited several friends—deuced pleasant fellows, from establishments similar to that which you honour by residing in—to meet you. Our plan is to assemble in Leicester Square in the morning, and proceed to the Home Office with a petition against the Poor Laws. I shall count on your attendance, so pray do not disappoint me. There will be no difficulty in your getting here. The first-class fare from North Muggleborough is only two pounds four, and (if you like quick travelling) there are two or three express trains every day. You had better contrive to get here by Sunday evening, so that you may have a night's rest previous to commencing the fatigues of the day. They make up capital beds at the Euston Square Hotel, which also has the advantage of being near the station. As I presume you are a stranger to London, you will have some difficulty in finding your way to Leicester Square alone, but that is easily obviated—take a cab.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your (and every other poor man's) sincere friend,
"CHARLES COCHRANE.

"P.S. Come in full uniform to make the thing more imposing."

THE "TICK" OF OTHER DAYS.

THE "Tick" of other days is faded,

All chance of trust is past;

My uncle has been so degraded,

And ta'en a wife at last.

While looked on as his heir, I never

Yet failed the "tin" to raise;

But now adieu—I fear for ever—

The "Tick" of other days!

Cremorne, that aye towards autumn closes,

Balloons which there take wing,

And fast men, new rigged out by Moses,

Come forth fresh ev'ry spring—

The very *Daily News* from ruin

Is saved, so Rumour says;

But my hopes alone see no renewing

The "Tick" of other days.

WHAT MR. ADDERLEY THOUGHT.

It used to be a subject of great astonishment to the SHOWMAN when a boy, how on earth the reels and other ingenious contrivances he sometimes saw contained in a bottle could ever have got there. Time, however, which dispels the *nimbus* of mystery around everything almost, bringing that which we loved to admire as a star down to the level of a common lamp-post, most satisfactorily did away with the impression which had begun to implant itself in the SHOWMAN's bosom that the introduction of the reels and other objects into the bottles was the work of some of the fairies or gnomes of whom he had often read. There is one mystery, however, which forms an exception to the general rule, and which, in the SHOWMAN's opinion, not even Time will be able to clear up—a moral ocean no plummet has ever sounded, a second Gordian knot, that not even Alexander himself could hope to cut through; and this is how certain ideas managed to find their way into the heads of certain Hon. M.P.'s.

Extraordinary, however, as some of these ideas have been, they must all yield the palm to those lately announced by Mr. Adderley, in the House of Commons, as to the measures to be taken for the benefit of the lower classes. The SHOWMAN has always considered himself to be a man of the most humane principles. He generally gives crossing-sweepers a trifle; has at different periods laid out a good many sovereigns at fancy fairs, for pincushions and other objects worth so many pence; and subscribed regularly to dinners, at which, as is well known, Englishmen display their charity and their powers of guzzling at the same time; but still he must own that he is far behind Mr. Adderley in the race of benevolence. The SHOWMAN frankly owns that in doing something for his poor

fellow-creatures he still reserved the lion's share for himself; but Mr. Adderley scorns to do this. With an amount of disinterestedness seldom met with in these degenerate days, "he thinks that the richer classes ought to make every sacrifice, EVEN TO THEIR LAST SHILLING, that they may diminish the distress around them."

Now it somehow appears to the SHOWMAN, that by "making every sacrifice, even to their last shilling," the richer classes would in nowise diminish the distress, as they would only be shifting its position; for in thus ameliorating the condition of the present poor, they themselves would instantly occupy their places. What would Mr. Adderley do when he was thus voluntarily reduced to the condition of a pauper? Although the duties in the House are, no doubt, very fatiguing, the SHOWMAN can assure him that he would find breaking stones on the highway infinitely more so. No, no; had Mr. Adderley proposed making every sacrifice, with the reservation of a few pounds—say a paltry hundred, wherewith to enter on the grocery business, or to purchase one of the numerous "excellent opportunities" in the coal and potato line, which are so often advertised in the weekly papers—the SHOWMAN might, on the spur of the moment, have allowed himself to be overpowered by his philanthropy; but at present he has had time for reflection, and prefers retaining what he has got. Mr. Adderley's charity is, it is true, a blood mare without a blemish; but so full of friskiness that she will for ever be carrying her rider into all sorts of difficulties. The SHOWMAN must not be thought a monster, for preferring to pursue the beaten road on his less valuable but far more sober back.

RATHER VULGAR.—It has been said that the principles of Fourier are widely spread in Paris. This cannot be true, as they are only entertained by the communists (commonest) people.

TO CLASSICISTS.—The SHOWMAN has been taunted with depreciating classical music. The accusation is not altogether true; but, nevertheless, is not a long dose often followed by a sound sleep?

GREEN.—A well-known aeronaut says he ought to be ranked among the noblest personages in England, as his descent has often been traced from the greatest height!

Our friend the *Observer*, in alluding to Tom Steele, speaks of "some of his friends who take a deep interest in his misfortunes!" This notion of friendship reminds us of a similar one entertained by a police reporter, who stated, with reference to a recent murder, "that the deceased received his death-blow from a friend, and not from a stranger, as had been at first supposed."

STRANGE OVERSIGHT.—St. Paul's Cathedral was the only one of the Easter exhibitions not noticed by the newspapers. This, we understand, arose from none of the journals being on the Free List at that establishment. We object strongly to the "privileges of the press" being withheld by the Dean, who must commence a new chapter if he wishes his concern to pay.

THE RING: EQUESTRIAN, MATRIMONIAL, AND PUGILISTIC.—Speaking of Astley's, one of the papers observes that "Widdicombe will do the honours of the ring in his own unequalled style." According to the police reports, some time since, of his having beaten a female with whom he had been living without having taken her to the altar, it appears that this celebrated individual "does the honours of the ring" in more senses than two.

A FRAGMENT FROM "BURKE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."—It is now two months since I first saw the Comte de Neully, then Louis Philippe, outside the Tuileries, and surely never lighted on this orb, which he rolled about on like a tub, a more ridiculous vision! I saw him just as he was leaving, decorating and cheering the ugly Brougham he had just begun to move in, setting like the evening star in darkness and night! I would have thought that every humbug would have leaped from his seat to avenge even a look that threatened insult. But the age of humbug is gone; that of common-sense and the people has succeeded to it, and the glory of monarchy is extinguished for ever.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS FOR THE MILLION.

AMONG the numberless individuals who have devoted their talents to the amusement of a British public during the Easter week, are the three persons whose portraits accompany this sketch. M. Tremplin, who forms the subject of the first cut, and who is husband and father of the lady and young gentleman, respectively, who are portrayed farther on, informed the SHOWMAN in confidence that the unsettled state of things had driven him from Paris; on further inquiry the SHOWMAN found that this referred to M. Tremplin's accounts with his butcher, baker, and a host of others, all of which were decidedly "unsettled." This exile from his country attributes the recent apathy of the French public for his performances to the great competition he has had to struggle with on the part of the ex-king and his ministers, whose tricks, he said, were not to be equalled. But Marshal Bugeaud, it appears, gave him the *coup de grâce*, for after the manner



in which, on the downfall of the Orleans dynasty, this celebrated individual twisted and turned about, it must be allowed that other men's efforts were not worth looking at. In England, however, the SHOWMAN does not doubt that the hero of his sketch will meet with proper encouragement. What, after all, was the celebrated feat of Alexander's cutting through a knot to the making such a one as that which the engraving represents M. Tremplin as tied up in. The Discharged Contributor, whom the SHOWMAN has found it utterly impossible to shake off, observed, on seeing M. Tremplin's Gordian performances, "That individual is not a man, he's an *otter* (a knoter)."

At present the feats of M. Tremplin's son consist principally in getting up a ladder, balanced on his father's chin, the successive mounting of each round of the ladder being generally accompanied by one of applause from an admiring audience. Most persons desire "a lift in the world," but the young gentleman in question, from the many falls he has had, while obtaining this summit of other people's wishes—and of the ladder at the same time—has more extended and less ambitious views. His other performances consist of promenading and dancing on the



stomach of his mother, who supports herself first—as represented in the cut—on two chairs placed at an inconvenient distance from one another; and secondly, in common with her lord and her offspring, on the halfpence they may manage to collect.

On the SHOWMAN's asking the lady in the purest French, learnt in the Faubourg St. Germain, whether this reducing her stomach to the level of a ball-room floor, or a public thoroughfare, was not prejudicial to her health, she immediately answered, "*Mais, non, Monsieur: je m'en trouve bien: ça facilite la digestion.*"

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—The reason the yellow plush gentlemen are so profuse in their use of the knocker, is that they like to "have their *whack* out of it."

OPEN AND ADVISED JOKING.—The public, who have all along found fault with the performances of the Whigs, say that their last Act is intolerable. At the close of the entertainments, they will, of course, not be "recalled."

TO THE SUN.—Should this meet the eye of the luminary in question, who has been out of the way for many months, he is earnestly requested to return to his disconsolate admirers. No unpleasant questions will be asked.

A TOAST DONE BROWN.

THE SHOWMAN having received numerous letters from his subscribers, requesting the pleasure of his company at Greenwich Fair on Easter Monday, was unable to accept the pressing invitation of the Shakspeare Committee to dine with them at Stratford-on-Avon that day. Nevertheless, he candidly confesses that he felt a strong sympathy with the object of their meeting—which, by the way, he believes to have been the enjoyment of a capital dinner—and he consequently looked into the *Times* of the following morning to see how the entertainment went off, when his eyes lighted on the following passage in the report of the proceedings:—

"The Chairman proposed the health of the immortal William Shakspeare, which was acknowledged," &c.

The SHOWMAN feels himself bound to call upon those learned mystifiers of the poet's text who took part in the day's proceedings to enlighten him as to the meaning of the above sentiment? The absurdity of toasting the "health" of one who has been dead nigh three hundred years is glaring enough in itself, but it becomes doubly ridiculous when a party of respectable gentlemen, troubled with hiccups, join together and drink the "health" of one whom they style "immortal." The SHOWMAN does not dispute the immortality of the poet, but he may fairly call in question the necessity for the toast; for, in common with all reasonable persons, he thought immortality ran no risk from either indigestion or the gout.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWNS, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 9.

LONDON, MAY 13, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

GREATNESS IN AN OMNIBUS.



FAT WOMAN—"DON'T DISTURB YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN;
I SHALL GET COMFORTABLY SETTLED PRESENTLY."

A SEASONABLE GOSSIP.

(Suggested by SOUTHEY'S "Battle of Blenheim.")

It was a Sunday evening,
Old Simpson's pipe was fill'd,
And on the hob his porter stood
(He always took it "chill'd"),
And near him, from the *Times* outspread,
His little grandson Thomas read.

He read the tidings from abroad,
By Telegraph Express,
Editions seventh, eighth, and ninth,
(What paper now gives less?)
He learnt how Freedom's proud advance
Made English workmen run from France.

"Now tell me what it's all about,"
Young Thomas then he cries;

"Is what this paper tells us true,
Or is it only lies?
What could these English folks have done
That they are forc'd to cut and run?"

"'Tis Freedom's cause," old Simpson cried,
"Makes all this fuss and rout;
Though by what right they make thus free
I cannot well make out;
But 'tis, as far as I can see,
What Frenchmen call Fraternity."

"Queer things they do in Freedom's name;
Folks tremble for their lives—
For Freedom's arguments are guns,
And stones, and clubs, and knives:
But ev'ry one admits," says he,
"They're famous folks for Liberty."

"And people at the slightest noise
Start from their beds in fright,
Thinking to see the sky above
One mass of lurid light:
For conflagrations seem to be
Expected, where there's Liberty."

"All travellers, I'm told, they stop,
Through certain towns who come,
And ease them of their cash and notes
Above a certain sum:
The soul of Turpin seems to me
To haunt the land of Liberty."

"And money in the Banks that's plac'd
Folks cannot get therefrom"—
"Why, 'tis a most atrocious thing!"
Exclaimed the youthful Tom.
"Nay, nay, my little boy," said he,
"'Tis Freedom and Equality."

"Great praise, no doubt, the men deserve,
Who for their rights have fought."
"But what will come of it at last?"
Asked little Tom in thought.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But not, I fear, Tranquillity."

A DISTINCTION WITH A VERY GREAT DIFFERENCE.—
Should Mr. Ernest Jones, the Chartist barrister, after he
is disrobed, take to trading in sedition instead of law, he
will in all probability be called to the bar a second time,
but in this event the ceremony will be at the Old Bailey
instead of the Middle Temple.

PARLIAMENTARY FASHIONS.

A DECREE has been issued by the Provisional Government of France, suggesting the adoption by the members of the National Assembly of a species of legislative uniform. To our English notions, the plan of dressing M.P.'s with the same uniformity as that which characterizes the costumes of those respected bodies, the police and the charity-school children, seems a little absurd. Should, however, in our admiration of French fashions, any similar plan be adopted in this country, the SHOWMAN begs to submit the following costume as one adapted to summer wear:—

M.P.'S SUMMER COSTUME.

Coat . .	MOSES' Elegant Gent's Paletot, "the Slap up," at	s. d.
Trowsers	HYAM'S Registered Gents' Pants, "the Ticket," warranted to button neatly over ankle boots, at	17 6
Waistcoat	Brown Holland Vest, "the Go," at	13 4
Shirt . .	(Ballet-Girl Pattern), at	4 6
Neckerchief	Joinville (red, blue, yellow, and green), at	2 1
Hat . .	Gossamer, at	3 2
Boots . .	Oxonians (or Highlows for the Members from the manufacturing districts), at	4 9
	Sixpenny Walking Sticks, and Half-Crown Gingham.	9 8

A SUPPORTER OF MONARCHY.—We see by the papers that, during the debate in the House of Lords on Lord Palmerston's extraordinary despatch, M. Guizot, who was present, "stood by the throne," and we are happy to say, with no such disastrous result to the monarchy as was the case in France.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—We have often wondered what was the exact meaning of the expression "Tea and turn-out." The late affair at Limerick perfectly explains it.

THE ROSHERVILLE QUADRILLE.

THIS New Descriptive Quadrille, composed during M. JULIEN's recent tour around Gravesend, and which will be performed at his next series of Promenade Concerts, is as follows:—

INTRODUCTION.—The scene takes place on a Gravesend steamer, at London Bridge, about mid-day. Perfect stillness reigns around, broken only by the mewing of the steward's cat, and the neighbouring factory bell calling the workmen to dinner.

No. 1.—Suddenly the calm is dispelled by the approach of the Cockneys, who sally forth in pursuit of pleasure. The whistling of the steam is heard, and the call-boy (an uncouth instrument of the captain's) gives the cry of "Go on ahead," when shortly the motion of the vessel proclaims the success of the manoeuvre.

No. 2.—NATIONAL TOPIC, "THE WEATHER." Dialogue for Smith, Jones, and Brown.

No. 3.—THE BITTER ALE. This national beverage has such an extraordinary effect upon the appetite, that its consumption by policemen has actually been prohibited; indeed it so affects these poor fellows, and so forcibly reminds them of cook and cold mutton, that many have been known to hurry down the arena steps, under the influence of the tone which it produces on the stomach. The gin-palace and person of more than one licensed victualler, are still under the care of the police.

No. 4.—NATIONAL REFRESHMENT, THE SANDWICH. Arranged with variations for beef and ham, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of mustard.

No. 5.—A Rosherville Fête is in course of celebration. The visitors have just sat down when Baron Nathan arrives. The hour at which the terrific egg-dance takes place has arrived; and the thunder-like noise in the orchestra warns the company of the near approach of this awful exhibition. The sounds of the shrill clarionet, the squeaking fiddle, and the screaming cornet, are mingled with the wild cry of Mrs. Smith's baby, and other affrighted infants. The excitement of the people increases with the violence of the music, when, suddenly, the Baron rushes blindfold into the midst of the room, threatening to overwhelm the devoted eggs. The convulsions of the Baron at last detach one of these; with a trembling gesture he endeavours to replace it—a moment's suspense, and the egg is safe!! The pier-bell rings, a cry of "last boat" is heard, and the noise of the paddle-wheels announces that the vessel has left for London Bridge.

PARENTAL AFFECTION—A FRAGMENT.

Distracted Mother. Oh, my poor child—my poor Edward—lost for ever—where—oh—where—can he have got to—oh—dear—oh—(sobs).

Cook. I.a, ma'am don't take on so; if the gipsies has a took him, we'll soon find-out where they're gone to with the electric telegraph—

Housemaid. You're sure to find him again, ma'am: if he is drowned they're certain to fish him up with the drags.

Distracted Mother. Oh—no—I shall never embrace my darling more—and his poor father, when he hears of it—

[Enter Nurse's Maid, considerably out of breath.]

Nurse's Maid. Oh—if you—please—

Distracted Mother. Well—well.

Nurse's Maid. If you please, Ma'am—Master Edward's found—he was asleep in the stable, on his poney.

[Enter Master Edward. Overjoyed at his recovery, his Mother rushes up to him, and having, in the intensity of her affection, administered a sound beating, sends him off immediately to bed.]



THE LIMERICK ROW.

THE peace of Limerick and Mr. Smith O'Brien's head were both broken on the evening of the 30th. The young gentlemen of the "physical force" school had resolved to form a party—a tea-party—at a store in Thomas Street; there were to be toast, cakes, sedition, and other delicacies of the season: Meagher of the sword was to have handled the kettle, and Mitchell of the pike to have presided at the urn. So far the affair looked reasonable, and no one anticipated that it would lead to anything but the usual amount of impudent, frothing oratory—the *insana verba*, which delude the Irish ear. But Fate and the "moral force" party decreed otherwise. Whether they were annoyed at not being asked, does not appear; but certain it is, that they mustered in formidable numbers, and marched off to attack the "physical force" party, who were meditating no assault but one on the muffins, and who, though they "speak daggers," take care to "use none." A figure of straw, very ugly, and (therefore) bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. Mitchell, was contemptuously burnt, as a preliminary, and then the storming of the store began. The gentlemen who had threatened the armies of England shrunk from the rabble of Limerick; a thick—we may say a very thick—brick-bat broke the head of the descendant of Brian Boru; and his companions in arms fled by a back way, in a cab, and gained the safe obscurity of their inn. Vinegar and brown paper were applied to the cellar martyr, and peace restored to the fugitives such calmness of intellect as Nature has deigned to bestow on them. If we may be pardoned a classical pun we may say—*sic transit gloria immundi*.

To comment on the affair is scarcely necessary. It has done more harm to the cause of repeal than might have been hoped even from its most foolish supporters. It was, in short, thoroughly ridiculous. The chief points of its absurdity may be summed up as follows:—

A "moral force" party commencing an assault; a "physical force" clique running away from a row; a Christian priest organizing a riot; the soldiers of a Government saving traitors from each others' violence;—such a combination beats even Irish absurdity. And, strange to say, Mitchell was attacked for pronouncing O'Connell a humbug—for writing the only sensible thing that his pen has yet produced!



PINS & NEEDLES.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

We have often been puzzled to know the meaning of a phrase common among poetical lovers, viz., "an aching void." The old Irishers have given us a practical explanation—Mr. O'Brien's head, after the row at Limerick.

SYMPTOMS OF RETURNING CONFIDENCE.

We understand that another butcher has trusted the Whittington Club.

BEYOND A DOUBT.

It is said that the metallic reserve at the Bank of France has increased during the last week. We fancy, nevertheless, that it will be some time before it equals the present metallic reserve of English merchants towards their Gallic neighbours.

CLASSICAL.

Before leaving Troy, King Menelaus offered his daughter as a victim to the gods, in order to ~~the~~ propitious breezes for the voyage home. We are reminded of this in modern society when we hear of some match-making parent sacrificing his daughter to "raise the wind."

TOO TRUE.

In rendering an account of the capture of Limoges by the mob, the papers wind up by observing, "the liberty of the person has been respected. Families in easy circumstances have been permitted to leave the town without any impediment." They might have added, "and without anything else."

A PUZZLER.

The papers assert that Limoges is still in the hands of the insurgents. How they can call any place "still," in which such disturbances are going on, is a marvel to us.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

The Editor of the *Musical World* condemns the Old Irishers as being "fast men;" doubtless on account of the "pelting" rate they lately went on at Limerick.

POLITICAL GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

Continual drafts of fresh troops are being sent to the army of the Alps, to march to the assistance of Charles Albert, if required. We fancy these will prove bitter draughts to the Austrians.

A GRAVE SUPPOSITION.

A member of Blanqui's sanguinary-minded club asserted the people had withdrawn from the streets too soon—they had suffered the *Réactionnaires* to gain ground. We suppose all the ground this gentleman would like each of them to gain would be about six feet each beneath the surface.

AN UNEXPECTED BLOW.

People were rather astonished at the late Limerick row, especially the owner of the hotel, Mr. Cruise, who was very forcibly struck—on the head.

FLATTERING OPINION.

The Austrians, although Charles Albert's enemies, say that he will never meet reverses; they pretend he will turn tail, and run away.

A CRUEL SELL.

The physical force party in the provinces were in high spirits on hearing that the National Convention had been "proclaimed" in Dublin. Their disappointment was very great on finding that it was the Government, and not Mr. Mitchell, who had "proclaimed" it.

THE SHOWMAN AT THE COLLISEUM.

On Saturday last the SHOWMAN started off for Paris, having previously left word with his black page that he should be back again to dinner. The magician who had put in his power to effect this miracle was that talented artist Mr. Bradwell, who has actually transported to the Regent's Park the capital of France. How Mr. Bradwell managed—whether he had an immense Daguerreotype constructed expressly for the occasion, or whether he, Faustus-like, concluded a treaty with his Satanic Majesty to assist him—the SHOWMAN knoweth not: all he can say is, that the view is certainly not one of the "evil doings" of Mr. Bradwell's life.

Two objects, above all others, arrested the SHOWMAN's attention: the little attic where he once resided, in the *Quartier Latin*, on his first visit to Paris, when his heart was as light as his purse; and the window of the apartment in the Tuileries where he housed his carpet-bag last January. What a world of events are contained in the space between this Alpha and Omega of the SHOWMAN's Parisian life!

But to return to Mr. Bradwell's picture. On that class of English who can never visit foreign parts with satisfaction, unless they are surrounded by English servants, English pickles, English porter, and English prices, Mr. Bradwell has conferred an immense boon. They can now gratify their curiosity without sacrificing their national mode of life, or being obliged to depend for their sustenance on "a lot of foreign kickshaws."

Those, also, who are of opinion that "discretion is the better part," &c., will not be sorry that the opportunity is afforded them of visiting Paris, without the chance of a stray shot from behind some barricade; and if they want to extend their rambles, a cab will convey them to Leicester Square and Vienna, a ride in a threepenny omnibus to the Surrey Zoological and Rome (where Sir H. Inglis can study antiquity without fear of meeting the Pope); while, lastly, at the Diorama they can admire the glories of St. Mark at Venice; and the more warlike find something to their taste in the View of Mount *Ætna*, with all the excitement of a regular "flare-up," strongly enhanced in value by the fact of its being unattended by personal danger.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST NIGHT.

As the SHOWMAN had promised Jenny, the last time he met her in Stockholm, to be present at her first appearance this year in London, and as, by some involuntary oversight, Mr. Lumley had forgotten to send him a box for the occasion, he wended his way down the Haymarket, at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, towards the Opera pit entrance. The crowd was already immense. At the end of the colonnade, however, he managed to find room for his camp-stool, and sat down to despatch a trifling lunch, for which he had first despatched his black page to the *Café de l'Europe*. After this, he read the daily papers, and prepared for further exertions. About half-past four he had managed to elbow his way to the colonnade wine-cellars, under pretence that he lodged there. Once arrived, he recruited his strength by a tumbler of champagne and a biscuit. He then again set out, and at about six reached the pit door.

At this stage of the proceedings the SHOWMAN dined, Mr. Lumley having provided refreshments at the principal entrance, and at a moderate charge. Dinner being over, the SHOWMAN managed to reach the inner doors. The monotony of waiting was occasionally diversified by a noise behind them. This the impatient public instantly imagined to portend the opening of the said doors: not being aware, like the SHOWMAN, that, on the contrary, it was merely a carpenter come to put up an extra barricade inside.

At last the doors were opened in earnest; the rush was terrific. The SHOWMAN flung down his money, narrowly escaping being flung down himself. On arriving at the stairs, the SHOWMAN partook of a bottle of soda water; then, like a giant refreshed, proceeded onwards, and soon gained that long-wished-for haven.

The daily and other papers have already spoken in the most glowing terms of Jenny; and although, from the fact of free admissions being given to them, they are terribly given to exaggeration, the SHOWMAN is happy to say that in this case their praises were deserved.



THE RETURN FROM OSBORNE.

(AFTER STEUBEN'S FAMOUS PICTURE OF "THE RETURN FROM ELBA.")

PRINCE ALBERT'S FLIGHT SATISFACTORILY
CLEARED UP.

CONFIDENCE and Prince Albert are restored to the metropolis. London is itself again, while the gallant fellows of the Scotch Fusiliers, in the consciousness that their Royal Colonel is once more near them, are as proud as omnibus horses, decked out in all the glory of new reins and gigantic floral head-knots on the first of May.

The pardonable vanity of these brave warriors is all the greater from the true reason of their Colonel's late journey to Osborne having now transpired. Whatever motive Chartist envy may have assigned to the Prince's precipitate departure, the real one is as follows.

It appears, then, intelligence had been received that in case of any disturbances in London, Ledru Rollin had fifty thousand *sans culottes* in readiness to make a descent on the Isle of Wight. Listening to naught but the voice of his valour, he determined that he alone should defend Osborne, and accordingly went at once "where glory waited him." It is true that the great speed he used on the occasion was not wanted, as glory seem to have been in no hurry to move her quarters, wherever these might be, as she certainly waits him still; but this, of course, he could not know.

After having lingered some weeks, in hopes of having an opportunity of displaying his prowess, His Royal Highness determined on returning to London, and directing his energies against the Chartists. But here, too, Fate was adverse. To his great disappointment the Prince found that the Movement had already been suppressed.

Deeply convinced of the truth that it is the "will," and not the actual deed, that must be regarded in all matters, the SHOWMAN certainly thinks that Prince Albert has won never-fading laurels by the great exploits he would have achieved, had he had an opportunity. The SHOWMAN is therefore of opinion that some fitting acknowledgment should be decreed to His Royal Highness, and as a column has been erected to each of those great men, George IV., Nelson, and Alderman Walthman, the SHOWMAN begs to mark his sense of the extra-heroical nature of His Royal Highness's services by dedicating to him a column in one of the opening pages of the ninth number of the PUPPET-SHOW.

NOTICES NOTICED.

THE SHOWMAN observed, on the occasion of his recent visit to Greenwich fair, a notice hung up at the railway station, stating that "no return tickets would on any account be issued," which he considered by no means astonishing, as it is well known that return tickets are only intended for persons who are not likely to have an opportunity of using them; and at the time of the fair most of the London passengers were as sure to come back as one of Mr. Duncombe's promissory-notes. Most of the placards addressed to railway travellers were well worth looking at, which is more than can be said for the clerks, although they seemed to entertain a very different opinion on the subject. Many of these—we mean the placards, not the clerks—afforded really important information, such as, "It is dangerous to stand on the rails when an engine is approaching;" or, "Persons will not be allowed to enter the carriages when the train is in full motion,"



which latter notice most people will think unnecessary by reason of the impossibility of any one's managing to effect that which it prohibits. There is, however, one announcement which is not to be seen at any railway station, although it might with great justice be exhibited at all of them: we allude to a placard stating that "any instance of civility toward a third class passenger will, if reported to the directors, meet with the severest reprehension."

THE "COMING MAN."—A waiter.
A CUTTING ARTICLE.—A knife.



(Smith O'Brien.) (Young Ireland.) (John O'Connell.)

(Lord Clarendon.) (Mr. Mitchell.)

THE CONVALESCENT FROM LIMERICK.

After Mulready's celebrated Picture, "The Convalescent from Waterloo."

A POSER FOR THE WHIGS.

TROUBLESOME aliens are to be sent out of the country. That is settled. But where are they to be sent? That the Government is to decide. But other countries may refuse to receive them. You may ship a troublesome intriguer at Folkestone for Boulogne, and the folks there may ship him back for Folkestone. What is to be done? Europe will be covered with unhappy aliens, going about like Wandering Jews or Flying Dutchmen. They will be kicked from frontier to frontier. We shall have set the ball in motion, and every state in Europe may give it a bang. One only alternative appears. We must send our deported aliens to the end of the earth—to some such wonderfully out-of-the-way sort of places that they shall find nobody to drive them out again. With this view the SHOWMAN recommends the formation of Alien Settlements in Boothia Felix, at Cape Horn, in the centre of the Desert of Sahara, and in the Exeter Arcade.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.—Late on Thursday night, the 4th inst., the SHOWMAN was disturbed by his black page, who, with a terrified look, announced that a very mysterious-looking stranger wished to speak with him. On the SHOWMAN'S desiring him to be shown in, a person of foreign and strongly-marked Hebrew appearance entered the room. This individual, whom the SHOWMAN recognised immediately, having met him on several occasions during his travels in the East—was no other than the Wandering Jew! He had called upon the SHOWMAN, immediately after the third reading of the Disabilities Bill, to inquire whether he stood any chance, in the City of London and in the opinion of the SHOWMAN, of being returned as a Member of Parliament in conjunction with his friends Lord John Russell and Baron Rothschild, at the next election. What the SHOWMAN answered he will reserve for history; let it suffice the public to know, that had the bill not passed, by this time Sir Robert Inglis would have done so—into another and a better world, the erratic Israelite before mentioned having vowed his destruction.

TREASON AND TEETH.—Sir George Grey in the House of Commons the other night threw the charge of treason in the very teeth of Mr. Smith O'Brien. If he intends doing so again, he will have to throw the charge down Mr. O'Brien's throat, whither his teeth were despatched at the Limerick row.

ABSURD EFFECTS OF PATRIOTISM.

A species of mandate has been issued by Her Majesty, by which all ladies attending her drawing-room will be obliged to appear in dresses of British manufacture. This will make Her Majesty very popular with a certain class of people who fancy that patriotism consists in never going to the Italian Opera, and in getting drunk on London porter. A short time since these patriotic persons were convinced (in consequence of the length of the speeches and the largeness of the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League) that "Free Trade was what England wanted;" the weekly journals to which they subscribed said the same thing, and yet now we find the identical noodles and the identical newspapers raving about the national feeling shown by Her Majesty, in an order which, if not utterly absurd, must make us consider Lord George Bentinck as a great man, and look upon Mr. Cobden as a fool.

If it be requisite for ladies to wear dresses of British manufacture, whether or no these dresses be to their taste, why should not gentlemen be called upon to drink British brandy and smoke Hornsey havannahs? Supposing the English example to be followed by foreign nations, we should have many French gentlemen reduced to the very painful necessity of shaving with their native razors, while our unfortunate compatriots in various parts of the continent would be, alas! compelled to abandon the stout imported from the mother country for the swipes produced in the land of their adoption!

We would by no means interfere with the conduct of those patriots who quaff the wines of Britain (at 1s. 6d. a bottle), and who go to the Lyceum or Princess's Theatre with the insane expectation of listening to an English piece: but we object to sensible persons being called upon to follow their example, or we may in time find ourselves called upon to eschew French beans, and give up all thoughts of Spanish onions.

An Act for the Regulation of the 'Bove Bridge Steamers.

WHEREAS it has been represented to the SHOWMAN that the River Season is now close at hand, and that the readers of the PUPPET-SHOW—in other words, the population at large—will have frequent occasion to avail themselves of the halfpenny, penny, and twopenny boats, now plying, or destined to ply between London Bridge and Chelsea: The SHOWMAN DECREES and ENACTS, and it is hereby DECREED and ENACTED, that the following Rules and Regulations be strictly observed on board the aforesaid boats during the approaching season:—

CLAUSE I.—Every intending passenger shall purchase a copy of the PUPPET-SHOW.

CLAUSE II.—No intending passenger shall purchase a copy of *Punch* (unless, indeed, he take tickets for six), owing to the weight of the articles in the aforesaid publication being calculated to sink the steamer.

CLAUSE III.—No Gent, during the passage, shall be permitted to point to a waterman, and wonder how he don't have a cold in his head as he is so often dipping his scull in the Thames.

CLAUSE IV.—And no Gent shall be permitted to say, in approbation of the above, "Wherry good." Such jokes being manifestly threadbare and dismal to a degree.

CLAUSE V.—Upon the starting of every boat, every old gentleman shall say to every old lady on board, "Wonderful thing this steam;" as it is believed that no boat could ever yet get under way without the pronouncement of the above mystic formula.

CLAUSE VI.—The starting time of every boat shall be arranged so as to ensure its missing some train, either on the Brighton or the Southampton lines.

CLAUSE VII.—Not more than eight Gents in each boat shall be permitted to declare upon their eight honours that they pulled the stroke-oar in the Leander, at the last grand match between that Club and the Cambridge.

CLAUSE VIII.—All the ladies in the vicinity of the funnel shall be bound to scream, and say, "Oh, my goodness! what's that?" every time the steam is blown off.

CLAUSE IX.—It shall be an object of unmitigated and never-to-be-solved wonder for all the ladies in the vicinity of the wheel—"What good that round thing does, that the man is always turning?"

CLAUSE X.—Immediately upon the starting of the boat, the most conspicuous Gent on board shall perch himself on the bulwark in the extreme bow, with his legs hanging over, one on each side of the cutwater—in which position he shall light a oboeroot, and state that that is the cheese.

CLAUSE XI.—In order to prevent the overloading of boats on fine Sunday afternoons, no more than three times the number which every boat can safely contain, shall be admitted.

CLAUSE XII.—All these Clauses shall be strictly binding, except those to which any one may have an objection.

Given—(with other entertaining matter, for the incredibly small charge of One Penny)—at the PUPPET-SHOW Office.

TO YOUNG EUROPE.

Since insurrection and revolt
Are rife in every nation,
The present seems, *par excellence*,
The rising generation.

WOULD NOT A COMMISSION IN LUNACY TO ISSUE?—In a rapid, affected, and singularly silly article on Beethoven, in the *Musical World* of April 29—though not so singularly silly after all, when we consider the publication it appeared in—the writer, who confesses, by the way, that he was a little boy so many as forty years ago, making it evident that there is no hope of improvement for him now, informs us that "Beethoven used to be considered a madman with occasionally lucid intervals," and winds up by coolly wishing he was only half such a madman. Of his perfect madness, and the madness of the editors and writers of the *Musical World* generally, any one who chooses to throw away threepence in buying a number of that journal may be made fully aware; and we, who have looked at it for the last four numbers, are prepared to state that for a month at least not the slightest symptoms of lucid intervals have manifested themselves.



"The Fallacies of Hope," a Poem in two cantos. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

THE absence of Mr. Turner's name from the catalogue of the present Royal Academy exhibition, is accounted for by the circumstance of his having devoted much of his time during the last twelvemonth to the completion and revision of the above poem, an early copy of which we have been politely favoured with. Every admirer of Mr. Turner's genius has long been aware of its existence in manuscript, and will now rejoice that after years of delay it has at length been given to the public, and that an opportunity has thereby been afforded of beholding Mr. Turner in a new and kindred walk of intellectual beauty. Mr. Turner is not the only great painter who has devoted the powers of his mind to poetry. Salvator Rosa wrote satires in verse, which were universally admired for their vigour and beauty; and, in our day, without citing other examples, we shall merely mention Sir Martin Archer Shee, whose "Rhymes on Art" must be well known to every reader.

The "Fallacies of Hope," unlike the "Pleasures of Hope," by which it was probably suggested, is written in blank verse. This style of composition requires, perhaps, more skill than rhymed verse, and certainly greater severity of taste. To say that Mr. Turner has succeeded in it is high praise; but those who remember the exquisite snatches which have appeared for many years in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, under the titles of his pictures, will at once acknowledge that it is not undeserved. The pervading characteristics of the poem are strength of expression, gracefulness of sentiment, and luxuriance of imagery. These good qualities are marred here and there by an incongruity and confusion of colouring, such as we see in the pictures painted by this great R.A. This confusion, though it inspires wonder at the writer's boldness, not perhaps unmixed with anger, is never entirely offensive, and the work unfolds beauties upon every successive perusal which were not discoverable at the first.

The poem opens with a charming description of a "mirage," than which no scene could be more appropriate as an introduction to the long catalogue of the delusions with which Hope deceives those who trust in her.

The succeeding passage describes the appearance of the mirage at sea with a richness of metaphor, and a modulation of rhythm, so exquisite as to tempt us to quote it; but its length warns us to forbear.

We shall nevertheless quote a few extracts from detached scenes, which, besides being complete in themselves, and therefore be more easily understood by the general reader, will, at the same time, serve as specimens of the superior excellence in the art of poetry which Mr. Turner has so silently and secretly attained. Our wonder after perusing them is not that he is so gifted (for we were prepared to think him a true poet, by the gems of poetry which he, alas! too sparingly permitted to appear in the catalogues of the Royal Academy), but that he has so pertinaciously refrained, until now, from giving to the public a work which all will admit to be one of the most remarkable productions of the present day. The first quotation appears to have given rise to an extraordinary picture in the exhibition of 1843 or 1844, we are not sure which, intitled, "Speed! Steam!! Storm!!!" or some such a name, representing a train passing over a viaduct in a shower of sleet and snow:—

"The crimson clouds pour forth the yellow sleet
On the dun arches, streaked with blood and green,
As down its iron path the engine roars
Louder and louder: from its blatant throat
Spurting thick fire and folds of purple smoke.
Aye! rage, ye elements! Ye storms and rains,
Vent all your fury! Vainly ye attempt
To stay the progress of triumphant STEAM.
Lo! where it comes! a Hydra ribbed with steel;
As strong as Vulcan, swift as Mercury,
And bellowing like Pan, when agony
Has seized his vitals: but with all its strength
Far more obedient to the guiding hand
Than gentlest steel that ambles through the park."

Almost equally good is the description of the Nymphs Bathing by Moonlight, near Naples:—

"The shadowy fair ones have their verdant limbs
In the cool waters, streaked with golden fire,
Caught from the emerald sun-set. Now they sport
Their long loose tresses in the playful brine
That glows with pleasure to be so caressed;
Now, with sweet laughter, ringing on the air,
Pursue each other thro' the crystal flood—
Their dim arms, and white breasts, and glancing eyes,
Floating confused before the gazer's sight.
While on the shores of the translucent wave
The city stands, with all its palaces
Mingling in one great mass of light and shades;
Various the lights as in the rainbow's form,
Various the shadows as on windy days
Peep in and out upon the mountain's side."

Q. What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?

A. People sit on the former and stand on the latter.

JUST LIKE HIM.—One of the writers attached to the *Musical World*, who is labouring under severe mental indisposition, actually thought of seeking relief in a County Court, having heard that he could "recover" there at a very small expense. Our mad friend was ultimately dissuaded from his intention by a person who assured him that the process of recovery would not be complete until some time after the "day of judgment."

No Go.—The Chartists talk of employing physical force. Little need be apprehended, however, we imagine from the threat, since, according to their own account, they have not got "a shot in the locker."

MILITARY FLOGGING JUSTIFIED.

The cat, which most men do attack,
Of drilling 's an essential part;
For, dropp'd upon the soldier's back,
It's very sure to make him smart.

TO MATHEMATICIANS.—A weekly paper states, that the greatest dinner which ever took place in England was that given by Lord Romney to the Kent volunteers, when George III. reviewed them near Maidstone. The tables extended seven and a-half miles, and the boards which formed them cost £15,000. If it cost so much to board the tables, we should feel obliged by some profound mathematician informing us how much it took to board the volunteers on the occasion in question.

A BLOW FOR A BALLOON.—We fancy, few persons will feel inclined to trust their necks in the Royal Cremorne Balloon; for it is well known that it is accompanied on every ascent by a "Gale."

HINTS ON GRAMMAR AND ETIQUETTE,

FOR THE USE OF MR. CUFFY AND OTHER CHARTISTS WHO MAY SHORTLY BE CALLED TO THE COUNCILS OF THEIR SOVEREIGN.

THE past participle of the verb to go is *gone*, not *went*.

The letter *s* is not used to form the plural of verbs: it is therefore improper to say "they goes."

Although very expressive, the word "howsoever" is not to be found in Johnson, or any other received authority.

It is not a mark of politeness towards a person to turn your back upon him when you desire to use your pocket-handkerchief.

It is preferable to keep the said handkerchief in your pocket to carrying it in your hat.

It is not necessary, when in the company of a few friends, to sedulously avoid looking at the one who is occupied with the pint pot, and appear to be immersed in solving some intricate mathematical problem, or devising some means of paying off the national debt, but in no ways to be thinking of beer.

It is not necessary, when quarrelling with your wife, for both of you to go out in the street and there settle your difference for the edification of your neighbours.

It is not the acme of refinement to turn your coat-cuffs up when you take a holiday trip, or to sit in your shirt-sleeves on a Sunday afternoon.

It is not requisite to leave your hat under a chair in the hall, when you call with a deputation on Sir G. Grey.



CRITICISM:

A DIALOGUE AT THE PRESENT ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The Rat. It strikes me that the shoulders want a little more roundness.

The Snipe. No, there I differ with you; but I think his nose very much too short.

The Bull-dog. Too short, indeed! Pahaw! One never has the nose too short.

The Owl. I wonder what they think of my statue?

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR AGAIN.

THIS wretched being has had the excessively bad taste to send us some more "jokes" as he calls them, in spite of the remarks which we published about him a short time since, and which, we were in hopes, would have hurt his feelings sufficiently to have prevented his ever communicating with us again. The fatal letter which conveyed us the (want of) intelligence in question, was written in a disguised hand and pre-paid: this latter circumstance did not allow us to suppose that it could have proceeded from our Discharged Contributor. However, unconscious of its noxious contents, we opened the missive and found our degraded friend praying that he might only be allowed to appeal through us to the discernment of the public, adding that he cared not for lucre but panted for fame alone. We at last determined that our best course would be to publish two or three of our correspondent's perpetrations, in order at once to call down public odium on his head, and endeavour, if possible, to excite his worst feelings against ourselves. We think the following will settle the business at once!

Q. Why is the feeling produced by the inhalation of ether like Mr. Cochrane?

A. Because it's a new sense (nuisance)!

Q. Why does the news published in the morning papers "by (very) extraordinary express" often prove insipid?

A. Because it's given without any source (sauce)!!

Q. When is a rabbit like Colonel Sibthorpe?

A. When he has a burrow (borough) of his own!!!

Q. Why should Mark Lemon be hated by all Christians?

A. Because he's Pontius Pilate (Punch's pilot)!!!!

JACK KETCH AGAIN.—We learn, from a connoisseur in painting, that the Council of the Academy have hung Mr. Hudson in a favourable position. Who inherits his property?

PURSUIT OF MEANING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A gentleman who writes letters in a weekly publication, for the purpose of proving that which no one of the slightest importance ever denied, makes use of the expression, "grovelling before Shakspeare;" "for such," observes the writer, "is the word used with reference to one of the greatest geniuses, if not the greatest that ever lived, in a periodical to which HIS NAME and that of Mr. Reach are attached." Does the author of this passage mean to assert that Shakspeare edits the *Man in the Moon*? or, if not, what else can he mean? and, in either case, have his words any meaning whatever?

EASTER AMUSEMENTS AT LIMERICK.

THE following programme of the amusements at the town of Limerick is submitted to the public. The love of the Irish for fun is well known; and, from the specimens of it subjoined, will doubtless be thoroughly appreciated. The details were carried out with the greatest minuteness.

PROGRAMME.

Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher, will enter the town in triumph, in a hired chaise, at four, P.M. A crowd will be assembled to welcome them with brick-bats and paving-stones (these being known favourites of theirs); after which the pleasing excitement of running for their lives to the hotel will begin. Mr. Mitchell will be burnt in effigy—a "man of straw" having been constructed for the purpose, as emblematical of the honourable gent.

Ten and treason will be served out, at six—and the agitators served out immediately afterwards. A crowd will assemble outside the place of meeting, and commence the evening's amusements by attempting to burn the house, by firing shots, and throwing stones at the windows.

Mr. O'Brien's head will be broken at half-past six precisely, his ribs stove in, and his eye blackened at three-quarters past, and several of his front teeth knocked down his throat by five minutes to seven; at half-past seven he will be comfortably settled for the night, presenting very much this appearance—



Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher will be hunted back to their hotel, where (after breaking the landlord's head as a finale), the revellers will break up for the night.

A band—of soldiers and police, will be in attendance, and the whole will be under the superintendence of a Minister of the Christian Religion—viz., the Rev. Dr. O'Brien.

NATIVE MANUFACTURES ENCOURAGED.

WE perceive that Her Majesty has given an order for native manufactures to be worn at court, a piece of news which, as she seldom gives an order for native produce at all, will doubtless be very welcome. It is to be hoped that Her Majesty's patronage will be extended to other home productions, and that the original British joke will be the only one used, in preference to the foreign importations (particularly in the dramatic line) so largely patronised by unpatriotic dealers. Let us also suggest that home-spun sedition may receive its due share of encouragement, and that the plain but useful Cuffey article may not be neglected for the more showy Parisian fabric. It would be easy to multiply examples (as the newspapers say, when they have used up a subject), but these will suffice for the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Jeremiah Muggins will oblige us by forwarding his address.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VISTELLI BROTHERS and Co., Peterborough Court, 125 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWNS, at the *Puppet-Show Office*, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 10.

LONDON, MAY 20, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS.



SYMPATHIZING ATTENDANT.—"IT'S NO USE A HOLLOWING, SIR—HE WON'T LET GO."

PROTECTION TO BRITISH TALENT.

WE have heard, on the most indubitable authority, that a certain august personage has determined on giving the fullest possible extension to the measures lately adopted for the encouragement of British industry. With this view, orders have been issued for the dismissal, after the present season, of all foreigners connected with the two Operas; their places to be filled, next year, by singers of English extraction. We believe we are not premature in assuring the public that Miss Isaacs and Mr. Horncastle have already accepted engagements at H. M. Theatre, while Paul Bedford and Henry Russell have ranged themselves under the adverse banners of Covent Garden.

A RISING SUBJECT.—We think Sir R. Inglis was wrong in telling Mr. Hudson that the latter's immense wealth did not raise him the least in his estimation. At present we shall not be surprised at Mr. Hudson's sacrificing regularly to Bacchus; it will be the only means he has of being at all "elevated" in Sir R. Inglis's eyes.

THE WARNING-BELL.

I.
THE world is on the move,
Look about!
There is much we may improve,
Never doubt;
And for all who understand,
A Warning-Bell at hand
May be heard throughout the land,
Ringing out.

II.
The shadows that are found
We may scorn,
In the sunny rays around
They are born;
And as dawn succeeds to night,
So the rays of Freedom's light
Turn the darkness of our sight
Into morn!

III.
Though gloomy hearts despond
At the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
By-and-by.
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
Shall be nigh.

IV.
Step by step the longest march
Can be done;
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one;
And with union what we will
Can be all accomplished still—
Drops of water turn a mill—
Singly, none!

V.
Brag and bluster float as froth
O'er the wave;
Gory treason, worse than both,
Fools may rave;
But the honest hands that link
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use—pen and ink,
Are the brave!

VI.
Let us onward then for Right,
Nothing more;
And let Justice be the might
We adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand,
For a People hand-in-hand
Can make this a better land
Than before.

ARISTOCRATIC STICKS AND THEIR NON-USES.

A FOREIGNER, just arrived in London, was very much astonished the other day, by observing two of the yellow plush gentry planted before a carriage with large silver-headed sticks in their hands nearly as tall as themselves. He asked the SHOWMAN what was the use of these sticks. On the latter telling him that they were of no use whatever, he immediately inquired why people did not do away with them. The SHOWMAN answered that such a question implied most democratic, levelling, and revolutionary principles on the part of the questioner. That if things were to be done away with, merely because they were of no possible use, hundreds of our old English institutions of which we are so proud would be ruthlessly abolished. That the sticks to which his foreign friend had called the SHOWMAN's attention, had, with numerous other things, been handed down to us from our ancestors, and that it ill became loyal and true men to wish to meddle with them. That, if we once declared war against all sticks, we threatened an immense mass of the aristocracy themselves—a proceeding evidently of a most vulgar and Chartist description; and that if the scions of England's noble houses were once foolish enough to open the door to innovation by cutting their footmen's sticks, they would have themselves to blame if, in a short time, they had to cut their own.

A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.—An old lady of Whig politics has written to complain of the unfeeling manner in which the SHOWMAN's artist "takes off" Lord John Russell. If the noble lord does not speedily improve in his conduct, we will endeavour to have him removed altogether.

CURE-IOUS.—We perceive by a recent advertisement, that "A young clergyman of high church principles wishes for a cure." We are glad to discover such favourable symptoms on his part.

UBIQUITY OF THE SMITHS.—A Mr. H. Smith, addressing a meeting of his brother Chartists at Liverpool, said, "I stand before you as one of the forty-nine delegates now sitting in London." Although we knew that the Smiths were to be found everywhere, we were not aware that any member of the family was so far ubiquitous as to be in two places at the same time.

VERY NEAT.—The Discharged Contributor, whom we lately kicked *ex officio*—i. e., out of the office—declares that after all the SHOWMAN cannot deny that he has turned out a clever man.

FAME.—A FRAGMENT.

[Scene—A Public Meeting in the City.]

Alderman Stubbins (arriving with Country Relation)—There. We can see very well here: just in front of the chair. The Prince can't be long.

Country Relation—Where's the Lord Mayor?

Alderman Stubbins—Waiting to receive his Royal Highness. But we've got a tolerable sprinkling of celebrities already. Do you see that stout man?

Country Relation—What—with the bald head?

Alderman Stubbins—Yes. Well, that's the famous Moggs—you've heard of him—in the tallow line—worth half a million.

Country Relation (with great reverence)—Oh!

Alderman Stubbins—And there's Sir Peter Laurie. He put down Suicide, you know—committed it to Newgate for trial.

Country Relation (standing on tiptoe, and looking at Sir Peter with great deference)—Ah!

Alderman Stubbins—And I declare there's Soyer—the *chaff de quizzing*! and—well you are lucky—there's Hudson himself—King Hudson.

Country Cousin (with rabid curiosity)—Which—which do you mean? That pale, thin man?

Alderman Stubbins—No—I don't mean him. I don't know who he is.

Gentleman (who has overheard the conversation)—Why, that's Alfred Tennyson.

Alderman Stubbins—Alfred Tennyson! Who's he?.....



ARE ALL MEN EQUAL IN THE EYES OF THE LAW?

On Saturday, the 6th of May, a most extraordinary charge was brought against Lord Chandos Leigh before four of the County Magistrates at Warwick, and which, although at the time we write nearly a week has elapsed, has been passed over without comment by the daily press.

A man named Richard Barnett comes forward, and deposes to the murder of several individuals at His Lordship's instigation, and points out one particular spot, under a certain stone of the abutment of a bridge in His Lordship's park, where two of the victims lie. Other evidence brought forward at the same time seems in some measure to corroborate this man's statement.

All that the counsel for the prosecution required was leave to remove that stone, and see if Barnett's statement was really founded on fact. This permission Mr. Jones, on behalf of Lord Leigh, refused, on the pretence that the proposed search would disclose nothing, and that if one portion of the bridge were removed, the complainants would then require the destruction of the whole edifice, followed by that of the Abbey itself, and every building on the estate, before they were satisfied. As well might Mr. Jones say to a creditor, "I shall not pay you your account; for if I do, you will then require my income for the year, then for the year next ensuing, and finally my whole property."

As to the search, if permitted to take place, ending in the total demolition of every building on the estate, that is mere nonsense; were the bodies not found on the spot pointed out, the man Barnett's accusation would probably fall to the ground. But supposing that it did not, we should say that any man, with the least spark of honourable sensitiveness in his breast, would rather see every stone from his hearth rooted up and grass growing in its place than suffer such a foul aspersion to rest for an instant on his name.

Mr. Adderley, M.P., Lord Leigh's ~~accusation~~, with several other persons present, seemed, by the unbecoming levity of their behaviour, for which they were deservedly reproved by Mr. Pollock, to treat with contempt any idea that it was possible for a lord to be a murderer. Without in the least desiring to say aught in condemnation of Lord Leigh, or to refuse to a nobleman the right enjoyed by the poorest prisoner, of being supposed innocent until proved guilty, we would merely remind Mr. Adderley, that, if he is at all acquainted with history, he will not fail to recollect that some of the most atrocious crimes ever known were those perpetrated by noble, nay more, royal hands; and that the lordly and regal purple has often attained a still deeper hue from blood.

Although the magistrates—acting upon some principle which it is utterly beyond our power to understand—have dismissed the matter, the Secretary of State is bound to take it up; by so doing, at the same time that he fulfils a duty towards the public, he will be conferring a positive boon on Lord Leigh himself, by proving, if such be the case, the calumnious nature of the charge preferred against him.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.—The *Observer* says that two gentlemen, in the pay of Government, "assisted" at the demise of the National Assembly. There was no need of this; it would have died a natural death without their "assistance."



A CONSOLATION.

After all it is consoling to hear the Whigs talk so much nonsense, for it is well known that they never do what they say.

PARLIAMENTARY WANDERINGS.

In a speech which had for its theme Mr. Hudson, Sir R. Inglis referred to the "aristocracy of talent." When will hon. members break themselves of the practice of lugging in topics which have nothing to do with the subject of their discourse?

AN ORATOR ABROAD.

It was stated in the House of Commons the other night, that there was a great deal of discontent abroad. The speaker in one sense went too far, for there is plenty of discontent at home.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.

The *Musical World* critics pride themselves on having "good ears" for music. We think them a great deal too long!

WHY METTERNICH HAS LIVED SO LONG.

As toads will live a hundred years in stone—
In a dark system nourished, he has grown!

HUMAN BURDENS.

The motion for an inquiry into the "burdens upon land" has not been made this session. This is lucky for the Irish landowners, as they would probably have been the first to be removed.

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.

Mr. James has given his new novel the second title of "Laurel Water"—we suppose because it's a potion nobody will swallow.

CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

Philosophers talk about the intimate connexion of cause with effect. In the present state of the law we see an equally close connexion between a "cause" and no "effects" whatever.

CHARTIST MOTIVES.

Most of the Chartist spouters have been exceedingly anxious to get into Parliament. The disappointed politicians seek their revenge in abuse, on the principle that, as they cannot serve their country in the senate, the best thing for them is to *serve it out*.

A BAD LOOK-OUT.

We fear that the Chartists will not be able to help Peel on the currency, for at present very few of them know "what a pound is."

A CONTRADICTION.

It has been falsely asserted that Mr. G. V. Brooke does not "go down" with the public. This is untrue. He "goes down" very much, and if not better supported will sink altogether in their estimation.

AN OBJECTION REMOVED.

It has been objected to universal suffrage, that its adoption would entitle numbers of ignorant persons to have votes. But is not ignorance even now represented in Parliament?

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

We have often heard of the very stones in the street almost rising up in indignation against an offender. They actually did so at Limerick, the "city of the violated"—head!

SMILE AGAIN, SIR ROBERT HARRY.

DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, BY THE RAILROAD KING TO SIR R. HARRY INGLIS.

AIR—"Smile again, my bonnie lassie."

SMILE again, Sir Robert Harry,

Harry, smile again;

Prithee do not scold, sweet Harry,

In that awful strain.

If to speak, when half seas over,

Be a fault in me,

Thus to cut me down, like clover,

Is not kind in thee.

Oh, smile again, Sir Robert Harry,

Harry, smile again;

Oh, smile again, Sir Robert Harry,

Prithee smile again.

Hear me tell, Sir Robert Harry,

Harry, hear me tell,

What I'll keep, Sir Robert Harry,

Scrupulously well:

If again I tittle ever

With some kindred sprite,

Rest assured, while drunk, I'll never

Come into your sight.

Then smile again, &c.

AURIOL IN PRIVATE LIFE.

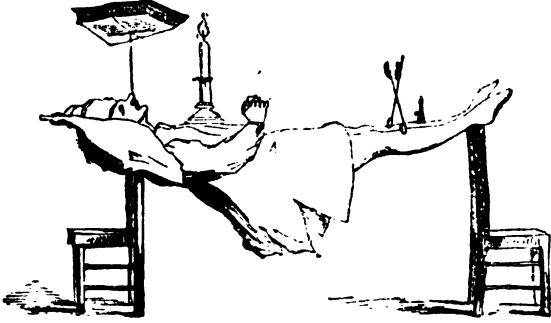
THE private life of public characters is a matter which has excited our interest from the earliest infancy, and even now we are often visited by strong desires to ascertain how a tragic actress looks in curl papers, whether Wright always wears clothes warranted not to fit him, and how many pints of cold water are consumed in the course of the day by Paul Bedford, &c., &c. We have felt a similar interest in the habits, more or less domestic, of political men, and may safely say that most of our readers have experienced sentiments akin to our own. Who has not pictured to himself Sir Robert Peel sitting in his study in Whitehall Gardens, examining with a microscope a sovereign which is on the table before him, and over and anon exclaiming, "What is a pound?" Again, every one must have imagined Lord John Russell reflecting, after measures have been taken by his tailor, as to the manner in which they shall be carried out, and hesitating, with his usual indecision, "whether" (to use the expression of a friendly publication) "checks or stripes is nobbiest." Of course Mr. Brotherton appears to the "mind's eye" packing all his family off to bed at half-past eight o'clock; while Mr. Spooner is depicted by the same optic lying in bed during the whole of Sunday for fear of breaking the Sabbath—a crime which would, of course, be effectually committed were he to put any of his clothes on. Perhaps, also, some sort of curiosity may have been felt as to how the SHOWMAN passes his days and nights; whether he has the habits of any country in particular, or, in his character of cosmopolite, by turns adopts those of each—at breakfast sipping the coffee of Mocha, at dinner employing the talents of the French cook, the Swiss pastry-cook, and the Italian confectioner; drinking like an Englishman, marrying like a Turk, and smoking like both of them put together.

But has any one ever thought of Auriol in private life? Has any one ever considered whether the eccentric clown of the *Cirque Olympique* is a different being to what he appears on the stage, or whether he in fact indulges in the same preposterous postures and antipodean attitudes which characterize the "disjointed" performances that have gained him so much celebrity both in London and Paris? The latter supposition would be the correct one, as our readers shall be convinced. Auriol, when at home, puts himself into a variety of positions, which, strange to say, are *not* attended by excruciating pain; and, in fine, applies his limbs (as on the stage) to purposes for which Nature certainly never intended them.

In fact, Auriol has conquered Nature. Nature gave Auriol arms for certain objects: Auriol thinks fit to use them as legs. Nature endowed Auriol with a head:

Auriol thinks proper to stand upon it, at the same time elevating his legs to the position intended for his *caput*.

But perhaps Auriol has been the victim of a base deception, practised upon him by his parents. We all know



that the ingenious Mavor, in his spelling-book, gives much valuable information to the youthful student, to the effect that eyes are intended to see with, ears to hear with, &c. &c. Now our friend Auriol has evidently suffered from false tuition. *He*, poor man, never knew



the real use of legs; and if—which we scarcely believe—Auriol actually sees with his eyes, and hears with his ears, it is merely the happy result of inattention to his instructors. We may, at some future period, present our readers with a copy of Auriol's Instruction Book, in which, we have no doubt, will be found such questions and answers as—

Q. What is the head for? *A.* To stand upon.
Q. What are arms for? *A.* To walk with.



Perhaps some of our readers may disbelieve our assertion as to Auriol's domestic peculiarities. In return, we beg to say that we have seen him at his private residence, and that the whole of the cuts in the present article were taken on the spot, and on a wood-block, by an eminent R.A. who accompanied us; they have, moreover, met with the approbation of the great original (and if ever an original existed it is certainly Auriol), who was pleased to observe that the attitudes were, above all, characterized by their extreme naturalness. The PUPPET-SHOW reading public will have been enabled, from the preceding illustrations, to acquire some idea of Auriol's

private peculiarities. And here we are reminded that a certain author remarks in a certain book, that the person who throws light upon the true character and habits of great men, confers an inestimable benefit on society. The public are, then, the SHOWMAN's debtors to a considerable extent; and, in order to increase the debt (which, by-the-by, as it consists of gratitude alone will of course never be paid),



we hasten to offer a representation of Auriol as he appeared when receiving a letter of self-introduction from the SHOWMAN, at the hands of his black page. On the SHOWMAN, together with his

artistic friend, making their appearance, they discovered Auriol in the subjoined position, and, as was at first imagined, undergoing penance. However, as his face wore a pleasing expression, and the paper in his hand was not the *Daily News*, it became evident that the supposition was wrong, and that Auriol was, in fact, "skipping over the pages" for amusement. On discovering who his distinguished visitor and his distinguished visitor's friend really were, M. Auriol received them in the most gracious



manner, and in an attitude which (one would have thought) must have been dictated by civility rather than convenience. The conversation which passed between the greatest wit of the press and the greatest wit of the stage, was, of course, of the—but the SHOWMAN's aversion to self-praise is well-known; and he therefore contents himself with prophesying that when Auriol shall be a mummy, and even the PUPPET-SHOW shall have ceased to exist, the dialogue which took place between the SHOWMAN and his esteemed but eccentric friend, will be remembered as if but an affair of the previous day.



THE MODERN THETIS.



LORD MORPETH, in the character of THETIS, subjects his young bantling the HEALTH OF TOWNS BILL (ACHILLES) to the ordeal of the STYX—that is, the parliamentary STRICKS; but having left out the heel—viz. London—his offspring is vulnerable in this part to the attacks of every parliamentary Paris.

ANCESTRAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHOWMAN, in his perusal of the daily papers, has lately observed the increasing frequency of a circumstance which has afforded him matter for much thought.

He alludes to the practice of giving, in the announcements of marriages, a kind of short genealogical tree—an ancestral stump, as it were—of the bride and bridegroom. For instance:—"May 5. Andrew Smithers, Esq., nephew of Sir G. Magsman, to Arabella, eldest daughter of J. Volpers, Esq., and grand daughter of the late Viscount Dummy, of Dummy Hall, Yorkshire."

One thing, though, has always struck the SHOWMAN; he has never by any chance seen an announcement anything like the following:—"May 4. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Augustus Logger, Esq., of Railroad Castle, Derbyshire, and grandson of Jem Logger, bone-picker, formerly of Saffron Hill, to Eliza Anna, youngest daughter of William Pugfield, Esq., of Harley Street, and distantly related, by her mother's side, to Robert Pugfield, many years errand boy in Day and Martin's blacking establishment, High Holborn."

Is it possible that Pride has aught to do with the style of these announcements?

VERY NATURAL.—Smith O'Brien never alludes to the accident that befel his head at Limerick. We believe the reason is because it's a sore subject.

MODERN BOBADILS.—In Mantua it appears that the Austrians, who are pressed for provisions, supply the want of salt by the use of gunpowder in their food. This is fire-eating with a vengeance.

Q. Why is a lighterman like a diplomatist?

A. Because he has always to do with craft.

TOUCHING THE "SPANISH."—People have wondered at the great attention lately paid by the House of Commons to Spanish matters. Every one ought to know that the Spanish is the only subject in which the ministers really take a profound interest.

A FRAGMENT FROM TOM MOORE.

Oh! ne'er be my rooms with such rank odours filled
As that in which brandy so lately we swilled;
You may scour, and may air it, as long as you will,
But the scent of tobacco will hang by it still!

HEROD OUT-HERODD.—We beg leave to call the attention of the *Musical World* to the fact that of all the fast men it so admires, not one approaches Lord Palmerston; for whose "despatch" can in the most remote degree be compared to that for which his Lordship has lately obtained so much celebrity?

AN EXEMPLARY PARSON.

THE Reverend Hugh Stowell, who, as one of the noisiest, passes of course for one of the most eminent of the Protestant Association, gave vent at the last assembly to an opinion so absurd that we do not expect to see it matched even at the next meeting. He said, "That if Christianity were nothing else than Popery, he would become an infidel himself to-morrow." Now, though we readily admit that it is not of the slightest importance whether he turn Turk, or worship Mumbo Jumbo, this very evening, it is nevertheless worth while to look this absurdity in the face. Here is a clergyman of a church which claims apostolical succession through and by the Church of Rome, coolly telling a religious assembly that he would rather be an infidel than belong to it. And, mark again, this said Church of Rome holds, in common with the church of this clergyman, the great fundamental doctrines of the Trinity and the Redemption—and yet he would prefer rejecting these—denying God and the Saviour *in toto*—to joining it, for no other reason than that he does not approve of some minor matters of belief!

"Thorough bigotry, or nothing at all," is the Rev. Hugh Stowell's motto. If the Bishop of London is not too busy among Greek particles, we would recommend him to look to this reverend gentleman, whose conduct lessens our surprise at the daily increasing strength of the opinion, that ministers of his class can neither reason for themselves nor feel for other



EDITOR'S BOX.

LAST week an abortive attempt was made on the part of Madame Viardot Garcia to displace Jenny Lind from the high position which she still holds as the best living representative of *Amina*. In the first place, Garcia's representation of the character was far inferior to that of the Swedish lady: her gestures and manners had not the remotest resemblance to those of a peasant girl; there was no simplicity, except the simplicity of affectation; her smiles were leers, and her coquettishness was something more than that of a mere flirt. In the bed-room scene, every point that could have been "made" was neglected, and the vocalist, during the performance of the air sung in her sleep, almost sent the audience into the very state which she was simulating. Nevertheless, if it be true that "all's well that ends well," it must be acknowledged that Madame Garcia is an incomparable *Amina*, for a greater display of brilliancy united with feeling than was exhibited in her *finale* it would be impossible to conceive. Her execution was superior to Lind's, and equal to Persiani's—her passion was more intense than that of either. With regard to Madame Garcia's singing in the early part of the opera, we must observe that it was occasionally marked by a false intonation that could only be attributed to nervousness, and always by an intelligence and taste which proved her to be an artist of the highest order. However, her great triumph was in the *finale*, and it may be safely asserted that, whatever may be the general merits of Jenny Lind, Garcia certainly beat her in the end.

There is a story, which, like the PUPPET-SHOW, is circulating largely, to the effect that *Lola Montes* was withdrawn from the Haymarket Theatre by command of the Chamberlain, who had been requested by Sir R. Peel, who had been requested by his son, who had been requested by *Lola Montes* herself, to shield her from the grins of a generous British public. If this line of conduct be pursued again, the Puppet who licenses, or rather who refuses to license, dramatic performances shall be fully exposed. Otherwise we shall soon have Lord John Russell calling upon the Chamberlain to withhold his consent from any burlesque which may contain jokes directed against the Whig government, and nothing will in fact remain but a host of "pointless performances" such as the SHOWMAN especially delights to "pull to pieces."

At the Princess's the stock pieces are third-rate translations of second-rate French dramas (the bills call them "*comic dramas*"), the ballet of *Emeralda* exceedingly well produced, with, occasionally, the *Nightingale* for the charming Madame Thillon, and the disagreeable Mr. Barker. The *Crown Diamonds* will shortly be represented, Allen being the tenor.

A WORD WITH COSTA.

THE directors of the Royal Italian Opera have departed, in numerous instances, from the promise with which they started, viz., that of representing operas in an entire state. If the management continues to produce works in a mutilated condition, we shall begin to fancy that the establishment was organized for a more "imperfect representation of the lyrical drama" than had hitherto been attained, even in England, and not with the contrary object, as the prospectus stated. We have just the same liking for a statue with its nose broken off, or a book with its most important pages torn out, as for an opera with some of the principal music omitted. We have a decided weakness for forming an opinion from a complete work,

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

THE following awards of prizes were recently made:

For a "plant" of huge size, cultivated at O'Connorville, a brass medal to Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M.P.

For bringing up a toadstool, a pint of porter to the parent of Mr. Mitchell.

For producing an enormous fungus, two pence half-penny to the author of "Satan, a Poem."

For raising mushrooms, a fourpenny bit to the patrons of the Hudson family.

For a large growth of whiskers, a penny (paper currency) to Mr. Muntz.

For the deadly night-shade, a farthing to the inventor of the Camphine Lamp.

For a "pink of perfection" (the PUPPET-SHOW), a gold medal to the SHOWMAN.

We did not observe anybody among the company present, and don't know what the band played, neither do we recollect what sort of weather it was.

THE LAST MAN.

NOT AT ALL AFTER CAMPBELL'S POEM OF THE SAME NAME, SAVE IN POINT OF TIME.

WITHIN the Albion Coffee-room the clock,
With drowsy hands, points unto half-past two;
The din that mostly in the place is heard—
The orders issued by the hungry guests
For oysters, kidneys, chops, and pints of stout,
Together with the active waiter's cry
Of "Yes, sir—coming, sir," varied at times
With "Money—Number ten," or "eight," or "nine"—
All, all is buried in the Grave of Silence.

The outer door that leads into the street
Is long since locked—the customers are gone,
Save and except one Solitary Man
Who had come in exactly at the time
All others were departing. There he sits
In lonely grandeur. He has just concluded
His scallop'd oysters and his glass of stout;
And now he calls out—"Waiter." At the word
A being with a tie that's meant for white,
And slipshod pumps, and napkin under arm,
Hastes to the box, responsive; on his lips
Sits the word "Pay"—a young and new-fledg'd bird,
All eager for its flight; but ere 't has time
To try its virgin pinions on the air,
The Last Man, with a mouth half-full of bread,
Orders "a rabbit." Hearing this, the waiter,
Who thought the Lonely One about to go,
Creeps wearily to the revolving cupboard,
And down the op'ning halloas his commands.

In course of time the rabbit's done and eaten,
But still the Man remains, and, looking round,
Calls for a "go of gin and a cigar."
The waiter brings them, and, with humble voice,
Says to his customer "'T is wery late;
You 'll not be long, sir!" With a fishy eye
The latter looks at his interlocutor
And nods his head, still smoking as before,
And seemingly regardless of the fact
That it is now past three.

In the first box
The nearest to the door in Russell Street,
Over a table on the which are ranged
All that the house can boast of cruet-stands,
Two other waiters sit, intently counting
The halfpence given for their private use:
Our old acquaintance casts a listless glance
Upon his fellows, then across the room
Proceeds unto the box just opposite
The one we here have named—stoops down, and feels
Beneath the bench, extracting straightway thence
A pair of boots; but soft! they are not those
He sought for. But what matters that to him?
He puts them on, observing as he does so,
"Them boots a'n't mine; they 're Sanders'; he has left
His in mistake, I reckon."

Now, once more
He sallies forth to where the Last Man sits,
Describing round him circles, each one less
Than was the former—then, at last, he takes
His napkin from his arm, and wipes away
From off the table, with a ling'ring hand,
The crumbs that are not there, and but exist
On the mahogany of his tir'd brain—

And yet the Last Man sits unmov'd, nor thinks
Of the poor waiter's little ones and wife,
Who, in some wretched court near Drury Lane,
Do not await their sire and husband dear,
Respectively, but sleep

In sweet indifference as to the time
He may return. Still, still the Last Man tarries,
And even says, "Bring me some more cigars!"
This is too much for one of flesh and blood.
With look of withering scorn the waiter says,
"Perhaps you'd like a bed, sir; if it be so,
They're all up stairs. We do not keep them here!"
The Last Man casts again his fishy eye—
The certain sign of previous and much drink—
Upon the speaker: We are not aware
Whether he took the hint or no. We rather
Believe he did not; but as now the gas
Was all turn'd down, and darkness reign'd triumphant,
He paid his reck'ning, took his hat, and went.

A PUFF FOR OLD NESTOR.—After all, we may fairly say (and we are sure Soyer will agree with us) that it was the Pylian "sage" that dressed the Trojan goose!

TOO TRUE.—At a meeting in the North, a Chartist orator observed to his brethren of the six points, "We must search after Truth." If, as we learn from the fable, Truth be at the bottom of a well, the speaker and his auditors would have been greatly benefited by a dive after it, even supposing they got nothing beyond a washing.

"SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION"—An absence of brandy-and-water.

CRITICS AND BOOTS.—The writer of a critique in the *John Bull*, on Miss Martineau's work on the East, is very sarcastic about that lady's laced boots. Let him take care that she does not turn round some fine morning and give him a lacing as well as her boots.

A DULL SUBJECT.

THE writer of the articles in the *Musical World* against the "fast" school of literature (who signs his productions Rosybug, or Rosinbug, or some such word, whose real name, however, is said to be Jenkins, but whom we have good reason for believing is no less stupid a person than our Discharged Contributor), has, with a view of keeping up his character for slowness, already suffered a fortnight to elapse without producing his threatened smashing article on one of the leading light literature authors of the day. The same eager desire to be thought "slow" has also prevented him from replying to our inquiry, made upwards of three weeks since, as to the meaning of the line—

"Love springeth fledged and full-grown from thy tongue."

He has, however, amused himself in the interval by trying to make a joke, which, as it is directed against ourselves, we give the benefit of a circulation more than a thousand times as extensive as that it has already met with in the columns of the *Musical World*. The joke is as follows:—"A stupid periodical—The Puppet-Show." The writer of this pungent definition has no sooner penned it than, doubting his success, he exclaims, "If this be fun, then there is an end of dullness." This exclamation was in all probability never intended to be printed, but was merely a mental observation generated in the author's brain during one of those lucid intervals we will charitably suppose him to be occasionally blessed with, and was given by him to the printer on his return to his habitual insane state. Although we are disposed to acknowledge the general truth of his observation, that if this weak attempt of his at a joke be fun, then there is an end of dullness—still, we cannot admit that dullness can be considered altogether at an end until the *Musical World* shall have ceased to exist. Our readers, however, will be glad to learn that there is some chance of this, as the last number contains an earnest appeal to the subscribers to pay their subscriptions—in advance.

ON SELF-LOVE,

OR THE FONDNESS OF PEOPLE FOR THEIR OWN PORTRAITS.

THE Royal Academy again exhibits to the gaze of an admiring public an interminable succession of daubs, designated in the catalogue as "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Portrait of a Lady," "Mrs. Martha Firkin of Clapham Rise," or "J. Broadcloth, Esq. of Bradford, Yorkshire." Now it is rather too much of a good joke, after one has seen Mrs. Firkin's phiz for the last three or four years at every flower-show, fancy-fair, or race-course, to behold it staring you out of countenance from the walls of the National Gallery; and, however natural



it may be for the Hon. Augustus Addlehead to have himself pourtrayed exactly as he looked when attached



depicted among his retorts and crucibles, thinking of some new discovery that is to immortalize his name; or Mr.



Blockedde, M.P. for Snugborough, thinking of nothing in particular, it is rather a stretch of the imagination to suppose that these productions, however striking, can possess any overwhelming interest for the casual spectator.

The SHOWMAN is not an unreasonable being. When invited out to dinner he does not require his host to take down for the day the portrait of himself and wife, or the sketch of Master Henry on his pony, or Miss Emily with her pet lamb; he classes these things amongst numerous other unavoidable social nuisances, and gulps them down with his Amphytrion's bad port, his hostess's bad music, and the introduction of the children with the dessert. But further than this his tolerance does not extend; and he therefore deprecates, and always will do so, to the utmost of his power, the fashion of gracing, or rather disgracing, the walls of the Royal Academy with a set of dull unmeaning visages, which but occupy the space that should be dedicated to something at least possessed of the merit of being interesting.

PARLIAMENTARY COMPLIMENTS.—About a week since, Mr. Brotherton assured the Railway King in parliamentary language that his (Hudson's, not Brotherton's) views were absurd, and himself (Hudson, not Brotherton) intoxicated. If this style of compliment should become fashionable in the House of Commons, we beg to suggest that it be delivered in a form similar to the following:—"The hon. member's views are so absurd that they can never be carried out, and the hon. member is so drunk that the sooner he is carried out the better."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A STUDENT.—"We do not know where the cube root grows. VIRIDIS.—"Where can I enlist in the army?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth"—so try Sheerness.

A DOWNY ONE.—The so-called "Spring" hats derive their appellation from a certain ingenious piece of mechanism, by which their owners can fold them up, and *not* because, like a certain kind of radishes or onions, they have aught in common with any particular season of the year.

ONE OF THE PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—Douglas Jerrold is not necessarily a Roman Catholic because he's a friend of the "masses!"

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVEN, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

to the embassy at Dresden; or Professor Oxygen to be

Stern Proprietor of Commerce House—So, MR. SMITH, that's THE COSTUME YOU'RE GOING TO YOUR UNCLE'S FUNERAL IN."

HINTS TO IRISH JURORS.

WE have lately received an additional proof of Irish fondness for brawls, from the fact that even juries cannot be found to agree, which has sadly hampered the Government officials. The effect of the system is, that the guilt or innocence of the prisoners is of no importance in an Irish trial, the result of which depends solely on the physical capabilities of the jurors, or their powers of doing without food or rest—powers which we may naturally suppose best developed in such of them as have been most familiar with beggary and imprisonment.

It is a melancholy thing to see justice sacrificed for want of a sandwich, and crime triumphant owing to an absence of beer. We would, therefore, advise every honest man who may be disposed to decide fairly, to make elaborate preparation before entering the jury-box. In order to be prepared for fatigue, he should retire early the previous night, so as to get twelve hours' sleep; breakfast on rump-steaks, hard-boiled eggs, and stout; and, if possible, smuggle on his person some sandwiches and a bladder filled with grog. He will thus be able to win the day even if standing alone in his opinion, and to carry out the principles of his heart by the aid of his stomach.

Such is the blessed state that Ireland is coming to—perfect millennium of humbug—that we do not despair of seeing the art of holding out to the last reduced to a system, and the counsel addressing the juries as the most abstemious, the least hungry, the most bony and sinewy men they ever had the honour, &c., &c. In fact, the hunger of the honest juror will be the patriot's opportunity. We wonder Sibthorpe does not propose to insist on administering emetics to the jurors before they enter the court. If they only swallowed them as readily as they do the oath, it would alter the system; but if these objectionable symptoms continue much longer, it will be necessary to purge the Constitution.

MUSICAL CRITICISM BY JOHN KETCH, Esq.

It has recently come to the knowledge of the SHOWMAN, that the flunky reporter of a fashionable paper, not long ago, gave a ticket of admission to the Opera, on a Lind night, to the Common Hangman, in order to conciliate the good will of that functionary. Something like the following dialogue took place soon after the visit:—

MUD-LARK (*log.*) Well, Cally, did you see Jenny Lind?
HANGMAN. Didn't I! How she sings. Crikey, what a wind-pipe to scrag!

MUD-LARK (*sympathising*). Ah!

PHILANTHROPY—A FRAGMENT.

Mr. Smith (*meeting Sir G. Claptrap*). Ah! Sir George, I am glad I have met you; I was just going to your house. You've heard, no doubt, of our "Fund for the Relief of—"

Sir G. Claptrap. Of course. I see you're named Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. Smith. We counted upon you. We knew your humane, charitable, benevolent disposition—your open ear and generous heart—and thought that on an occasion like the present—

Sir G. Claptrap. You flatter me. It is true I try to do all the good I can, because I hold—that is to say—it strikes me—ah—we are sent here to stretch forth the hand of pity—to hem—put me down for £20.

Mr. Smith (*running over names in pocket-book*). Lady Arabella Wither, £5 5s.; Miss Jackson, £2—hem—hem; Sir Joseph Baulker, £30—

Sir G. Claptrap. Baulker!

Mr. Smith (*smiling*). Beat you at the last election, you know, Sir George. You'll beat him at the next, though.

Sir G. Claptrap. Well—I don't know—Baulker's an able man; and if the electors believe he is better than I, of course the interest of the community is of more weight with me than my own. By-the-way, I think you may as well put me down for £40.

Mr. Smith. People may well say your charity is boundless.

Sir G. Claptrap. It would be so, perhaps, if my means were equal to my will; because I hold charity to be a duty imposed on each individual by every law—human and divine; he is bound to do all in his power—to—to.—By-the-bye, the list of subscribers will, of course, be advertised in all the papers? . .

THE EXILE OF ERIN;

OR, MITCHELL IN NORFOLK ISLAND.

(*A Libel on Campbell.*)

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his breeches was heavy and chill;
He thought of the days of his spouting and "beering,"
As he rattled his chains on the wind-beaten hill.
He looked towards the North with an air of devotion,
And thought of the very green isle of the ocean,
Which once he had put in such awful commotion
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go bragh!

"Sad is my fate," said the gray-coated stranger,
"My cousins the apes to their caverns can flee,
But I in a chain-gang of convicts must range here;
Repose or tobacco exist not for me;
Never again, in the snug little bar
Where my ancestors dwelt, shall I smoke the cigar,
Or cheer on the rabble of Dublin to war
By bawling and roaring out Erin-go-bragh!"



BREAK-UP OF THE WHIGS.

THE body politic of the Whig party is grievously sick. Its heart is nearly gone, and the brain (represented by Mr. Macaulay) entirely so; while even the lungs, its most perfect portion (represented by Russell, Grey, &c.), are violently affected. In plain language, the Government is breaking-up; for without Macaulay it will be as helpless as a goose without wings, and as ugly as a peacock shorn of its brilliant tail. That the eminent orator and writer should leave it, is less remarkable than that he should ever have joined. The Whigs seldom get a great man's alliance, and never keep it. His superiority awes and abashes them; and they feel as awkward and ashamed of themselves in his company, as a man of four feet six does when walking in the street with a friend of six feet four. So they get rid of the alliance as soon as possible. Thus they quarrelled with Brougham, and thus they have parted with Macaulay. The reasons of this last step have not been submitted to the public officially, but the rumour appears perfectly correct, which asserts that Mr. Macaulay has withdrawn disgusted with the Government for making no efforts to get him a seat. They soon secured a borough for Hawes—a red-tape man of business habits—who speaks almost as seldom and never so sensibly as Balaam's ass; but took no trouble to give an opportunity to the first orator of the day to speak in the Senate of his country. So much for their judgment, their gratitude, and their taste—qualities not sufficiently developed in them to fit them for the Senate of Lilliput, even in a time of peace and plenty.

Whether the rumour mentioned above be correct or not, this fact admits of no doubt, that the retirement of Macaulay will be more injurious than a dozen defeats in the House. Already the old symptoms of approaching Whig dissolution are manifesting themselves. They "babble o' fat places," and are appointing their friends, right and left, to posts of lucre and laziness; seizing what they can before their exit, as gipsies collect their kettles and fragments before departing from a common. Some fine (quarter) day they will wind up their political accounts, declare their stock of statesmanship exhausted, and their schedule of bad measures will be filed for the ridicule of posterity. Who does not see the shadow of Peel in his blue coat stealing over the mirror of the future?



A NATURAL RESULT.

Mr. Cochrane has been taunted with being inconsistent. How can consistency be expected from anything so soft?

VERY PLAIN.

M. Albert, on being arrested, could scarcely walk, while his features were so distorted that he was hardly recognisable. This was but natural; the failure of his treasonable plan must necessarily put him much out of countenance.

OBVIOUS.

Little Louis Blanc, we see, stands on a stool in the tribune. We presume this is the celebrated "stool of repentance" of which we hear occasionally.

ANOTHER DIG AT LOUIS BLANC.

Louis the Little was carried on a tray (like a pint of porter) some time ago by his admirers. We wonder he chose the "tray," as he generally prefers playing the "deuce!"

TOO TRUE.

A gentleman who writes for the *Musical World* has been taunted with "contributing to our national disgrace!"

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

A young man whose want of punctuality is proverbial has just refused a lucrative government situation, from a feeling that he could not keep an appointment.

A RUNNING COMMENTARY.

Some of the more moderate Irish assert that Mr. Mitchell's patriotism outruns his discretion. We should say, bearing in mind the speed he showed in his flight at Limerick, that his legs outran both.

NOT QUITE SO AGREEABLE.

The Irish clubs show, by the precision with which they march through the streets of Dublin, that they have been most carefully drilled; we think, however, that in case of a conflict with the troops they stand a good chance of being drilled in a still more effectual manner.

A HAPPY RELEASE.

M. Barbès proposed the imposition of a tax of one thousand millions of francs upon the respectable classes. Luckily, the latter have not only been delivered from this, but also from a still greater imposition, the Communist doctrines of M. Barbès himself.

VERY SAVAGE.

In an address to the farmers of Ulster, Mr. Mitchell says in a triumphant strain that he has just received another proof of his popularity, in the tramp of 10,000 armed men before his prison windows. His adversaries observe that there is nothing either extraordinary or new in Mr. Mitchell's being supported by a tramp.

THE LOWEST DEPTH.

The Sappers and Miners are likely to be engaged for a considerable time in taking the levels of London, for as yet they have found it very difficult to reduce their scale to the level of the understandings of the civic corporation.

A DIFFERENT THING.

A paper surprised us the other day by stating that Feargus O'Connor had been shooting game on the National Land. We expected (considering the state of the Chartist exchequer) to have heard that he had been shooting the moon.

A REPORT.

There is one thing which the Government has much more reason to fear than any discharge of the boasted rifles of the clubs; it is, as in Meagher and O'Brien's case, the discharge of the jury.

THE "FAST MAN" AT THE LYCEUM.

"The Fast Man" is the title of a production that has lately seen the day, or rather evening, on the boards of the Lyceum. After having sat out the first representation, the only hope we had left of the author's sanity was founded on the fact of his calling this abortion of his brain a "piece of folly," for really and truly such a piece of folly we never saw in our whole life. The fun consists in Mr. Stunner playing upon the horn, smashing skylights, and talking slang. All this may be very beneficial to Mr. Stunners's friend Mr. Slowcoach perhaps, but we very much doubt whether it will prove so to the treasury.

Calumny, which is always on the watch, has assigned the authorship of this miserable attempt to a literary gentleman whose name has gained some celebrity. The gentleman alluded to may certainly at times write things not entirely worthy of him, but we deem it impossible he could be so totally devoid of all talent as to perpetrate such an enormity as the "Fast Man," and we strongly advise him to prosecute the authors of the above reports for libel.

Some of the papers say that when the management has cut the piece a little it will play very well; we advise the management (in confidence) to cut it altogether.

EXETER-HALL CONFESSIO OF FAITH.

THERE is a future state of rewards and punishments. All those who subscribe to the Protestant Association, and take tickets for the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, will go to heaven; all the rest of the world (including all past generations) will go to hell. The devil is a Chartist, supports the Sanitary Movement, admires the French Revolution, and mixes in bad society. He is perpetually moving about the world for the purpose of tempting persons to mix familiarly with their superiors, to go to the Adelphi Theatre, and to drink porter when thirsty; all which amusements (except when practised by the elect) are deadly sins. All Roman Catholics are men of bad character; the cardinals are pickpockets; the priests are always murdering people for their wealth; and the nuns perpetually guilty of incontinence and infanticide. All Roman Catholics worship milestones and the images that the Italian boys carry about the streets. Holy water is a contemptible superstition; there is no water holy except *eau-de-Cologne*, which the religious use on their handkerchiefs when attending the holy meetings at Exeter Hall.

THE CHINESE JUNK.

ONE of the SHOWMAN'S contributors recently paid a visit (the only thing he ever pays) to the Chinese Junk, at Blackwall. As everybody, however, can see the vessel for himself, we shall confine ourselves to publishing the *peculiar* information we have been able to acquire. The public will be glad to know that the Junk has been visited by literary men of all descriptions for professional purposes; and that numbers of works on China will be the result of the excursions of these ingenious gentlemen. Mr. Elliot Wibleton has already far advanced with the *Jingall and the Junk*, which will be published at an early period, containing a narrative of personal adventures in China; while Mr. Monkey Milles, M.P., has in preparation a volume of descriptive poetry, to be called *Tea-Leaves*. Brant will describe, in a sizeable tome, the *Great Chinese Metropolis*; and G. P. R. Jeames, Esq., will produce, in twenty-four hours' time, a novel in three volumes, to be called *Hang-Chi; or, the Mandarin's Daughter*. The "fast" writers have not been idle; and the *Natural History of the Mandarin*, a shilling book, may be shortly expected. Among other visitors to the Junk, that well-known individual Hobnail, *alias* the Mud-lark, of the *Fawning Ghost* daily paper, was conspicuous. The Mud-lark was magnificently attired. We are happy to state that he has resolved to patronise native productions alone, and strictly purchases corduroys of Manchester manufacture, and Bluchers from the Minories. The Mud-lark was pleased to express his admiration of the Junk to his friend and companion the Common Hangman, to whom, by the way, he had lately given a ticket to see Jenny Lind. "For," said the Mud-lark sensibly to himself, "I shan't get the hiaformation about them as is scragged unless I keeps in with Cally!" The two friends proceeded to town, and dined together in the tap-room of a low public house in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey.

THE DERBY.

EVERY medal has its reverse, and even success is attended by some disadvantages. If the PUPPET-SHOW had never attained its present extensive sale, there would have been no necessity for us going to press several weeks before the day of publication, and no prospect of being shortly compelled to prepare at Midsummer the number which it is intended to offer to the world at Christmas. Supposing that we were capable of predicting the



exact position of the horses for the Derby, all our talent would be thrown away on the public, who would fancy that we had actually made the prophecy after the occurrence of the fact; if we state point blank the name of the winner, we shall probably make a mistake; if we say nothing about the matter, we shall be thought heedless of what is going on, and shall find next week that the publisher has only disposed of nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand copies, instead of a million.

However, as it is evident that we cannot suit circumstances to ourselves, we must "do the other thing," as we once heard a fast man say, and suit ourselves to circumstances. As our civility is becoming proverbial, we must not forfeit our good reputation, and therefore reply in a courteous manner to the numerous correspondents who have written to ask us who will win the Derby, that we really don't know, though if we were to adopt the plan of the sporting newspapers and give publicity to six prophecies, each assigning the first place to three or four



different horses, we think that one of the four-and-twenty predictions would probably come true. We have also been subjected to some annoyance on the subject of the state of the odds, and after all, what are the odds so long as you're happy? However, if our readers really wish to know our opinion of the merits of the horses, we can only say that *Loadstone* certainly possesses some attraction, and that another safe horse to back will be *The Fiddler*, as one may reasonably expect to get a few notes out of him; the *Great Western* sounds well for speed, and a *Sheriff* is always expected to be in at the death. On the other hand, *Surplice*, being the favourite, has of course very little chance, and we know that *Nil Desperandum* will not be the winner, as we happened to draw that horse in a sweep and shall of course lose, although the name certainly suggests that nothing is to be despaired of, and consequently that something is to be hoped for.



BACKING A HORSE.

back a few horses with some of the office money. Doubtless the public wish to know the kind of beast which we shall select—certainly not such a one as is represented in the



accompanying cut, which is the portrait of the favourite as he is expected to appear after a course of surgical treatment from the men who have laid against him. By-the-bye, we strongly recommend in all cases of misconduct on the part of the jockey towards the horse, that the

rascal should be served out in the style which we once adopted upon seeing one of our race horses ill-used by



its rider. The wretch will shudder when he observes the spirited representation of the fact.

We think we may state, without fear of contradiction,

that there are many inconveniences attending the rapid acts of horsemanship which are performed on the race-course; and even hunting is sometimes accompanied by mishaps. For instance, the annexed cut does not present either horse or rider in a very enviable position; and we fancy a walk "across country" in search



of a fugitive horse cannot be productive of much gratification, except to the lookers on. It can be no consolation, when a horse has pitched you into a river, to feel assured that the animal is about to throw itself upon you in a state of despondency: nor can the properties of Gutta



Percha soles be much admired when they only serve to keep the feet dry by forcing the head under water.

In racing, one may be called upon to perform a feat which, however agreeable to view from the dress circle of Astley's,



would be decidedly displeasing if enacted by one's self on, or rather off, an untrained horse, when un-



prepared for it. Changing horses would also be an unpleasant proceeding when gone through in the manner illustrated in this cut.

It is a well-known fact that the actual races are—in spite of the pace that may be attained—looked upon as slow by many of the Fast Men who frequent them. They would feel better pleased with such a scene as is here represented, which actually occurred on a race-course, and formed one of the most extraordinary instances of emulation on record.





MITCHELL'S TILT AT THE POLITICAL QUINTAIN.

THE DELEGATE—AN ECLOGUE.

(AFTER COLLINS).

Scene—John Street. Time—Mid-day.

IN moody temper, through the crowded street,
The Chartist Pugsby toiled with weary feet;
An empty blue-bag in his hand he bore,
His breeches-pocket held but scanty store.
The day was hot—a public-house stood near,
But Pugsby could not spare the tin for beer.
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice slapped his corduroys, and thus began:—
“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way!”

“Ah! little thought I that to raise the wind,
In this great town, so hard a job I’d find!
Bethink thee, Pugsby, how wilt thou assuage,
When fails thy purse, thy landlord’s savage rage!
Soon must thy purse be empty as thy head—
Then where, O Pugsby, wilt thou look for bread?
Here tick is difficult, and duns are rough,
For London tradesmen all are up to snuff.
‘Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way!’

“Cursed be the vanity which can persuade
Weak men to take sedition as a trade;
The peaceful shop is better than the hall,
The kettle’s singing than the ‘patriot’s’ bawl.
Yet vanity can tempt us up to town,
For boys to chaff, and Peelers to put down.
‘Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When from my shop-board first I took my way.’

“Oh, cease my fears!—all frantic as I go,
(Like carter’s horse) I hear the sounds of wo (!!)
What if a special constable I meet,
Or rampant Peeler seize me on his beat?
O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Peggy will be most undone?
Big swelled my heart in parting with the maid,
When blubbing in the kitchen thus she said,
‘Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
And plummy Peggy’s heart implored in vain!’
Oh, let me safely to the fair return,
Wipe off her tears, and cut this here concern!”

He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When to his shop-board back he bent his way.

AN ADDENDUM.—The “most eminent (cockney) writers of the day” have been performing *Every Man in His Humour*. The title might have been rendered more correct by adding the words “and the audience out of humour.”

THE HEBREW PERSUASION.—The art of inducing you to feel thoroughly ashamed of what you thought a very good coat, and of prevailing on you to take two shillings and threepence for it, instead of one pound one, the sum you had fixed upon as its fair price.

“IF IR’S AND AN’S,” &c.—Narvaez certainly succeeds in exciting perfect hurricanes of popular indignation. He must regret that this manner of “raising the wind” brings nothing in the Treasury. In what a flourishing condition the shattered finances of Spain would soon be if it did.

A CURE FOR LOW WIT.—A week or two since we actually found a joke (as its author probably calls it) in the *Musical World*. It consisted of an expression of surprise that while so much was said about the Swedish Nightingale’s “jug, jug,” no one ever ventured to praise her “mug, mug.” If this system of personality without wit be allowed, we beg to suggest that perhaps some journal which, unlike the PUPPET-SHOW, has no objection to publishing hideous caricatures, may “fright” the *Musical World* “from its impropriety,” by presenting faithful portraits of the persons who contribute to that gentlemanly publication.

MEDICAL MARTYRS.

IN consequence of the question lately mooted as to whether Medical Students are or are not overworked, the SHOWMAN has thought it incumbent on him to make some inquiries on the subject. He has not, like the Committee of the House of Commons which has been sitting all the winter for the same purpose, examined the heads of the profession, but has gone for information to the persons most interested—to the students themselves.

Precisely at 12 o’clock, last Monday, the SHOWMAN took the chair in his office in Wellington Street, having Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Hudson on his right and left hand respectively.

Augustus Driver called in and examined, having been previously called out of a neighbouring public-house.

Thinks he *ought* to be a Medical Student, having been at the Middlesex Hospital for six years.

Is decidedly of opinion that Medical Students are overworked.

Has had his certificates refused for the last five years, simply because he only attended one out of every twenty lectures that were delivered.

Thinks this monstrous.

Wonders how lecturers can be so lost to all sense of propriety as to expect men to be at lectures at 9 o’clock, A.M.

Can see no other means of attending so early, save by absenting himself over-night from the Casino or Adelphi, which idea is preposterous and not to be entertained for one moment.

Is of opinion that post-boys, omnibus cabs, and linen-drappers’ assistants are not so fagged as he is.

Does not know the head Physician of the Hospital—to the best of his recollection has never seen him.

Has never been into the new Ward that was opened in 1847.

Does not read much at home.

Knows a good many fast men.

By Col. Sibthorpe.—*Fast* does not mean a clever or quick man—at least in a medical point of view.

Should think he *did* know Evans’s—

And the Albion.

Is partial to the ribbons; can’t quite manage four, but flatters himself he’s a dab at a tandem.

Lives by himself, and always has a latch-key—don’t think life is worth having without one: is of opinion that a latch-key ought to form a component part of every student’s case of instruments.

In reply to the question, What duty do you owe your neighbour?

Doesn’t owe his neighbour anything—tailor lives at the other end of the town.

By Mr. Hudson.—Thinks that the question, what will ultimately become of him if he go on in this way, irrelevant: has, however, no objection to state that he has hopes of marrying a bequest—means a young lady who has inherited from her uncle. In case his views should be frustrated in this quarter, begs to remind Mr. Hudson that he can still become a billiard-marker or a railroad director—has talent and brass enough for either occupation.

At this stage of the proceedings the SHOWMAN, being quite convinced that the work of medical students was such as would not turn a negro white from excessive perspiration, closed the examination, and the black boy the door upon the back of Student Driver, who immediately proceeded to the public-house before mentioned, to report the proceedings to a host of “overworked” companions.

THE LAST APPEAL (NOT BY FRANK STONE).

THE Editor of that ill-regulated publication the *Musical World*, informs the Fast Men, in an Answer to Correspondents, that a word to the wise is sufficient, but that the Fast Men, being unwise, require many words. We were glad to see this announcement, because the Editor will now perceive his error in classing us among the Fast Men, for the only words we require of him are merely those necessary to explain the meaning of the line

“Love springeth flegged and full grown from thy tongue.”

Perhaps, as we have asked for these nearly a dozen times already, he will favour us with them in his next number.

A COMPLIMENT REPUDIATED.—The *Musical World* says “the Pins and Needles of the PUPPET-SHOW are enough to sew up any publication.” There is some candour in this admission, considering that the *Musical World* is the only publication we have ever attempted to sew up; nevertheless, we shall not be diverted from our purpose by any such fulsome compliment.

A CHANCE FOR THE CLUB.

AN individual in the neighbourhood of Golden Square has the following inscription posted up in front of his house:—"The celebrated Prince of Wales' sauce." Now, on consideration of this, we are placed in a dilemma. By the words, "Celebrated Prince of Wales," he must, of course, allude to Edward the Black Prince; or, if we go to the extremest verge of probability, perhaps to Brummel's fat friend the Prince Regent. As for the present little boy who possesses the title, he has done nothing, either for good or evil, which can possibly entitle him to the epithet of "celebrated." If, however, we suppose the concocter of the inscription to intend that the word "celebrated" should qualify the substantive "sauce," then, indeed, the present owner of the three feathers may be meant. But here we come to another "fix." Is the said little boy such a gourmand that he already must have a particular sauce of his own? or does the word *sauce* imply something far different from what is generally understood by it? Were this the case, we should advise his being instantly packed off to the Whittington, where he might profit, with the members of that establishment, by the lectures on "Manners," which are sometimes delivered there.

OFT IN HIS PRESENT PLIGHT.

AIR—"Oft in the still night."

OFT in his present plight,
Now bolts and bars have bound him,
Calls Mitchell, with affright,
The late events around him:
His bragging talk of sharp pitchfork,
And words of pikes, too, spoken—
The boys who cheered, now disappeared—
The heads at Limerick broken.

When he remembers all
The facts thus linked together,
He feels uncommon small,
And aught but in full feather;
If all's confessed, he feareth lest,
By Jurors ill supported,
Their maws to stay, he perchance may
Be, after all, transported.

AN APPROPRIATE COMPLIMENT.—We understand that Professor Holloway will be shortly invited to take office, as being one of the principal pillars of the state.

AN ABSURD REASON.—It is said that the Government refuse to lower the duty on tobacco, from the mistaken idea that a rapid *consumption* would necessarily be accompanied by a corresponding *decline* in the revenue!

OBSERVATIONS ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

MR. SHOWMAN,

As I am aware that there are certain wiseacres, who, pretending to be above vulgar prejudices—by which they mean certain hearty old English ways of thinking—condemn the Alien Bill as uncalled for, I should feel obliged by your giving the following lines publicity in your columns.

Although all good and loyal subjects—by which I mean, of course, men who have got something to lose—concur, without exception, in praising the introduction of the Marquis of Lansdowne's Bill, they are far from knowing how thankful they ought to be for it.

Every thinking mind is perfectly convinced that the shoals of foreigners who lately came over were sent by the Provisional Government to subvert our constitution. But at such schemes as these we merely laugh, because it is an undisputed fact that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen any day. Seeing, however, all physical force was useless, the Provisional Government has now sent over a number of agents to work insidiously on our minds by artful sophistry and casuistical sleight-of-hand. The following instance, which happened to myself, will prove the truth of my statement.

A short time since I was introduced to a Frenchman of quiet, gentlemanly demeanour, and who seemed the most harmless person in the world. But the hoof soon showed itself. In

talking of the state of things in Paris, I took occasion to allude, in terms of censure, to the way the Parisians kept their shops open on Sundays. His defending this first raised my suspicions, and I determined to draw him out.

Would you believe it possible? He actually accused us of cant! Now every one of any sense knows that if there is a thing we detest in England it is cant. He then observed that persons who wanted to prevent railway trains from running, and steamboats from plying on a Sunday, would be the first to cry out if they did not receive their paper or their letters on Monday morning, although the said paper and letters had been printed and forwarded respectively on the day before. After a mass of more such rubbish, not worthy an answer, he concluded with the remark, that in London itself there were innumerable numbers of shops open on Sunday. That pastry-cooks, tobaccoconists, fruiterers, newsvenders, publicans, and, lastly, druggists, all retailed their wares on the day in question. Any reasonable man would have been silenced by my calling his attention to the fact, that though this was the case, only half the shutters were taken down. But this revolutionist, really and truly—I assure you of the fact, on my honour, and I enclose you my card—tried to turn the matter into ridicule, by saying that he had not before been aware there was so much virtue in a shutter; and that, on this principle, what would be a crime in another man would be none in you, Mr. SHOWMAN, because you wore a shade before one eye. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Why, the depravity of the man can only be equalled by his stupidity.

But however easily such flimsy sophistry is seen through by men of education like ourselves, it is calculated to pervert the minds of the lower orders, and, therefore, I not only deny that Lord Lansdowne's Bill is uncalled for, but I assert it is not half stringent enough for our wants. The Chartist and Radical party may cry out, but moderate men will never be contented until every frog-eating foreigner is turned neck and crop out of the kingdom. I am glad to see that a well-known humorous and intellectual periodical, above pandering to the vulgar tastes of the masses, advocated a few weeks since the same enlightened course.

In the hopes that these hasty observations may have some effect in drawing the attention of the legislature to the subject,

I remain your obedient servant,

A TRUE JOHN BULL.

DIRT CHEAP.—The *Daily News* complains of our making jokes at its expense. We never did so, although we admit having laughed at its alleged cheapness.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.—Why will most of the Papers insist upon robbing that oft-quoted word *Banlieue* of its fair proportions, and writing it *Banlieu*. Editors and others connected with the press, who are always so loudly complaining of being overworked, ought certainly to raise a public monument to the SHOWMAN, for thus pointing out a way by which, without losing in the slightest degree their importance or influence, by any neglect of their duty towards the public, they can still, in the strictest sense of the word, take their ease (e's).

GENERAL WRANGEL AN OBSTACLE TO GENERAL PEACE.

For Peace, the Germans and the Danes
Loudly profess they're of one mind;
How can this be, while Prussian troops
To Wrangel seem so much inclined?

A PLAIN STATEMENT.—The *Chronicle*, speaking of the junction of Venice and Genoa, says, it would take a great deal to unite these old political and commercial rivals in one state. Does not the *Chronicle* perceive that they are already united in one state, namely—a state of great embarrassment and danger?

STRONG EVIDENCE OF INCAPACITY.—M. Sobrier, who during the late insurrection in Paris held the seals of office for several hours, was nevertheless quite unable to produce good impression.

VESTIGES OF CREATION.—Knowing how much light is thrown by the theory of the author of the "Vestiges" on the physical history of the world, we have applied it to that well-known opaque body, the *Musical World*. We find that it was originally inhabited by some feeble creatures, who emitted noises, weak, but disagreeable. As development proceeded, their ears gradually grew longer, while their voices became more loud in proportion—symptoms still perceptibly on the increase.

THE CHARTIST PARLIAMENT.

(Concluding Proceedings.)

ORDER OF THE DAY.—A pot of half-and-half.



NOTICES OF MOTION.

MR. CUFFEY to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the cause of the deficient supply of Soap.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS to ask the Secretary of State (that was to be) why Journals and Books without character or ability won't pay!

MR. ERNEST JONES to call the attention of the House to the disgraceful fact, that, in a free country, Debtors are made to pay, and Humbugs are treated with contempt.

THE BUDGET.

The SPEAKER having taken the three-legged stool,



Mr. SHANDY GAFF resumed the adjourned debate. He said as how it appeared to him that the pecuniary affairs of the House resolved themselves into a very narrow compass (*a laugh*). He was not a-going to be laughed at in that 'ere House (*confusion*); there was no funds (*uproar*)—not a copper in the till—he meant the Exchequer!

An HON. MEMBER—Come to the point.

Mr. GAFF—You're another!

Several honourable members here rose together, and Mr. HORNBY PALM caught the Speaker's eye—and blackened it.

This was the signal for a *mêlée*.

(Left bawling.)

EPITAPH ON THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

(BY OUR OWN GRAVE-DIGGER.)

In usual cases, e'er the life has fled,
The body's odorous, but stinks when dead:
A different fate this Body does attend,
Stinking when living—dead, it don't offend!

OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR ONCE MORE.

THIS individual has lately adopted a new plan of operation. We had told him positively and once for all that, after our last number, no more of his lucubrations should ever find a place in our columns. Seeing that all the usual means had no effect on us, he determined to see if, like Achilles, we had not somewhere or other a vulnerable point. He knew the immense task our worthy publisher, Mr. Dover, has to supply the million readers of the PUPPET-SHOW fast enough. He calculated that for this, the greatest presence of mind must be necessary, and thought that if he could once disturb it he should effect his end. He accordingly went down to our Office last Monday week, and perpetrated one or two of his most atrocious jokes. The effect was instantaneous. Our publisher was laid up with headache the whole afternoon. Seeing the mischief he had produced, the unprincipled individual in question determined, with Machiavelian policy, to repeat the dose, and on being refused admittance to the Office, laid in wait until Mr. Dover went home to dine, when he joined him in the street, and in allusion to the shifts that the latter had been put to in order to avoid him, made some reference to the "Straits of Dover." Such a state of things could not continue; we have therefore made a treaty with this audacious personage to insert now and then one of his articles, on condition he never resorts to such measures again. To commence, we reluctantly present our readers with the following (awful) joke:—

"FUR-FETCHED."—Some one advertises in the *Times* for some rafts of fir timber which have floated from their moorings. It is more than probable that by this time the said timber is very *fur* indeed.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE SEEMS.—A young man has written to ask us whether he is justified in starting a cab on a chance which he possesses in a Derby Sweep of obtaining what the prospectus calls "a handsome competence for life."

NOTICE.

THE Sunday after next, being WITS' Sunday, the SHOWMAN hereby invites all the Contributors to the PUPPET-SHOW to a grand dinner, at his villa, on that day.

Dinner to be on the table at seven o'clock precisely; no one to be under the same before five minutes past twelve.



The Discharged Contributor is earnestly requested not to attend.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DES.—Plané ingratus videretur SHOWMAN ni viro doctissimo, qui nuper a sylvis Academi Cantabrigiensi scribens, errorem de sacrificio Iphigeniæ, in scriptis ejus monstravit, gratias ageret. In errorem illum incidit incaute SHOWMAN qui ferè non tam historicæ, quam leporis jocorumque, studiosus est.

J. C. will find a letter for him at the former address.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VISTRELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVER, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 12.

LONDON, JUNE 3, 1848.

ONE PENNY

RATHER PLEASANT.



PROFESSOR OF THE NOBLE ART, &c.—“ Now then, Sir, will you please to throw yourself into hattitude, while I puts numbers one, two, and three into you. Be pertickler in yer guards. I had the misfortune to give a gentleman of your size a mortal heavy blow this mornin' as stunn'd him for half an-hour !”

MISSING, from his palace at Vienna, AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN of weak intellects, known as the “Emperor of Austria.” When last seen he was in an ugly vehicle with two horses, and his wife, on the road to Innspruck. He is about five feet ten in height, with slanting forehead, grey eyes, and nose of more than ordinary dimensions; and was dressed in a military coat, buttoned up, with a broad riband and a star on that part of his breast which a few friends suppose contains his heart. Whoever will give such information as shall lead to his restoration to his disconsolate subjects, shall receive a liberal reward. *N.B.* Should this meet his eye, he is requested, at all events, to send back the key of the Treasury.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE.

A DIALOGUE.

I.

“ FRIEND of the People—if thy soul can see
The dawning splendours of futurity;
If to thy finer sense the truths are clear
Which we behold not, let their light appear.
Show us their outline; manifest to men
The far-off glories bidden from their ken :
Draw back the curtain, and our hearts shall know
What gloom we quit, and to what light we go !”

II.

“ Man of the People—Truth abides its time,
And rolls for ever in a track sublime ;
There is no mist or darkness on its way
But of man's placing ; an eternal day
Surrounds and follows it ; and if mine eyes
Can bear its blaze, and trace its symmetries,
Measure its distance, and its advent wait,
I am no prophet—I but calculate.”

III.

“ Friend of the People—when I look around
I see but sorrows cumbering the ground :
I see the poor made poorer by the law,
And rulers ruling not by love but awe.
I see the many, ignorant and bad,
Wretched and reckless, and my heart is sad.
The people suffer, and have suffered long ;
Where is the remedy to right the wrong ?”

IV.

“ Man of the People—sorrow makes thee blind
Look up through tears ; be hopeful for mankind
I weep not, nor deplore, for I behold
Of the new dawn the purple and the gold ;—
Error is mortal—even while I look
Its basements crumble ; knowledge opes a book
In which the child may read the social plan,
And how to remedy the wrongs of man.”

V.

“ Friend of the People—truth is slow to cast
Its lustre on us. Falsehood shrouds the past
And dims the present. Lo ! we fight and slay
While preaching peace. We hate, yet daily say
Blessed is Love. We are a fearful crowd :
We flatter wealth, we pander to the proud,
Laud the oppressor, and in tyrants trust.
When shall such evils pass, and men be just ?”

VI.

“ Man of the People—they shall surely pass.
Be faith in right thy telescopic glass,
And thou shalt see, e'en as I see, this hour,
War and oppression, hate and lust of power,

Dwindling and dying on the wiser earth,
Which learns to blush that e'er it gave them birth,
And LOVE and LABOUR pouring from their hands
Incessant plenty o'er the happy lands."

VII.

"Friend of the People—I would fain believe.
Doubt is a pang: but when I look, I grieve
At vast impediments. How shall we smite
The armies of the wrong, that war with right?
How shall we share, among the sons of toil,
That none may lack—the corn, the wine, the oil?
Must war ride rampant o'er the world again,
Ere Love be law and Misery cease to reign?"

VIII.

"Man of the People—not on swords and spears
Is the reliance of the coming years:
Not by the cannon's throat shall Truth proclaim
Its mighty mission—not with blood and flame
Inscribe its lessons in the book of Time;
Its strongest weapons shall be words sublime;
Its armies, thoughts; its banners, printed sheets;
Its captains, voices crying in the streets.

IX.

"The Earth is good, and bountiful, and fair:
Her choicest blessings are the destined share
Of all her children, who in love combine
Wisely to labour; this the law divine
Of the new era. Mighty thoughts have sprung
From the world's throbbing heart upon its tongue—
I see their triumph, and I join the cry.
Man of the People—watch! the hour is nigh."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Some idea may be formed of the present depressed state of affairs, from the startling fact, that on Thursday last Baron Rothschild could not get a Bill done, although drawn by Lord John Russell!!

A RIVAL TO TOM THUMB.—We see by the papers, that among the robberies at the Royal Academy has been that of a "bust of a man nine inches high."

INFAMOUS IF TRUE.—When Sir George Grey heard that the jury who sat on Meagher's trial could not agree in their decision, he facetiously observed that he never intended the verdict to be an agree-able one.

SINGULAR FOLLY.—Our Discharged Contributor lately applied to Edwin Landseer to go halves with him in a share in a Derby Sweep; "because," as he said, "Mr. Landseer always draws such excellent horses."

POLITICAL RUMOUR.—We understand that it is the intention of Government to prosecute Harrison Ainsworth for having stirred up certain "Lancashire Witches" to injure the public by potent spells, the effect of which is to superinduce nausea and dangerous and unnatural sleep. The Witches will (in conformity with ancient custom) be burnt forthwith.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Last March—on the 18th of which month the first number of the PUPPET-SHOW appeared.

THE BEST "SANATORY ACT."—The act of washing one's face.

THE BEST "TABLE OF DIET."—A dinner-table.

LOW DIET.—Bread and cheese and onions.

GOOD NEWS.—We are happy to be able to convey to all the admirers of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind the gratifying intelligence that they need not fear being unable to obtain seats, as was the case last year. At present all the "Vacancies"—for young gentlemen, and others—daily advertised in the columns of the *Times*, seem to have found their way into Her Majesty's Theatre, to the great comfort of the subscribers, who thus avoid the bore of being inconveniently crowded.

HUMILITY.—A FRAGMENT.

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—aw—my dear friend—I am glad you are content with the living. It's a pretty place—

Rev. Mr. Meek—Yes, my lord, charming—so quiet—so peaceful. Far away from the giddy world, we know none of the petty bickerings, the heart-burnings, the conventional distinctions which distract it; all is Christian peace and love. I am here, as I may say, like a shepherd with his flock.

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—aw—ye-a-s—I hear there's a very agreeable set down here.

Rev. Mr. Meek—Oh, yes—there's old Lady Giggles, and the Hon. Captain Chousem—and Dr. Miggins—brother-in-law to Sir Samuel Cringer, you know—

Lord Haut-Ton—Aw—ye-a-s—and (looking round, and pointing with his stick) who lives in that house?

Rev. Mr. Meek—Oh!—there!—I really don't know. I believe their name is Jones or Jobson—But we can't visit them—they are something connected with trade.



THE WHIGS AGAIN.

HAVING been beaten twice in Dublin, by juries packed by themselves, the Whigs resolved that they would make a great effort against Mr. Mitchell, who, although his writings deserve the strongest condemnation, is yet the most honest and sincere of the Repealers, and therefore naturally most offensive to the Government. To this end, they so managed matters—so shuffled the political cards with the skill of the swindler—that out of a juror's book containing four Catholics to one Protestant, they selected a panel in which the Catholics were to the Protestants as one to six. It is ridiculous to talk of Mr. Mitchell's delinquencies after this. He has been stabbed in the back by these Government assassins, and becomes an object of sympathy. He has been convicted by an unjust trial; and, if the precedent be admitted, the liberty of the subject is gone—gone, as completely as the reputation of the Ministers who have perpetrated this foul act.

Let us turn next to the extraordinary arrest of Mr. Devin Reilly, who has been sent for trial (having been all one night in jail) for no other earthly offence than calling "Right shoulder forward" during the procession of a political club—one hitherto permitted by the Government. It was shown that their marching in order prevented street confusion; it was proved that they behaved with quietness and regularity; the fact is notorious that dozens of public bodies (Temperance Societies, Odd Fellows, &c.) may march in procession; common sense shows that no such body can proceed properly through a city without the use of words of command; yet in the face of these considerations, an Irish gentleman has been committed for trial under circumstances of insult and indignity. The Government, it is said, are going to try O'Brien and Meagher again, in the face of their former defeat. Have they an appetite for discomfiture and degradation, as well as for the public money? or are they preparing to pack another jury on a still more extensive scale, and so wind up the career of injustice by a climax of infamy?

Let us thank Providence that everywhere their power is on the wane. Their proceedings are watched by the people, not with fear, but with attention—as one watches the ravages of rats; and the country waits patiently for the proper time of kicking them out of office. "When they are ripe" (as Junius said), "they shall be plucked."

THE PUPPET-SHOW.



APPROPRIATE NICK-NAME.

Smith O'Brien is now known as the Irish Zebra—the Limerick flagellation having made him a striped ass.

NEVER CONTENT.

In Germany the distress is very great—whole multitudes are starving; a plain proof that their present Diet is far from being sufficient for their wants.

NO MISTAKE.

According to the papers, the Portuguese Minister of Finance is unable to raise a single "real." This may be truly called a real difficulty.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

The *Musical World* prides itself on giving more musical information than any other journal. No one will deny that although its news be most musical, its jokes are certainly most melancholy.

A BAD RESOLUTION.

Lord George Bentinck declared the other day that he would never forsake his principles. The unfortunate nobleman has proved by this wilful statement that there is now no hope for him!

A JOKE FOR EXETER HALL.

One of the weekly newspapers speaks of the *ballet* at Her Majesty's Theatre as a "Terpsichorean treat." It might have added that "the entertainment consisted of all the indelicacies of the season."

LITERARY.

Many will question the ability of Mr. Horne's "Miracle Play," recently published, but none the orthodoxy. He has created his *Judas* expressly to be damned. However, possibly, it may not be acted.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The King of Naples of course possesses a christian name. We are sorry to say, however, this is the only thing christian about him.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Every one in the least acquainted with the Emperor of Austria is aware that all the patriotic demonstrations and rabid proofs of loyalty in Innsbruck were caused by a mere nothing.

THE TRUE DEFINITION.

We formerly supposed the end of humanity to be the alleviation of human misery. Experience has taught us, however, that the end of humanity was the commencement of the late massacres at Naples.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

Mr. Cochrane says, that he devotes himself henceforward to the service of the common weal, and that he is prepared to take any steps in its furtherance that upon reflection shall appear desirable. We heartily wish to see him so devoted; but it must be the *common wheel* at Brixton Gaol, the furtherance of which he can expedite by taking his steps, and making his reflections at the same time.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Perceiving our Discharged Contributor's name in the *Gazette* (the only journal, by the way, that will publish it as a contributor), we hasten to advise his creditors to seize and convey him to a place sacred to strayed quadrupeds. That is their only chance of getting anything "in the pound!"

THE LITTLE PREMIER.

(AFTER TOM MOORE.)

THERE was a little man, and he had a little head,
And he said, "My little head, let us try, try, try,
If we can't with all my pains,
And your little, little brains,
Subdue the world under you and I, I, I,
Subdue the world under you and I!"

The little head it ached,
And the little man he quaked,
And away they went to work, together, gether, gether,
But so feeble was their will,
And so little was their skill,
That they got into very stormy weather, weather, we
That they got into very stormy weather!

It being their ambition
To put down Pat's sedition,
They were laughed at and beaten by the jury, jury,
And striving then to gain
All the whole command of Spain,
They were kicked from Madrid in a fury, fury, fur
They were kicked from Madrid in a fury!

Not venturing to cope,
With the Aldermen 'bout soap,
They left all the City in its dirt, dirt, dirt;
And what with Leagues to form,
And Chartist boys to storm,
The little man and little head got hurt, hurt, hurt,
The little man and little head got hurt!

THE TWO STUDENTS.—We have said nothing of the Two Students of Westminster Hospital, since memorable occasion when they were sworn in as Constables, and took each other into custody for obliging one another in the execution of their respective duties. Since that period they have not been inactive, as week actually accomplished that gigantic feat of human understanding, the getting up of a Derby. After the horses had been drawn, the students commenced betting with each other, and managed so that neither could win, and that they must together lose five per cent which was paid the porter for deciding the distribution of the prizes.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ALL Baron Rothschild's friends are lost in admiration of his stoical coolness with which he bears the result of last day's debate in the House of Lords. The secret of his lies in a little advice the SHOWMAN gave him some time ago. Knowing that use is second nature, the SHOWMAN drew the following rules for the Baron's guidance:—

"Engage a box at Her Majesty's Theatre for £12 12s.
"Pay for it, of course, beforehand.
"Arrive at exactly eight o'clock.
"Tell the box-keeper to open the door of your £12 12s.
"Be prepared to hear him answer, in an insolent tone, that your £12 12s. box is already occupied.
"That it is perfectly immaterial whether you paid £12 12s. for it or not.
"That, even if you did pay £12 12s., you will not get the £12 12s. box.
"That, if you wish to hear the opera, he does not care for your remaining in the corridor, and even peeping through the hole in the door of the £12 12s. box.
"That, if this does not suit, you can have a pleasant time—paying for it, of course—
"But that, if you presume to remonstrate, he will be turned out for making a disturbance.
"In order to render the effect still more sure, it is a good plan to go with a party of ladies.
"By observing the foregoing precepts you will be accustomed to the loss of an infinity of seats just below you, that the being turned out of one more or less will but little effect upon your spirits, and will leave your system altogether unscathed."

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE THAMES IN ITS ANTIQUE CONDITION.

WHOEVER enters the square of Somerset House will be edified by the graven image of an elderly gentleman, in the costume of the period before tailors were invented, who is represented in a reclining and somewhat lazy posture, leaning upon an urn from which water appears to flow, and thus easily earning his livelihood. This bronze gentleman is Old Father Thames. He has a numerous family poetically called the Sons of the Thames;—but we

never heard of a mamma, or Old Mother Thames, and indeed the subject is much too delicate to be inquired into.

Old Father Thames must be a gentleman of persevering habits. Long before Widdicombe established a circus for the amusement of Julius Cæsar—long before Mr. John Cooper played juvenile tragedy at the court of Queen Boadicea—the River God was at work with his urn supplying the ancestors of the water-drops which now roll between Gloucestershire and the sea. And here we pause for a moment solemnly to contradict the assertions of those Continental geographers, some of whom state that London is built upon the Serpentine, and others that it is situated on Ball's Pond, Islington. The Thames is the ocean of our brick and mortar world, and we would duck in its waters any who may presume to think differently.

No very authentic records remain of the proceedings of the ancient Britons or the Druids with reference to the Thames. We are well acquainted, indeed, with the habits and customs of modern Ancient Britons, and the Honourable Order of Druids, as it subsists in the present day. We know that both of these races are in the habit of engaging steamboats, decorating them with lags, and embarking at London Bridge for a perilous voyage to the Nore, and round Her Majesty's Fleet at Sheerness. Upon these occasions, the Ancient Britons and Druids are much given to the consumption of cold meat, lobster salads, and bottled stout. No historian, however, has ventured to assert that their progenitors of the time of Caractacus ever indulged in these luxuries.

In all probability, however, the ancient Britons who waltzed along the Strand and down by London Bridge, made use of the river as best suited their own purposes.

Throughout the whole of the books and documents in

the British Museum, all of which we searched one morning, there is not to be found a single word which directly contradicts the following statement, viz. that the ancient Britons had an annual regatta at Putney, wherein the prizes were new coracles and handsome coats of ochre; and, moreover, that they established rival passenger vessels to ply between different points, connected with which were touters, whose duty it was to exclaim, "Now then, gents, this way to the penny coracle;" or, "Ha! penny coracle, gents, that's the ticket."

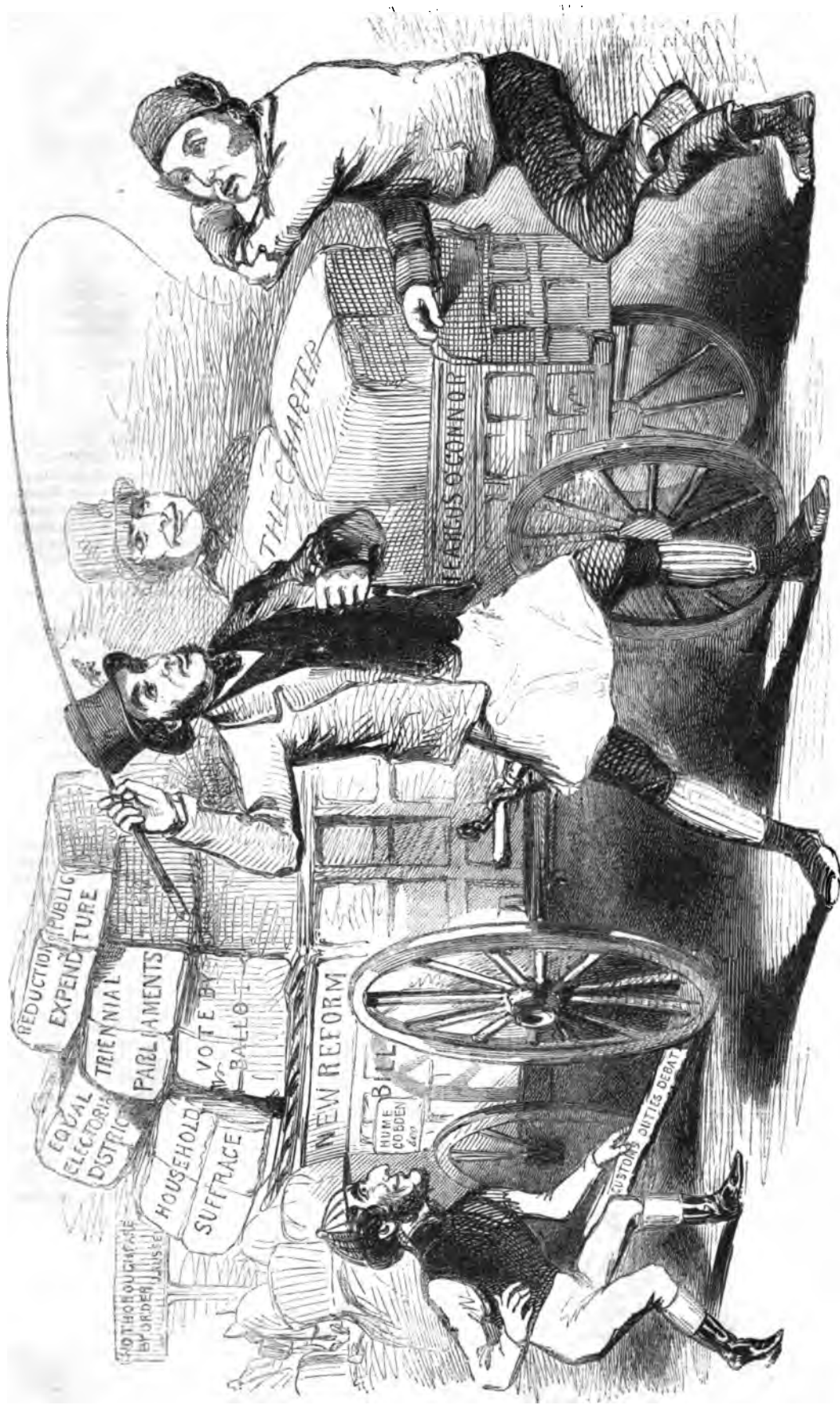


The Romans were not a very amphibious people, except in the matter of baths. But it is a fatal error to attribute to their labours the establishments in Holborn and the Westminster Road. It may, however, be remarked that it was, in all probability, the extreme liking of the Romans for the bath which caused them in general to get on so swimmingly; and we presume that during the fine weather, so long as they had possession of its banks, the surface of the Thames would have been dotted with heads, each of them ornamented with a Roman nose. The ancient masters of the world cared little for the state of the atmosphere when they treated themselves to a plunge; so we find Cassius and Cæsar on a raw and gusty day jumping, like a couple of donkeys, into the Tiber. Only fancy, in the present time, Sir Harry Smith and the Duke of Wellington plumping for mere fun into the Thames at Chelsea and swimming to the Red House. However, if the Romans were content, so are we.

The period of Saxon domination is chiefly remarkable for the incursions made by the Danes—led for all we know by Hamlet—up the Thames. On one of these occasions we read that the Danish ships sailed up the



Fleet Ditch to Bagnigge Wells. We have no hesitation, however, in stating that not a ship which ever steered



DICK COONEY—"So, you've hooked yourself on to us, have you? I'll serve you out.—We've got un-hill work enough without having you hanging on."

from Copenhagen would be able to do as much now-a-days, a state of things which proves the deteriorated seamanship of the Danish people. To a certain extent, however, we sympathize with them, and at all events shall, for our own parts, take care not to enter into any of those savoury tributaries to the Thames which are placed under the direction of the Commissioners of Sewers.

The mediæval Thames was known as the "Silent Highway." It does not, however, follow from this, that the people who sailed upon it were called Silent Highwaymen; and, indeed, the epithet can hardly be justified, for there are few rivers which have made more noise in the world. The highway in question, however, stands in proud pre-eminence above all other highways as the only one for which rates were never charged. The supposition that the Thames was called a highway because it abounded with pikes, is a mere paltry quibble, only noticed here to be summarily put down; and the frantic supposition, founded upon the fact that water is a good conductor of sounds, that the river was called a highway because when a bell was rung on shore it kept up the toll, is simply a joke which no man with a spark of philanthropy in his composition would inflict upon his suffering fellow-creatures.

In these picturesque middle ages of which we are treating, when no doublet and feathered young gent could call a Hansom, and no worthy burgher went home at curfew time by the latest 'bus, the wherry and the barge were in particular request. Sometimes, amid the bright fleet of gliding boats, a sombre but well-manned craft would shoot downwards with the ebb, and disappear by the water-gate of the Tower. This was the prison-van of the period; and as for the life of the culprit which it conveyed, it was a mere toss-up, of which the more likely alternative was, "Heads, you loose." About the time that we are speaking of, the theatres at Bankside flourished, and all the world came to them in boats. When the performances were about half over, the watermen plying along the Middlesex shore would probably stick labels on their wherries intimating that half-price had commenced; and when the curtain fell and the audience left the theatre, you might, had you only been born soon enough, have heard the laquays shout, "Call up the Duchess of Bermondsey's ran-dan;" or, "The Countess of Pimlico's funny stops the tideway."

At this era, and, indeed, up to a much later day, the Thames abounded with fish of different kinds. In the old pictures of the river we continually see representations of fishermen engaged in the nominally warlike process of shooting their nets, probably in the hope of catching a Thames salmon—a creature which is now-a-days about as difficult to get hold of as is a phoenix or a unicorn. And there are still, we believe, fishermen upon the Thames; but what they can capture, barring rich hauls of mud, and occasional prizes in the way of morsels of small coal and broken ginger-beer bottles, we have not the remotest idea. We fear, indeed, that the finny inhabitants of the Thames are becoming extinct. At ancient banquets, a sewer with flowing robes and a white wand served the fish; but unhappily the sewers of modern days are very different things, and their influence upon fish is decidedly of a prejudicial character.

These considerations, however, bring us to the end of our first chapter, leading us out of the Thames as it flowed, when kings floated in gilded barges upon its breast; and into the Thames as it floats now-a-days, when gents can have a ha'porth of chance of a blow-up, every five minutes, in voyaging from London Bridge to the Adelphi Pier.



I FOUND MYSELF CRIBBED 'TWEEN FOUR STONE WALLS.

AS SUNG BY MR. MITCHELL IN NEWGATE, DUBLIN.

AIR—"I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls."

I FOUND myself cribbed 'tween four stone walls,

With gaolers and thieves at my side,
While my friends all assembled to make their calls,
And my conduct deified;

I had trusses of straw for bed, and creased

No sheets with my weary frame,

But I dreamt at night, which pleased me least,
That they "lagged" me all the same.

I dreamt that Young Ireland made a stand

With pikes 'gainst the enemy,

And with rifles no Saxon breast could withstand

That they set green Erin free;

And I dreamt that one—which my joy increased—

Came forth me King to name,

Yet I also dreamt—which pleased me least—

That they "lagged" me all the same.

POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, AND SUPERLATIVE.—Col. Sibthorpe has lately given vent to his joint aversion for Railroads and Chartists in the following astounding *jeu d'esprit*:—Owing to the formation of numerous railways, the old Charts have become complete humbugs; the Charter is of course a greater humbug, while the *Chartist* is evidently the *greatest* humbug of all!

Q. Who is the *greatest* mimic in the world?

A. Death, for he takes off every one with the utmost certainty.

INTERESTING FACT.—On the memorable 10th of April, our dark-complexioned friend, Mr. Cuffey, was the only Chartist Delegate who did not blanch with fear.

EPIGRAM.

The young Prince of Wales has been frequently called

"The Pride of the navy—The gallant young Tar;"

But since e'en as middy he's ne'er been installed,

We think this is *pitching* it too strong by far.

ABD-EL-KADER.

WE perceive by the daily journals, that Abd-el-Kader having been released from the prison where his honourable foe, Louis Philippe, confined him, has proceeded to Pau, where he has made himself very busy, and began to hold levees. It is a circumstance painfully significant of the state of French morals, that several ladies have been "presented" to him, and that he has "received" them! It is to be hoped, that the names of those miscreants who have given their female friends to the Mussulman, will be exposed to the indignation of Europe.

His Highness enjoys very good health and spirits (Eau de Vie in particular), and has been heard to sing, "Oh, give me but my Arab steed," with great fervour. It will be satisfactory to those who are curious in the habits of great men to know, that the chief (and this is his chief peculiarity) eats about three times a-day, and sleeps at night. When asleep he has been heard to make a noise in breathing, of a sonorous description. Of his full possession of his faculties sufficient proof is afforded by the fact, that he regularly reads the PUPPET-SHOW. He is known to be a poet, and has done us the honour to enclose some contributions which have great merit as oriental descriptions, as our readers may judge from the subjoined specimen. (We will send the Ex-Emir the money for them, when we get some piastres in change.)

THE SIGH OF A CAPTIVE.

"As the camel when thirsty is anxious for drink,

So, I long to be out of the Gallican clink!

As the leaves of the palm tree are verdant in spring,

So was I when I trusted an Orleans King!

Oh, sweet will be freedom as Araby's well,

And bright as the eyes of the gentle gazelle!"

We are not surprised that the poem closes here, as a long experience of Oriental poems has taught us that when the bard has used the "camel," the "palm-tree," the "well," and the "gazelle"—or, in other words, has ridden the "camel" to death, cut down the "palm-tree," dipped into the "well," and massacred the "gazelle," he has nothing further to do.



EDITOR'S BOX.

IN "The Lords of Ellingham," a new five-act play brought out a short time since at the Olympic, the author, Mr. Spicer, has produced a work of more than ordinary merit, its only defect being that the plot, instead of steadily progressing towards the catastrophe, indulges in too many fantastic windings and serpentine digressions, thereby diverting the attention of the audience more than the audience themselves, who go wandering up and down in a sort of literary labyrinth, lost, so to speak, in a-maze.

Mr. G. V. Brooke played the principal part, a villain, most villainously—in other words, to the life—and was ably supported by Mrs. Mowat and Mr. Davenport. All three obtained a due share of applause, after having previously, like so many winners at Ascot, come in for the cup—of the usual poisoned ingredients. It struck us, however, that though the "bowl" is an established favourite in works of this kind, it may be used too much, and we therefore must deprecate the "bowling" out Mr. Brooke in the same way as Mr. Davenport, and Mr. Davenport in the same way as Mrs. Mowat. The reception of Mr. Spicer's play has been very favourable; the best—although somewhat anomalous—proof how sure a stand it has made in public favour is, that it is still running and will most certainly continue to do so for some time.

Before taking leave of the Olympic, we would give a friendly hint to the gentleman who officiates at the pay-place below, and to his brother functionary on the stairs, who, despite the immense number of checks which he takes for his employers, appears as yet not to have received one for his impertinence. We would impress on these two individuals that politeness costs nothing—that is, in most cases: even supposing that, in consequence of its being so diametrically opposed to their natures, it really did cost these two gentlemen an effort, we would strongly advise them to be guilty of this trifling piece of moral extravagance. If, after this rebuke, they should not like to make the first advances towards the improvement of their behaviour, let them prevail on Mr. Davidson to make the same for them, in the shape of payments for both to attend, for the space of six months, the Lectures on "Manners" delivered at the Whittington Club.

A NEW ACT.

IN order to avoid any more disputes similar to that which took place last Tuesday, as to the propriety of their being no House on the Derby day, the SHOWMAN—assisted by Lord George Bentinck—has, in despite of Mr. Bright, drawn up, and passed—to the printer—an Act, by which it is decreed that all honourable members shall henceforward always have a holiday:

On the opening of Cremorne, Rosherville, and Vauxhall Gardens, respectively; on the occasion of the Horticultural Fête at Chiswick, and the birthday of any of Her Majesty's Ministers; on any day on which there is a fight, cricket-match, or boat-race, provided these amusements take place within fifteen miles of the metropolis; in the event of a review in Hyde Park, or on Woolwich Common; and on the chimney-sweeps' festival of the first of May.

Besides the holidays here named, two days are set apart every session, to be employed in visiting the Colosseum, the Surrey Zoological, the Polytechnic Institution, and the PUPPET-SHOW OFFICE.

After a long discussion it was settled that the proposed half-holiday, to begin at 5 P.M., every Jenny Lind night, should not be adopted: the necessity for the same has ceased to be a reality—persons arriving at Her Majesty's Theatre by 8 o'clock, being sure of finding seats, unless they have been foolish enough to pay for a £12 12s. box beforehand.

PROTECTION TO BRITISH TALENT.—The engagements of English Artists for next season at Her Majesty's Theatre are still going on with unabated activity. A very numerous and inefficient chorus has already been formed; the subscribers will thus enjoy something at least to which they have been accustomed.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF GRAMMAR.

No. 1.—A NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

Sir,
Will you pay my bill of £20 immediately?
JOHN SMITH.
G. FITZ-EAGLE, Esq.

No. 2.—A NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

Lovely Jemima,
My heart is an aching void! Your cheek is more beautiful than the rose-leaf, and your breath more fragrant than eau-de-Cologne!

SOFTLY SNOOKS.

MISS SIMPERS.

No. 3.—FULL-STOP.

Sir,
In reply to your letter I beg to state I will not advance you another farthing.
Your affectionate father,
W. GRIPE.

Q. On what day of the year would any one be very far from surprised at discovering a reasonable article in the *Musical World*?

A. On the 16th of August; because on that day there was an end to a great Marvel.

[Note for Non-Historical Readers.—Andrew Marvel, a distinguished patriot, died August 16, 1678.]

A FEW HINTS TO THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN COMBATANTS.

NOT thinking war a sufficiently warm dish of itself, the Germans and Danes, it appears, have determined to spice it up a trifle by the addition of a little extra cruelty, and a few more barbarities than those absolutely inseparable from it. A system of reprisals has been entered into which bids fair, with a little judicious attention, to reach a point which would absolutely delight the chief of some tribe of Indian scalpers, or fill the heart of a Corsican with unmitigated joy. In a short time the rival forces will absolutely stick at nothing—except indeed the bodies of their foes.

Now the SHOWMAN has viewed this with some sorrow, and a great deal of disgust; he thinks that if circumstances imperiously require that men should cut each others' throats, that they might do it with as little savageness as possible; and, as example is better than precept, he would beg to hold up for the imitation of the belligerent parties the conduct of the different knights, sailors, Highlanders, and villains who figure in the "terrific combats" so popular at the Standard and Victoria Theatres, and at the Bower Saloon.

In these encounters all is conducted on the broadest footing of fair play. No taking advantage, no hitting unfairly—all is honourable and above board. Look at the combatants ere they engage. It is true they scowl at each other, as only beings at the above-named places of amusement can scowl; but, although they are burning with hatred, they are full of politeness, and even the Villain himself would scorn to commence proceedings ere his antagonist had fallen into position, given the requisite number of nods with his head, and requested him to "come on." Observe them while they are engaged; one—two—three—pause—four—five—six—then a thrust—a parry, and the same over again, each man evidently not wishing to gain an advantage over the other by launching out into any new and unexpected manoeuvre, which might put his foe off his guard. Is not this noble conduct? But how shall we express our admiration at the Villain's magnanimity, who, when the Good Lover jumps over his sword, forbears to stab him seven times in the back, although he has plenty of time to do so, ere the said Lover can turn round and act on the defensive again.

The SHOWMAN thinks that he has said enough on the subject for the present; he will only add he has some idea of proposing a truce to the commanders of the adverse armies, until such time as a certain number of the *élite* of their troops shall have had time to visit London and take lessons in the mode of warfare alluded to in this article.

The SHOWMAN has also thoughts of entrusting this mission to his Discharged Contributor, who possesses the requisite stupidity to qualify him for a diplomatist. By this means the SHOWMAN would, at least for a short period, rid himself of the importunities of the degraded being in question.



THE HORSE THAT WON'T GO.

THE LITERARY DERBY.

IN noticing the race, last week, which has been going on between the light *litterateurs* of London, we omitted to mention the following, who started but were pulled up lame:—

Mr. Selby's *Slang*, by *Bad Taste*, out of *Billingsgate*.

The Musical World's *Trash*, by *Pedantry*, out of *Technicality*.

Another that made a false start and at once broke down, was

W. B. Jerrold's *Attempt*, by *Impudence*, out of *The Governor's Reputation*.

We have not yet expressed an opinion as to who the winner will be. The crack one, who is in many respects far *safer* than any other that we have yet named, is

Mr. D'Israeli's *Brilliancy*, by *Sarcasm*, out of *Disappointment*.



THE HORSE THAT WON'T STOP.

OUR DERBY PROPHECY.

WE take much credit to ourselves for having prophesied correctly last week as to the winner of the Derby. We certainly were not very precise in our declaration, but as we mentioned *Surplice* two or three times, no one can deny that we named the winner.

THE DERBY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—In the late debate in the Upper House, the supporters of the Church defeated the friends of the Jews. It thus appears, that in Parliament, as at Epsom, *Surplice* was destined to beat *Shylock*.

TRIVIAL.—We have heard a good deal lately about the "light literature of the day." We think, however, it must yield, in brilliancy at least, to "the light literature of the night"—that is, the loyal mottoes, V. R.'s, and other devices, executed in jets of gas, in celebration of Her Majesty's birthday.

OPERA TACTICS.—A gentleman has written to the *Times* to state, that after paying twelve guineas for a box at Her Majesty's Theatre, on seeking admission, he found it occupied. This must have been a *ruse* on the part of Mr. Lumley to make the public believe that his theatre does sometimes fill; and as his victim took the trouble to publish the affair, the dodge must have answered beyond the manager's most sanguine expectations.

"IT'S A LONG TIME COMING."

(Revised from Mackay's Poem.)

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But lords their tailors' bills shall pay
In this good time coming.
Conservatives shall speak the truth,
The people's cause be stronger,
And thrive without e'en Cuffey's aid—
Wait a little longer.

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
To foster foul disease shall be
No certain proof of loyalty,
In the good time coming.
Those men that hate the use of soap
Shall not then be the stronger,
Nor poison hosts for custom's sake—
Wait a little longer.

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
London sects at last shall learn
Papists were not made to burn,
In the good time coming:
Religion shall be shorn of cant,
And kindness be much stronger;
The Hall of Saints shall be "to let"—
Wait a little longer.

It's a long time coming, boys,
A long time coming;
"Philanthropists" shall cease to prate
That the poor the rich must hate,
In the good time coming:
But they must cease their vain abuse,
Their reason must be stronger,
Before the reformation comes—
Wait a great deal longer.

CAUTION!

THE SHOWMAN has been given to understand, that a person connected with the Press, a friend of the Hangman's, is indignant at the remarks of the SHOWMAN in his last week's number, and talks of "taking steps" against him. The SHOWMAN thinks it possible that the only "steps" that the person in question will "take," will be those on the Brixton Mill. Further, the SHOWMAN begs to warn him not to provoke his indignation: if he does so, the SHOWMAN will raise such a storm against him, as will make him tremble in his corduroys.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PEEPER INTO THE PUPPET-SHOW.—We are exceedingly obliged to our correspondent for the copy of the *Manchester Times*, containing a detailed account of the inquiry into the alleged murders at Stoneleigh Abbey. We are anxiously watching for Lord Leigh's threatened indictment of the witnesses for perjury.

Our readers are informed that an Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1 and 2, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIRTUELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVER, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 13.

LONDON, JUNE 10, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.



"IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, WAS YOU THE LADY AS HAD HER NEW PARASOL TOOK AWAY BY THE MONKEY?"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

WE ought certainly to be very grateful to the Government for the attention which they pay to the safety of the metropolis. Some weeks since they did us the honour to buy ten thousand copies of the PUPPET-SHOW, in order to find out whether our admirable illustration of the WAR ORGAN was of a seditious nature; and, a few nights since, we find Lord Brougham calling the attention of the House of Lords to the fact, that the Chartists had been placarding London with the mystic words, "the 29th of May," which, according to Brougham, was an appeal to the men of England to resort to arms on that day, while Lord Lansdowne interpreted them as an invitation to the gents of London to resort to Cremorne Gardens at the period specified. It is not worth while troubling ourselves as to which of the two noble lords was in the right; for, in the present depression of the rebellion market, a row on Clerkenwell Green is just about as important as an *emeute* in Cremorne Gardens.

MOVE A LITTLE FASTER.

AN APPEAL TO A SLOW STATESMAN.

(Not yet sung by Russell.)

THE world is moving, so are we,
Time runs while you repose, man;
The people warm
To the word "Reform,"
And shout it while you dose, man.
They claim the rights too long denied
By Whig and Tory master,
So pray, Lord John, keep jogging on,
And move a little faster.

It will not do to hide your head
In the holes of Downing Street, man,
And refuse to hear,
Loud, steady, clear,
The tramp of the people's feet, man.
Britannia has a work in hand,
Which Fate and Right have cast hor.
It must be done, you dull Lord John,
So move a little faster.

If "Forward" be the nation's cry,
'T will lead to mischief sore, man,
If you still hang back
On the proper track,
And fall asleep and snore, man.
Think of the fate of Whigings all,
Lost sheep without a pastor;
And lead them on, you dull Lord John,
And move a little faster.

No lazy loitering on the road
Will suit the march we tread, man;
We cannot stay
On the broad highway
While we see the goal a-head, man.
Who halts may stumble and be crushed,
And find no healing plaster;
Beware, Lord John, keep jogging on,
But move a little faster.

We've captains three to lead the march,
We've Cobden, Hume, and Bright, man;
Staunch men and true,
With the end in view,
And lovers of the right, man.
They leave FINALITY behind,
Ev'n Peel himself has passed her;
Keep time, Lord John;—with Cobden on!
And move a little faster.

But if you will not march with us,
And at our movement scoff, man—
If moving on
Won't suit you, John;
Why then you can move off, man.
In either case a laggard tramp
Might lead you to disaster;
So, good Lord John, or off—or on—
Do move a little faster.

PANIC IN LONDON.

THE greatest excitement has been occasioned in London by the news of Mr. Devin Reilly's arrest for having made use of the words "Left shoulder forward," which, it has been lately discovered, constitutes a transportable offence. We imagine that the same Act of Parliament which has been applied—or rather misapplied—in Mr. Reilly's case can be enforced in England, and if so, no person in the country can retire to rest without fear of being called up in the night—or at any period when there is no probability of getting bail—and locked up till the next morning among thieves and blackguards, as a preliminary to being accused of felony and treason.

Last night we had no sleep, owing to the recollection of having told a dilatory friend to "fire away;" and we have been for the last week endeavouring, in vain, to reassure an elderly gentleman, who is in a great fright at having made use of the expression "left wheel," when informing a cabman of an injury which had been caused to a portion of his vehicle. Another acquaintance of ours—by-the-by, what extraordinary acquaintances we have—has had a furniture-van stopping before his house (from which he is about to move) for the last five days, merely because he is very justly afraid of telling the driver to "commence loading." A "fast man" lately put one of the M.C.'s of the Casino into a state of the utmost trepidation, which has obliged him to keep his room ever since, by reminding him that while the fourth figure of the quadrille was being danced he had, in a distinct tone, uttered the words "First couple advance."

But the clearest proof of the gross absurdity, to say nothing of the mean injustice, by which the conduct of the Whig puppets is characterized, is that it has actually afforded our "Discharged Contributor" a pretext for sending us a letter, threatening to prosecute us for making such frequent use of the word "Discharged," which, he pretends, immediately suggests the use of fire-arms, &c. &c. In conclusion, we cannot help calling attention to the strange fact, that while the Attorney-General for Ireland was contemplating a Government prosecution against a man who had presumed to make use of a military expression, the corresponding functionary in England was at a dinner given by himself on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, calling upon the assembled guests to "charge" with "three-times-three, and good fires."

THE "HEIGHT OF FOLLY."—Being up in a balloon.

IT'S AN ILL WIND, &c.—Although we regret the disorders at Bradford and Leeds, still it cannot be denied they have been attended with some advantage, since we read in the papers that the military and police scoured the streets. The possibility of such a boon as this being extended to the alleys and courts of the metropolis, in the case of any outbreak, is sufficient to convert every citizen into a Chartist. Let the Government look to it; we have warned them.

TANTALIZING.—Señor Isturitz, the Spanish ambassador, was nearly thrown into convulsions last Saturday morning, by hearing his secretary read in the *Chronicle*, that "Narvaez had for once received a check." The unhappy man, supposing it to be for a large amount from Rothschild or Baring, had already despatched a letter home, praying Narvaez to strain a point, and send him a trifle to satisfy two or three rather clamorous creditors, when he discovered that the check alluded to was of a totally different kind to what he had fondly imagined.

CHARITY—A FRAGMENT.

Scene.—Wheener's dining-room. Dessert on the table.

Wheener. Guzzle, my boy, pass the bottle—good wine this—oh—sorry: I have n't got much of it left. Well, as I was saying, she threw herself at my feet (*hiccup*), and after a good deal of palaver about being my niece and so on—another glass?—actually wanted me to take charge of her brats.

Guzzle (*muddled*). Good joke that.

Wheener. Was it—the port—was it my fault they were starving?

Guzzle. Ah!—thank you, this glass 'll do.

Wheener. Why did she marry a fellow without a sixpence, and refuse Slobber—Alderman Slobber of our Ward? As for her humbug about previous love, disparity of age, and all that—

Guzzle (*sipping the port*). P-o-o-h?

Wheener. And the precious scene must happen (*hiccup*) just as I was about to attend a meeting of the "Benevolent Coal and Blanket Association."

Guzzle. Ah—good Charity that—very good Charity.

Wheener. Yes—there I am—Vice-President—Purry Wheezer, Esq., with a subscription of £20. I believe you it is a good Charity—why (*leaning over the table and confidentially winking with drunken gravity*) I've got the contract myself for the coals—worth £200 at the very lowest figure



THE CHARTIST ROWS.

As a friend of progress, and the lower orders, the SNOW-MAN has witnessed the recent disgraceful proceedings at Clerkenwell, and elsewhere, with regret and disgust.

Do you not see, intelligent workmen of England, that these rows give a pretext to the Whig Government for pursuing that illiberal course of policy which (next to the love of their salaries) appears most dear to their hearts? Depend upon it, that the news of an outbreak delights their little souls. Morpeth simpers vacantly with delight; Palmerston slaps his breast (*padded*) in exultation; and Russell himself assumes an air as dignified and imposing as the Premier of Lilliput when receiving a report of the defeat of the hostile forces of Blefuscu.

If dogged English courage—that solid "pluck," more valuable than the impetuosity of the Frenchman, or the fatalist fury of the Turk—could have effected a violent change in the face of Government power, then the men of Bradford would have triumphed. But what was the result? Total defeat—and its natural consequences, the triumph of the oligarch, the bigot, the despot, and the Whig! Let this be a warning to you. Be firm, but peaceful; the middle classes, to whom peace is life, will join you in the progress movement; co-operation will bring success; Liberals will rise, and Whigs fall.

One word of advice, as most important, we reserve to the last. Who are your leaders? who are those who affect to advise, and presume to control, your movements? Are they men of intelligence, honour, and property? or are they insolvents in morals as in commerce—braggarts in the council, and cowards in the field?

The ostensible object of the late meetings was to sympathize with Mr. Mitchell. Yet what sympathy is shown for that honest and unfortunate man by riots on a common, and vulgar abuse of the police? As long as the workmen understood each other, even Babel made some progress. When they fell into confusion and quarrelling, the tower was left unfinished. Nature's greatest works are completed in silence. "Silence," says the great Carlyle, "is divine."



PINS & NEEDLES.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

Can deep inquirers into Nature trace
Why Whigs are foolish, or the Bourbon base?
As much you would be puzzled to declare
Why stinks the pole-cat, or why grunts the bear!

HOW TO EXPLAIN IT.

The Reverend Hugh Stowell's friends consider him
a type of christian piety. He reminds us of no holy
type but one that Moses set up—the Brazen Serpent.

A DESIRABLE END.

One of the Lumleyite journals alludes, in terms of
high admiration, to the "finish" of young Lablache's
singing. We confess that we are always glad when the
finish arrives.

GIVING IT A CIRCULATION.

The *Morning Chronicle* lately changed its politics to
those which it professed many years since. The proprie-
tors were, of course, convinced that, in consequence of
the declining condition of the paper, they must lose no time
in "bringing it round."

A STRIKING ABSURDITY.

"A supporter of the National Drama" informs us
that, owing to the influx of French actors into the metro-
polis, the English performers are about to organize a
"strike." Would it not be better if some of them could
make a hit?

A MYSTERY.

One of Mr. Wakley's constituents wrote to him last
week, to ask what the "Benefit of Clergy" was. Mr.
Wakley replied, that he had not yet discovered any
benefit at all.

TOO BAD TO BE UNTRUE.

The *Observer* lately published an attack, founded upon
falsehood, against the director of the Royal Italian Opera.
We understand that this was done solely in order to in-
crease the sale of the paper, the editor having heard that
slanders always obtained circulation.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

A staunch Whig, who objects to our attacks upon the
present Government, wants to know what plan we can
suggest by which the Ministers could really "give satis-
faction." Our reply is, "by going out."

VERY NATURAL.

The papers have been making a great fuss about
Lieut.-Col. Bristowe's arbitrary arrest and imprisonment.
For our part, we can see nothing either extraordinary or
new in an officer being in a mess.

A VICE OF KINGS.

The Neapolitan army has declared for the people:
the infamous Ferdinand will soon find himself possessed
of no more influence than the gingerbread kings and
queens we see at fairs. There is one great difference,
however, between him and his gingerbread brethren;
while a mere touch will rub off their *gilt*, nothing on
earth can free him from his.

SINGULAR DELUSION.

A public man, to whom we will not more particularly
allude, who has been notorious for mendacity for some
years, recently heard the proverb *in vino veritas* quoted,
and has taken to drink, in the delusive hope that it will
make him veracious.

POLISH BONDAGE.

We perceive by the newspapers that there has lately
been a decline in Russia Bonds. This may probably be
accounted for by the present state of Poland.



EDITOR'S BOX.

THE best mode of recommending German silver would not
be by placing it side by side with the real metal. On this
principle, we think the author of the new piece produced
at the Princess's Theatre on the 1st inst. acted injudiciously
in naming his production the "Spanish Marriages." The
gentleman imagined, doubtless, that this title
would have a great effect upon the success of his
work. And so it had; for by calling to mind the
royal farce lately enacted on the stage of Europe, the
public could not avoid observing how infinitely inferior
to it in plot, intrigue, and low cunning was the one
lately produced by Mr. Maddox. In one point, however,
the Spanish Marriages of the Tuileries and the Spanish
Marriages of Oxford Street resemble each other: the
latter seem as little destined as the former to bring
either profit or honour on their author.

As we have the greatest possible horror of anything
approaching Chartism, we decline to enter at all into the
plot. To all who may be desirous of information on the
subject, we say, go and see the piece for yourselves; and
this we do the more willingly, as most persons, if they
deserve the name of play-goers, will not fail to recog-
nise in the drama under consideration an old friend, freshly
done up a little; and soon, we expect, to be done up
altogether.

The only thing new or remarkable in the two acts of
the piece was Mrs. Sterling's pronunciation of the word
chivalrous, which that lady chooses to call *chivalrous*.
In conclusion, we must observe that, if Mr. Maddox wishes
to fire the enthusiasm of his audiences, he must use
some other matches than Spanish Marriages to effect his
purpose.

Madlle. Auriol still continues to progress in public
favour. This is no wonder, seeing the steps she takes
every night to do so. She has lately appeared in a new
and pretty little *ballet*, entitled, *Menorella; or, the Water
Lily*. Flexmore, the author of it, performs the part
of a fisherman "excellent well," as Hamlet says, but
a little too clownishly. By this we would not be under-
stood to mean awkwardly, but too much in the
"Hot Codlin" and "Tippitywichee" line. In spite
of this, however, he is very clever and amusing. A
comic dance by him, and a Spanish one by Madlle.
Auriol, were the chief ornaments of the *ballet*. Madlle.
Auriol has certainly inherited her full share of the great
talent for which her father is celebrated. Some of her
popularity was no doubt owing, in the first place, to the
popularity her active sire had already cast around the
family name; but, had this not been the case, her own
abilities would soon have enabled her to attain the height
she now occupies—although even then, strange as it may
appear, she would still owe all her reputation to her *pas*
(pa's).

RATHER A MISNOMER.—There is a paragraph going
the round of the papers about the luxurious way of living
of the members of the Executive Commission at the
Luxembourg, of the royal luxury they indulge in, and so
on, the whole being headed "Republican Simplicity."
Now, really and truly, we cannot see anything simple in
the affair. Perhaps, preferring, as we do, a good easy
chair to a deal form, and a feather-bed to a truss of straw,
we may be looked upon as prejudiced; but, for the life of
us, it appears that instead of having given any proof of
their simplicity, the members of the Commission have
afforded most substantial evidence of their good sense.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER II.—OF THE THAMES OF OUR OWN TIMES.



F THE many invaluable services performed by the River Thames to divers individuals in the metropolis—such, for example, as the gentlemen who set up filter shops and put a couple of tumblers of dirty and clean fluid in the window, the one labelled “Thames water before filtering,” the other “Thames water after ditto;” or the gentlemen who, having an inconvenient quantity of cash in their pockets, take to throwing Waterloo Bridges over the stream, or running Thames Tunnels under it—of all the varied advantages reaped by this capital city from its river, none are more obvious and important than the facilities which it affords, first, for the catching of white-bait; and secondly, for the Brindsley’s notwithstanding that they were navigable canals. the Thames is, a-flowing in order bait. How many fellow-citizens eyes upon the that it flowed past



THAMES

NEW RIVER



ous structures erected at Greenwich and Blackwall, from the open windows of which, during the season, you may hear the joyous clatter of knife and fork, and from which bright eyes, rendered brighter, it may be, by the sparkle of champagne, gaze upon clumsy merchant-craft floating with the tide, and dapper little steamers flying betwixt and between them, leaving behind a stripe of foam like the gleamy tail of a rocket.

That is the view of the river for us. More enchanting still than even a glimpse at the tideway—could we look back so far—when it ran rippling by, between banks of primeval forest, with Julius Caesar’s war-galleys following their iron beaks up Fidler’s Reach; or a peep at the stream in its mediæval days, with old Peter of Cole Church’s bridge, and the Globe, and the Hope, and the Fortune playhouses on the Bankside, and Taylor, the water-poet, writing a sonnet on a coal-barge; or even the Thames vision recorded by Wordsworth, when that amiable poet sat up all night at the Coal-Hole, and repaired in the early freshness of the summer morning to gaze upon the river from Waterloo Bridge—at that still hour, when the bard states that the “very houses seemed asleep,” a phenomenon very likely to occur if the Laker began to quote the “Excursion;” and when the river was discovered to be “flowing at its own sweet will,” as if in the history of the stream it had ever flowed at anybody else’s. Yes, we repeat, dearer to us than all such

glimpses, antiquarian or poetic, is the glorious vision to be enjoyed from one of the bow-windows at Lovegrove’s, when the claret is ruddy in the glass, and the rising tide is setting cheerily towards the sunny west.

But this branch of the subject will be fully and gravely discussed in a future chapter. Here it is only alluded to as forming one of the grand features of the Thames of our own day.

Another beneficial characteristic of the river is, the grand nursery which it forms for what may be called our “dirty-water seamen.”

Can we forget the tribe of river yachters, proud in the possession of all manner and sizes of craft, from the twenty-ton cutter to the half-cwt. hatch boat? The larger class of these fine specimens of naval architecture scruple not to undertake daring voyages as far as Erith, Gravesend, or even the Nore, should the weather be remarkably tranquil, and the stock of grog on board satisfactory. The smaller craft go dodging about the bridges, and hold Battersea Reach to be a species of Bay of Biscay, the passage whereof is not to be rashly attempted. The stations where the Bove Bridge yachts lie when in ordinary—and, by-the-by, that seems to be their ordinary—condition, are well worthy of a visit. For this purpose the intelligent traveller had better proceed to one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river—Arundel Street, for choice—and observe the squadron generally moored at



the bottom of it. He will be concerned to perceive the brooms placed at the mastheads of many of the cutters which bob tranquilly at anchor moored to a big stone, as he will naturally infer from these emblems of sale a falling off in the maritime spirit and resources of the metropolis. But he will be reassured by the bustle which prevails on board of other of the craft, and the cheering commands shouted from them to the Jack in the Water on shore, to “Look sharp and bring down another pot of beer.” Our inquiringly-minded friend will be struck with the fact that in many of these full-rigged cutters, the crew, which generally consists of one person, is about three parts as tall as the mast. Our imaginary acquaintance will, however, watch the said crew for a couple of hours or so while it is engaged in the difficult process of setting all sail; but when he expects to see the daring bark push off into mid-stream and dare the tumultuous surges raised by the halfpenny boats, he will be disappointed by observing that there are still some other complicated nautical evolutions to be managed in the rigging; and if he stays for another couple of hours, he will find that these consist in taking the sails down again, after which the crew puts on its jacket, and, the tide having by this time fallen, proceeds along a perilous pathway, formed of an oar laid in the mud, to a terra firma of shingle, dead dogs, and broken bottles, and shortly thereafter mounts the stairs and proceeds in the full consciousness of naval supremacy to its lodgings.

But the various items which make up the grand total of what we call the Thames, will hereafter be described



JOHN BULL AS PROMETHEUS
DEVOURED BY THE VULTURE TAXATION.

in detail. This chapter is merely devoted to a cursory glance at the river in its now-a-days' condition, and to an attempt to convey to the reader's mind a general notion of the mass of elements, which, when united, produce the Thames.

Let the student, then, conceive an agglomerate mass made up as follows:—mud banks, dead cats, dead dogs, slimy hurdles, coal-barges, grimy wharfs, common sewers, police galleys, dishes of white-baits, coal-heavers, water-side public-houses, penny steam-boats, mudlarks, Jacks in the Water, tiers of colliers, ugly ballast boats, Dutch craft with Kennet eels, Boulogne steamers with railway



defaulters, yachts going as far as Erith on a voyage to the East Indies, gents conducting gesses to the Red House at Battersea; stokers fastening down safety-valves, reading penny newspapers, and drinking beer instead of attending to their work; foreigners in funny hats and coats going to see the Tunnel; touters on all the piers shouting, "Now then, London Bridge, Thames Tunnel, Lime'us, Shadwell, Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich;" rowing-men in flannel-shirts and straw-hats, in training for a match; halfpenny boats, penny boats, two-penny boats, three-penny boats, four-penny boats, five-penny boats, six-penny boats—all puffing, paddling, snorting, blowing—boys in all of them, screaming "Move her ahee-id, a turn a sta-arn, ease herrr, stop herrr, back herrr;" imagine all this and a great deal more—tiers of shipping, lines of old tumble-down houses, rigging, chimneys, wharfs, bridges, boats, and everywhere muddy water and restless currents—all moving—all commingling—and over all a canopy of ever-rolling smoke; gather together, we say, all these elements in your mind's-eye, and before that eye will be displayed the idea to be conjured up by these magic words "The Thames."

MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.

(Omitted from the last Budget.)

	£	s.	d.
To the purchase of Pikes for betrayal of Repeal Party	1,000	0	0
To the purchase of Spies for ditto	500	0	0
500 solemn Oaths, at 2s. 6d.	62	10	0
Plain Clothes for Police	50	0	0
To Clerks for doctoring the Bulwer Correspondence	100	0	0
Sundry infamous Jobs	100	2	2½
Total	£1,812	12	2½

PAGANISM.—A convincing proof how apt we are to perceive other people's faults, and how desperately blind we remain to our own, is derived from the fact that we abuse the ignorant Indians for worshipping Juggernaut and indulging in other idolatrous practices, while we ourselves are bowing and cringing before the Aristocracy, the *idle* (idol) of England.

PUNCH'S "MODEL GENTLEMAN."

He dresses in a long black coat, black trowsers, a black waistcoat, and a white handkerchief. He shuns *paleots* in all seasons, and was never known to wear a striped shirt even in the morning and at the sea-side. He never says he is "not at home" when such an assertion would be untrue. He never paid a compliment to a young lady when he had not serious thoughts of proposing to her. He has loads of money, and pays for all his clothes in advance. He cannot play at billiards, and was never within three-quarters of a mile of the Casino. He would be shocked at drinking beer, unless when dying of thirst, and unable to get anything else. He rises at half-past eight in the morning, and is down to breakfast by nine. He was never known to be two minutes late at dinner. He goes to bed at half-past ten, and has gruel (without brandy) at twenty-five minutes to eleven. He sleeps nearly ten hours. He always hands down some highly respectable old lady to dinner, and never waltzes except with his wife. He likes quiet, and goes to sleep after his meals. He sometimes rows; and then he wears gloves to prevent his hands becoming blistered: but he never belonged to a rowing club, nor took part in a cricket match. He lends lots of money,* and is not in a hurry to get it back again. He has no particular opinion on any subject whatever, and is considered a "good-natured sort of man" by the ladies. His golden rule is to wind up his watch regularly before getting into bed; and his great object to awake in the morning without being called. All his actions are shaped to that noble end; and he dies as he lives, a very nice young man. This is *Punch's* "Model Gentleman."

* The writer of the article, who is rather hard-up, has left his name and address at the office. Will any "Model Gentleman" take the hint?

ODE TO THE "SPECIALS."

Ye constables of London,
That guard our cockney plain,
Whose staves have braved for several hours
The Chartists and the rain,
To Clerkenwell come forth once more
To meet your ancient foe,
And go then at the men
Who never strike a blow!
At the men who spout so loud and long,
But never strike a blow!

Our London needs no barriers,
No forts along the streets;
Her faith is in her *Specials'* staves,
Her trust is in their feasts!
With their truncheons of old oak
They fright the Chartists so,
That they roar all the more,
But they never strike a blow!
Yes, although they spout so loud and long,
They never strike a blow.

The maniac mob of England
Shall yet some reason learn,
Till humbug's dreary night depart,
And the star of sense return!
Then, then, ye cockney warriors,
Our half-and-half shall flow
To the fame of your name,
And every one shall know
Of your prowess 'gainst the noisy mob
Who never struck a blow.

QUEER FILES AND AN OLD SAW.—When we reflect on the blundering manner in which Lord Palmerston and Sir H. Lytton Bulwer went to work in the Spanish business, and their seeming incapability of foreseeing that a precipitate departure of the latter gentleman, accompanied by the other members of the embassy, must be the natural consequence, it strikes us forcibly that they are a living example of the well-known maxim, "Small prophets and quick returns."

IMPRISONMENT FOR CREDIT.

SOME amusement (not unmingled with indignation) has been caused, to every one but Colonel Bristowe himself, by the news that that gentleman has been arrested and imprisoned by the Spanish Government for being its creditor to the amount of five hundred pounds! We should have imagined that the fact of having a demand against such a government was a misfortune, not a crime; and that, as such, the case would at least have met with sympathy, if not with payment. We admit that Colonel Bristowe has given evidence of a prodigious and almost unparalleled daring in allowing the Spanish authorities to become his debtors even for an hour; but we maintain that it was a species of audacity which it would have been advantageous to encourage, and certainly one from which they could have nothing to fear. We believe that if the truth were known, it would be seen that Colonel Bristowe had been imprisoned as a person who was incapable of managing his affairs; and certainly the act of having believed that the Spanish Government would ever pay the five hundred pounds due to him, would be sufficient evidence of insanity before any Commission *le lunatico inquirendo*. However, the idea of confining a man because he cannot obtain money which is owing to him, is rather a novel one; and we have grave doubts whether the abolition of imprisonment for debt would be attended with any advantages—or at all events with any justice—if a similar punishment is to be adopted for persons who may manage, by dint of impudence and other swindling qualifications, to become the creditors of unsuspecting individuals. There are some tradesmen who probably deserve punishment for the pains which they take to induce young men to contract debts at their establishments; but for this they often suffer by not obtaining the cash: in other words, they are made to pay or it by their juvenile customers not doing so.

However, we believe that if a new Act for "imprisonment for credit" should actually be passed, there would be few debtors so base as to take advantage of it. We are quite sure that most of our friends would have no more intentions of prosecuting a tailor, because they happened to be on his books for forty or fifty pounds, than they have, under present circumstances, of instantly ending him a check for the whole amount.

AN EXPLANATION.—The *Musical World* and Mr. Lumley appear to be on bad terms. We suppose their misunderstanding arose from each party thoroughly understanding the other's meaning.

GREEN-ROOM GOSSIP.

THE greatest novelty which has lately appeared in the shape of Dramatic Intelligence—or rather dramatic stupidity—is a whining appeal, meant to be pathetic, addressed to English authors and actors, and the British public, praying them to petition Her Majesty to restrict foreign performances in this country. We think that whoever got up this precious effusion will be rather disappointed. Supposing that British authors and actors were ungrateful enough, surely they would not be so foolish as to hinder French artists from gaining something over here in order to enable them to exist until affairs look better in France. Were English dramatists instrumental in destroying French actors—and consequently authors—what would become of themselves? and hence would they be able to adapt those splendid and "entirely new and original pieces," announced in the bills as being "written expressly for the peculiar resources of this theatre."

If English authors and actors are indignant at public favour being lavished on foreign artists, let them make all efforts to give the latter out of the field, but fairly and honourably, by rank and honest competition, and not by any such mandarin means as petitioning the Queen, as if Her Majesty could force even the ultra loyal of her subjects to pay five shillings for being sent to sleep by Mr. Farren junior's light comedy, or disgusted by Paul Bedford's vulgarity. No—no. Whatever the concocters of his canting address may think, we believe that even were the authors and actors of England as prejudiced and narrow-minded as themselves, they would never be so utterly insane as to saw through the beam on which they are all standing.

THE SHOWMAN TO THE KING OF NAPLES

ON THE LATTER'S RECENT MASSACRE OF HIS SUBJECTS.

(A Rhapsody.)

WHEN a swift ship from burning Troja bore
The brave Aeneas to a foreign shore,
A verdant laurel on the beach he found,
He plucked—and blood came rushing o'er the ground.
A prodigy as great still mortals see,
Accursed Bourbon, in thy family tree!
Age after age, still bloody it appears,
Rooted in dirt, and watered by man's tears.
Could not the lovely climate of thy land
Melt thy hard heart, or stay thy cruel hand?
Can no soft influence thy wrath restrain?
Must Nature lavish all her sweets in vain—
A hundred perfumes uselessly appeal
To hearts that cruelty forbids to feel:
And nowhere does the sun more brightly smile,
Than where he warms the reptiles of the Nile.

Nature, too kind to thy unworthy race,
To hide their mischief, made them fools in face;
Thy subjects, trusting to that outward show,
O'erlooked the cunning that lay hid below.—
And now, let thousand bloody corpses tell,
How weak a hand may ring a funeral knell!
Let Europe, shuddering at thy actions, see
A Bourbon's notions of a people free!

But say, proud France—thou who hast, once again,
Spurned the damned splendour of a regal chain—
Must poor Italians still to tyrants trust,
Fettered by links of hundred ages' rust,
And weeping o'er their murdered brothers' dust!
No! send thy arms triumphant, o'er the flood,
Drown the dark tyrant in his victims' blood,
Far from the world it stained; as flies his soul,
Let curses chase it to its burning goal:
While joyous fiends with hearty welcome bring,
To join Tiberius—Nero—Claudius—one more king.

On the fierce Roman's tomb some flowers were thrown,
But thine, dark Bourbon, shalt have weeds alone:
Weeds emblematic of thy ill-played part,
Foul as thy lips, and rotten as thy heart.

Yes, it is cheering to the poor to know,
That Kings, like beggars, to the tomb must go;
Little it softens the great stroke of Fate,
To die in purple, and to stink in state.
(How bitter Royal death, fat George could tell
His Brunswick brothers—were he back from —!)

And so, farewell, thou vilest of the train,
Who feed like ravens on the people's grain;
Who treat the subject, whom to love they vow,
As treats the Abyssinian his cow—
Who drives the creature in that sultry clime,
And eats, and beats her on, from time, to time.

A PAIN ANSWER.—The correspondent who writes to ask whether a carriage described in one of Mr. James's novels as *sweeping* by at a fearful rate must necessarily be a *brougham*, is informed that we decline replying to his question.

THE BELLICOSE BISHOP.—Henry of Exeter has been persecuting the Reverend Mr. Gorham on the Baptism question. This reminds us of the medical student who put some caustic into the Font, when at church.

A correspondent sends us the following atrocity:—

Q. Why was the day on which Oliver Cromwell died the most mournful England ever knew?

A. Because he was almost the only Protector she ever had.

We suspect we recognise the "Roman hand" of the Discharged Contributor in the above.

DOMESTIC RESPECT.



"John, don't go out while I'm absent."—"No, sir."
 "And don't admit any one before my return."—"Very well, sir
 (Aside)—W-a-l-k-e-t."

FILIAL AFFECTION.



"Does he love his papa?"—"No, na!"
 "Kiss him, then, poor papa!"—"No! no! na!"
 "Who does he love, a dear!"—"Touz'n Charles!—you's so ugly!"

HERALDIC DECREE.

WHEREAS the persons whose names are subjoined are not known to have any crests, much less any coats of arms, the SHOWMAN is graciously pleased to grant them the following ones, with mottoes, which he translates for their special benefit:—

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.—A donkey rampant, or, with a bludgeon, vert. Motto, *Dum vivo, latro* (While I live, I howl).

MR. CHARLES COCHRANE.—Two Jew's-harps, argent, with a pauper, vert (very). Motto, *Semper idem* (Always a booby).

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS.—A policeman's rattle, or, and a car, argent, with two creditors, vert. Motto, *I bide my time* (I'm waiting till they take me to jail).

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL.—A begging-box, gules, over a workhouse, or, the top bearing a death's head and harp. Motto, *Patre turpi filius turpior* (The baser son of a base dad).

LORD BROUGHAM.—A chancellor's wig, or, with tomahawk, gules, and an umbrella, proper. Motto, *Sopiens quondam* (Formerly wise).

A HINT TO ADVERTISERS.

WE are glad to see that an exposure, which we made some time ago, of a fraud against M. Gavarni, the artist, by the person who is proprietor of *Chat*, has had (in conjunction with the dulness of that periodical) the wholesome effect of compelling him to raise its price in order to maintain its existence. Honesty is the best policy, after all, in the long run; but when a journal not only wants honesty, but even the lowest grade of ability, neither gods nor men can keep up the concern, and failure must be the end of the false and foolish speculation. Toleration in this case has reached its limits. The insulted honour of the public must be vindicated, and this foul weed rooted out of the social soil, and left to perish on the dung-hill, in company with the many preceding "plants" that have flourished, rotted, and died, under the auspices of its proprietor.

From him we now turn with disgust, and address the honest portion of the public. We address the advertisers, by whose support alone this periodical drags on a miserable existence. The public appreciate it too thoroughly to patronize it, and to get rid of even the small number of copies printed weekly, the proprietor is compelled to give them away publicly in the streets, with the mortification of finding that no respectable person will receive his journal even as a gratuity. The public know too well that it exists by two things—robbery and falsehood: robbery of honourable journals, and lies invented by its *corps* of contributors. It steals jokes from every imaginable quarter, and invents false rumours on every conceivable subject. Plunder and mendacity are the two pillars that support it.

For weeks its contributors have plundered the coffers of the PUPPET-SHOW of their intellectual wealth; for weeks they have fastened themselves on it as tenacious and more disgusting than the horse-leeches that batten on a stately steed and suck his blood. The SHOWMAN is at last compelled to speak out, and now asks the advertisers of London—Will you, by supporting this paper, *Chat*, become accomplices in dishonesty? Honour dictates but one reply, and for that we wait.

A foreigner, who inquires the meaning of "discharging," a prisoner, is informed, that it is the same thing as "letting him off."

SHAMEFUL AUDACITY.—A young gentleman connected with this periodical, knowing Lord Morpeth's interest in the Sanitary Question, actually had the impudence to ask him to "stand a drain!"

Q. Who is the best hand at taking care of his rents?

A. A beggar.

OMNIA VINCIT LABOR.—Of all persons we think place-hunters possess the greatest share of perseverance. This is, doubtless, to be attributed to their belief that most things are to be attained by "unceasing application."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent inquires if we have noticed in the *Musical World* some foolish observations by the editor of that publication, as to which smell the sweetest—or most sweetest, as we believe the editor has it—flowers or nightingales. Our reply is, that we have not; for lately the publisher—for obvious reasons—has not sent us our usual gratis copy, and as we should certainly never think of throwing away threepence in purchasing the number, the absurdities of the *Musical World* are reserved for the exclusive entertainment of its twenty-five *bona fide* subscribers—of whom our correspondent, of course, forms one. By the way, if the editor ever answers our query as to the meaning of the line

"Love springeth sledged and full-grown from thy tongue,"

perhaps our correspondent will kindly communicate with us.

Our readers are informed that an Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1 and 2, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VISELLE BROTHERS and CO. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWD at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed.



NUMBER 14.

LONDON, JUNE 17, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

ANY one who resorts now-a-days to diplomatic correspondence, for information respecting the subject on which it is written, will find himself as egregiously disappointed as a reader who should go to Lord John Russell's tragedy for interest, or Mr. O'Connor's speeches for information. Just as you expect that you are coming to the important news, you knock your head (like the Roman poet) against a shower of stars, or asterisks. This observation applies particularly to the Bulwer correspondence. Everybody knows that Sir Henry was kicked out of Madrid, everybody wants to know why; everybody goes to the correspondence, and what do they find?—two yards of twaddle, bounded by a milky-way of asterisks! We shudder at what may be expected, should this habit of stopping short at the interesting point be established as a principle. The SHOWMAN fully expects to see the next dispatch from Madrid on the subject presented to Parliament in something like the following shape:—

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

MY LORD.—We have had very fine weather here lately, and the crops are looking-up very well. The orange season will probably be a good one. Cigars are dear, and I'm sure I wish sherry was so also, for my son, young Fernando (who, as Your Lordship will recollect, was born in a leap-year, and is marked by a pink strawberry on the left shoulder), got hold of a bottle yesterday, after seeing the bull-fight, and was carried home by a *paisano* this morning. Poor dear boy! his mother is in a sad state about it. Does Your Lordship recommend soda-water, or Carrara, on these occasions? There was a very good bull-fight here lately. The groans of the animal gave great pleasure to Her Christian Majesty. One of the men engaged in the combat received a terrific kick from the animal. By-the-bye, *proprios* of kicking, I come to the subject of the recent expulsion of Sir H. Bulwer. Its explanation is to be found in the fact, that

Yours, &c.

FERNANDO BAMBOOZELO.

This is the modern diplomatic style!



Sicell Dragsman—"HOLLOA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"—Costermonger—"WHY, FUST TO BE SURE."

YOU AND I.

I.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

II.

Who when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than Heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with hate reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

III.

Who would think that all who differ
From the creed we hold
Must be foolish or dishonest—
Wolves without the fold?
Who would send them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

IV.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say, Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

V.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause was strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

VI.

Who would swear his native country
Topped all other worth—
Just in all things, even in error—
Paragon of Earth—
Ever righteous in its quarrels,
Though the world deny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

VII.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would lend his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

VERY DESIRABLE.—A book has lately been published, teaching persons how to live within their income. We advise the author to publish a supplementary chapter, to teach persons how to live without it.

SOME HOPE YET.—The Spanish Ministry accuse Sir H. Lytton Bulwer of all sorts of mean intrigues and profligate conduct. The manner, however, in which he was defended in the House will serve to show them that he is not quite so "abandoned" as they imagined.

MERIT.—A FRAGMENT.

Brown.—By the way, what's this I hear about Lydia's going to be married? You surely cannot intend giving her to that insipid-looking creature I met there the other day. That girl can't care a bit about him, I'm certain; and if Rupee were alive—

Mrs. Rupee.—Now, brother, desist a little moderate—

Brown.—Moderate! and see my niece sacrificed in that manner. Why, the fellow has not a farthing.

Mrs. Rupee.—Lydia's money—

Brown.—Lydia's money ought not to be thrown away in paying his debts, which constitute all he can call his own, for, as for education, intellect, or even common understanding—

Mrs. Rupee.—The gentleman to whom you choose to allude in such terms is a young man of great merit—

Brown.—Merit! Why, he's a spendthrift, a libertine, and a fool. I should like to know in what his great merit consists.

Mrs. Rupee.—Surely you forget, brother, that he is nephew to the Duchess of Fitznoodlehurst.



THE REFORM MOVEMENT.

If the people of this country are anxious to have any reforms brought about, either financial or other, one course is open to them, and that a simple and straightforward one. It is not to riot at Clerkenwell, or bellow at Bethnal Green; it is not to listen to the inflammatory addresses of leaders who first disgrace a cause by their violence, and then ruin it by their audacity. It is, to go to work, and petition Parliament at once in favour of the measures proposed by the Reform League. This is the honest and constitutional course, and one which has been successful in worse times than the present. There is no opposition now to be encountered by constitutional agitation; for the Tories are apathetic, and the Whigs impotent. Let the lower orders, therefore, make their choice at once—between brawling, ending in broken heads and disgrace, and fair agitation, ending in honour and triumph. The leaders of the Reform League are men of character and intelligence, offering in every way a contrast to the noisy demagogues who counsel violence, in the hope of profit—who begin by boasting on the common, and end by repenting in the gaol.

Taxation in England is the heaviest burden that country ever bore. The labour of building the pyramids fell less lightly on the ancient Egyptians than quarter-day does on the Englishman. How is this burden to be lightened? By infusing more of the democratic element into the House of Commons; and this can only be effected by carrying out the measures which will shortly be proposed to Parliament by Mr. Hume and his colleagues.

This is a great occasion for a union between the working and the middle classes, and such a union can only be effected in peace and order—peace and order which are as essential to the commerce of a country as the gold which is its circulating medium.

We hope, therefore, that the lower classes will prefer the time-honoured mode of seeking reform, which has been so often successful. United with the middle classes, they are lords of the Constitution;—divided from them, they are the slaves of the aristocracy. Those who choose the worst side, deserve what they have now—the scorn of the very Whigs!



VERY GENTEEL.

The Tories are confident in their assertion that when the Jewish question is brought forward next year, the Noes will again have it. These gentlemen should remember that the Hebrew nose generally "has a hook at the end."

A "SPIRITED" OBSERVATION.

It has rather surprised us to find that the Radicals and Chartists won't unite. We expected to see them "mixed," as no one ever heard of their being "neat."

A USEFUL HINT.

Government wanted to find a key to the Chartist movements. They believe they have at last hit on it; viz.—the key of Newgate.

QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

Cuffey has recently withdrawn from public agitation, it appears. The Chartists say that he is turning his coat; we believe that he is turning the mangle.

RATHER VULGAR.

One of the weekly papers spoke last week of Charles Cochrane's high character. The proper expression would be his "all-my-eye" character.

TO LIBERAL FLAGGIARISTS.

We read that the Lord Chancellor heard a number of lunatic petitions of no interest on Saturday last. Was the celebrated petition for the suppression of foreign actors among the number?

THE RIGHT VERSION.

The ultra-royalist journals are full of the rude manner in which the Emperor of Austria received the ladies of Vienna, and which they call significant; for our part, we think it was as insignificant as himself.

A DEFINITION.

A mathematical punster, in allusion to the six insignificant points of the Charter, says that they each resemble the one defined by Euclid as "that which has no magnitude."

GALLO-PHOBIA.

The Theatrical Legitimists are going to hiss the French company at Drury Lane (or may have done so by this time), in order to prove themselves thorough admirers of Shakspeare. They should remember that hissing is a characteristic, not of the Swan of Avon, but of the goose.

TOO BAD.

One of the enemies of the sanitary movement says that Lord Morpeth's speeches on the subject have a decidedly soap-orific effect.

AN UNSATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

A musical journal speaks of one of Verdi's marches as "a most insane composition." This felicitous expression tends to throw some light on the old phrase, "as mad as a march air"!!

Both Tragedy and Farce—Trial by jury in Ireland.

Bringing a Man to a Watery End—Giving him in his last moments a basin of M. Soyer's prize soup.



EDITOR'S BOX.

HAVING been unfortunate enough to live under one or two Whig Administrations, we have, in our time, viewed many detestable acts; but, we must frankly own, that none were as execrable as the three acts of the new piece, "Omens and Odd Coincidences," produced on the 3rd instant at the Haymarket. Such a tissue of nonsense it has rarely been our lot to witness. Not only is it destitute of plot as well as wit, but it is absolutely immoral; for the author has sketched out the different parts with such an utter want of truthfulness or talent, that they are necessarily all very bad characters, and, as such, to be sedulously avoided by every person of any reputation. We wonder that Mr. Webster, whose tact at any rate cannot be impugned, however his grammar may, should allow his stage to be occupied even for an instant by such dreary nonentities as Mr. Token, Mrs. Provender, Mrs. Prim, and a host of others, ending with, though last not least, Emmeline Linden—a young lady whose antecedents, and, consequently, relatives, are shrouded in the deepest mystery. The effect of this production was most somniferous; but still not sufficiently so. In order to satisfy us, the earth should have gaped wide as well as the audience, and, proceeding a little farther, swallowed the piece, which the latter were incapable of doing.

At the Lyceum, a smart trifle, attributed to the pen of Mr. Shirley Brookes, has met with merited success. It is witty, sparkling, and amusing; even supposing it had not been half as good as it really is, it would have been pretty sure of a run, as, after the very slow "Fast Man," that had lately been dragging on a wretched existence for a short time past at this theatre, every one must have been disposed to welcome "Anything for a Change."

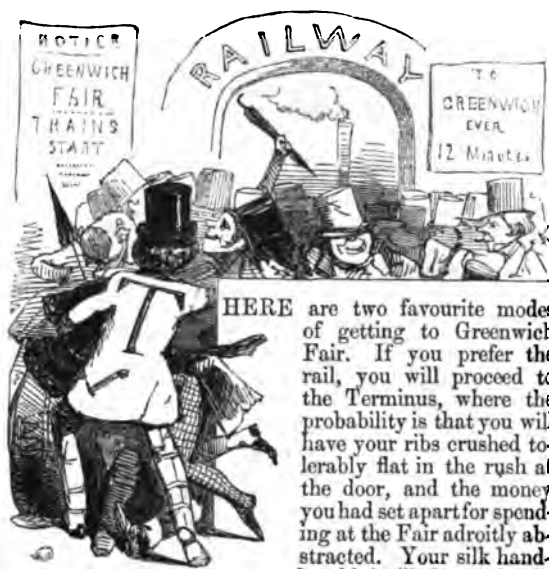
INSOLVENT THEATRICAL NEWS.—A theatrical critic who has just been taken off the free list of Her Majesty's Theatre for calling Jenny Lind "one of the greatest" instead of "the greatest singer of the age," received his final order on Saturday last. He presented it to the wife of a tailor, to whom he felt himself much indebted.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA.—Although of opinion that petitions praying Her Majesty to prohibit foreign performances in London, are rather indicative of ingratitude on the part of Messrs. Webster and Buckstone, who are so much indebted to French dramatists, still, as interest holds undisputed sway over men's hearts, we are not astonished at the course these gentlemen have adopted; but we confess that we are rather surprised when we perceive that a third petition of a similar purport has been presented by Madame Celeste! This is new: it is original: it is by far the best farce that has come under our notice for some time past. Madame Celeste, a Frenchwoman herself, who never in her whole life yet spoke a single phrase of the English language with anything approaching respectability in pronunciation, petitions against the admission of foreign actors and actresses into this country. Is Madame Celeste hypochondriacal?—has she taken this method of cutting her own throat, and committing suicide in a novel way; or does she suppose that if foreign actors were expelled the country, she alone would be allowed to remain?

We have heard of the coolness which subsisted between George III. and the Prince Regent; we have read of the coolness of the Emperor Nicholas for the dynasty of the younger Bourbons; Mr. Davidson's play-bills for the last six weeks have constantly impressed on our mind the coolness generated in the Olympic, by means of a certain new and ingenious apparatus, which, in our opinion, was intended to puff the theatre in more ways than one; but we think that all this is nothing, absolutely nothing, when compared with the coolness of Madame Celeste.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER III.—GREENWICH FAIR.



sequence of both your skirts having been torn off, you would have no convenient pocket in which to keep it. If, however, you prefer making the journey by the river, you will repair to London Bridge, and be, perhaps, the eleven hundred and ninety-seventh person received on board a boat which was choke full before the first five hundred arrivals had been accommodated. On the passage down you are liable to be incommoded, interior-wise, by the swaying of the over-weighted boat; but it fortunately happens that your mental anxiety—you expect every lurch to end in a capsizing—will generally avail to keep you from paying much attention to your bodily tribulation.

Once arrived at the scene of festivity, you will proceed to enjoy yourself after the manner of the other gay and fashionable votaries. First, you will purchase the "Fun of the Fair," a wooden instrument of jocularity—not a comic writer, though—and, thus armed, you will set



about scratching the backs of the public in general, with a perseverance which would have delighted the patriotic Duke of Argyle, who set up the famous posts for the cutaneous advantage of his clansmen. Before plunging into the happy region of booths—the Boothia Felix of cockney explorers—you may as well (we always do) have a shy at one of the "hankey-pankey" establishments; where, if you be dexterous, you may carry off, in return for perhaps eighteen-pence expended in a hundred and twenty throws, a brass tumbler, a yellow pin-cushion, and a wooden cock with a handsome feathery tail. You then direct your steps towards the Fair proper. You will not probably loiter by the gingerbread booths, or allow yourself to be cajoled by the free-spoken proprietrix, who lays her hand on your arm and says, with unbecoming familiarity, "Now, my dear, let me put up a pound of them nuts for you!" Still more resolutely will you spurn the beverage of peripatetic ginger-beer and lemonade establishments, with "sherbet as drunk by the Shaw of Persia" (a nasty animal he must be), and a pictorial illustration of a young lady, supposed to be the

proprietor's daughter, saying, "Another bottle for you, sir?" Like the needle to the Pole, or ourselves to a glass of brandy-and-water or a five-pound note, you will bend your steps to Richardson's; before which, if you have a taste for delicate and refined humour, you can—as the greater part of the performance takes place on the outside platform—chaff the clown, or address a few cheerfully critical observations to the tragedy queen. The performance is said to be derived from the Ancient Moralities, which the superior genius of this age has converted into Modern Immoralities. If you enter, we may remind you to pay threepence for the gallery, and thence clamber into the boxes. The saving is slight, but it is as well to be consistent. The entertainments always consist of a tragedy and a pantomime. To prevent your mistaking one for the other, we may state that the former generally goes first. On the occasion of our very last visit to the Temple of the Greenwich Fair drama, we were wonderfully edified by a peculiarly clever way of dressing the characters in the "opening" of the pantomime. Everybody knows that a great point in a pantomime is the fun of guessing who is to be harlequin, pantaloon, and so on. This was, of course, much enhanced by a countryman frisking about the stage in a short smock-frock which only reached to his



knees, and exposed to view in the most satisfactory manner the variegated and spangled inexpressibles of a harlequin. Being accompanied by a friend who is very short-sighted, we at once bet him a very fair sum that the countryman of the "opening" would be the harlequin of the latter part of the entertainment: and we won. But this by way of *paranthèse*.

From Richardson's you may proceed to the wild-beast show, which generally adjoins it; and if you have the pluck to do it, an entertaining experiment in natural history may be here tried. Purchase outside a penny-trumpet, and watch your opportunity until either the royal striped Bengal tiger or the laughing "hyenar" of the desert are stretched out, with their ears against the bars of the cage; then blow a loud squeak into the organs of hearing of these placid creatures. The result will be a roar and a bound which will astonish the students of zoology around. If the cage gives way, and a tiger or two escape out into the Fair, the proprietor of the menagerie will be justly to blame for not having the dens of his *fera natura* constructed more securely. A few *morosaux* of chaff with the exhibitor of the wild beasts may be indulged in with advantage. Thus, when he is showing the elephant, you can observe, "Ah, yes; there's the Elephant, but where's the Castle?" or, when he conducts the visitors to the camel's cage, you can inquire whether the creature be one of the individuals described in Scotch song, as always "a-coming-hurrah! hurrah!"

Of course, as a student of human nature, you will not



PHYSICAL AND MORAL FORCE.

fail to visit all the giants ten feet five inches high, standing erect in caravans somewhere about five feet ten from the floor to the ceiling; as also all the ladies with white hair and pink eyes—generally depicted on the outside as twining terrific boa constrictors round them in graceful wreaths; and all the wonderfully fat damsels, concerning whom we have always suspicions with reference to an extensive system of padding; not forgetting such phenomena as calves with two heads; pigs of great learning—we should not be surprised if they were adepts in High Art—skeletons of whales, those Napoleons of the ocean who here figure as bony parts;* and the general conglomeration of wonderful objects of nature and art which, year after year, find themselves installed beneath dusty canvas at Greenwich Fair.

The amusements which generally go on between the lines of booths are not fast. They consist of the continuous scratching perpetrated by the Fun-of-the-Fair above alluded to—a terrific din of wooden trumpets—and a long, dreary, monotonous, dusty jostle, backwards and forwards, with everybody's elbows in your ribs, everybody's ankle-jacks on your toes, a sea of dusky hats and coats around you, bounded by the outlines of whitey-brown booths and rickety platforms, crowded with clowns and brass bands making most uncertain harmony; or varied, now and then, by the mounting cars of "merry-go-rounds" and monster swings, careering over the horizon and suggesting agreeable notions of land sea-sickness if the ropes hold; or, if one of them break, of a pitch through the air and over the roofs of the houses, terminated by a forcible entry through a two-pair window in the next street.

After, then, some three or four hours of these pleasant diversions, during which you have fallen down One-Tree hill twice—broken your nose and burst your trowsers—have been engaged in eight rows, and been taken three times into custody—after you have swallowed a pint or two of dust and as much of saw-dust in the Crown and Anchor—to say nothing of having washed the dry material down with half-a-dozen goes of brandy and water—as brown as a badger, and about as nasty to swallow—you return, or are somehow brought back to town, sooner or later as the case may be; and probably find yourself in bed, next morning, embellished with a terrible head-ache and a dirty pair of boots.



* This joke is not ours, but the concoction of a friend who has for the last five minutes been impudently looking over our shoulder.

TO SLOW MEN.—We do not believe that any historian of the manners of the day has, as yet, noticed the important fact, that all the colours of the British Army are "fast" colours, since, like the troops who follow them, they are always warranted not to run.

An "Omen and Odd Coincidence," quite as unmeaning as any in the highly unsuccessful piece lately produced at the Haymarket, is, that the place where the Austrians and Piedmontese had, in fancy phrase, such a "set-to," enjoys the expressive name of Go-it-o!

ADDRESSED TO THE O'CONNELL FAMILY.—If a Young Irishman would give half-a-crown for a *pike*, what would an Old Irishman give for a *plaiice*? (place.)

"UPON THE STEP HE TURNED."

AN AFFECTING BALLAD, DEDICATED TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS OF THE METROPOLITAN HOSPITALS.

AIR—"Upon the hill he turned."

UPON the step he turned to take a last fond look
Of the watch he had so lately pawned, and also of the
book;
He listened to the tick so familiar to his ear,
And the student leant upon his friend, and said, "Let's
get some beer."

Beside the counter stood the master of the shop,
Who used to bate the student down whenever he came
to "pop";
The master gave a chuckle the student could not hear,
But he glared upon him as he stood—then went in quest
of beer.

He went into a public-house—but take care how you think
He always must a sot remain, 'cause then so fond of
drink;
See yonder learned Lecturers, who now so staid appear—
Be sure that each, in days gone by, has something
pawned for beer.

Q. Why has the Austrian eagle two heads?

A. Because it is the emblem of an emperor with two faces.

THE PULLWIRE CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC curiosity having been lately much excited by certain rumours, of the most contradictory description, about a misunderstanding between two eminent commercial firms, the SHOWMAN was induced to sift the matter to the bottom, and is now enabled to give the following authentic account to the world:—

Mr. Palmy Tongue of London formerly lent Mr. Flame-o'-fire of Madrid certain sums of money, when the latter gentleman's house was in some danger of being obliged to wind up its affairs, on account of the great competition it was exposed to from the firm of Mount and Molehill. Mr. Palmy Tongue did not require Mr. Flame-o'-fire to repay the said sums, being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of having done a good action—and also by the conviction that he had acted for his own advantage; for any evil stroke which reached Mr. Flame-o'-fire would most likely in the long run have affected Mr. Palmy Tongue himself.

Things were in this state when Mr. Palmy Tongue received from his agent at Madrid, Mr. Pullwire, information that Mr. Flame-o'-fire was going on in a most extravagant manner, and one which, if persisted in, could not fail to produce a crisis. On hearing this, Mr. Palmy Tongue immediately wrote to Mr. Pullwire as follows:—

[Received March 16th.]

March 16th.

SIR,—I have to instruct you to use all your influence with Mr. Flame-o'-fire, to cause him to stop in the perilous path he has entered on.

You will hint (as gently as possible) that I have no wish of assisting him again, and also that I do not reckon him capable of managing his affairs; consequently, the best way will be for him to give up his books, accounts, and house, into your keeping. I have no objection to his retaining the back attic for his private use, but you must insist on his being in every evening by ten o'clock, and giving up all ideas of a latch-key. Further, I think you might allow him five shillings a-week pocket-money, after defraying his bill at the coffee-house where he takes his meals, and paying his washerwoman. In case your remonstrances produce no satisfactory effect, you will show Mr. Flame-o'-fire this letter.

(Signed)

PALMY TONGUE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.

[Received March 31st.]

March 23rd.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I have not yet delivered it.

(Signed)

PULLWIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.
[Received April 9th.] April 1st.
SIR,—I have taken no further steps since last writing to you.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.
[Received April 23rd.] April 15th.
SIR,—After a great deal of consideration, and also having heard that Mr. Flame-o'-fire had had a misunderstanding with his clerks, I determined on forwarding your note of the 16th March.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Flame-o'-fire.
April 17th.
SIR,— * * * * *
I shall * * * in case that * * * or if
any other mal * * *

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Flame-o'-fire to Mr. Pullwire.
[Received April 18th.] April 18th.
In reply to your last communication, I have laid it before some of my most intimate friends.
In reply to your first observation— * * * To the second— * * * And, to the third— * * *

(Signed) FLAME-O'-FIRE.

Mr. Pullwire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.
[Received April 27th.] April 19th.
SIR,—I have the honour of informing you that on presenting myself at Mr. Flame-o'-fire's counting-house, this morning, he kicked me out.

(Signed) PULLWIRE.

Mr. Palmy Tongue to Mr. Pullwire.
[Received May 6th.] April 28th.
SIR,—I entirely approve of the course you have taken.

(Signed) PALMY TONGUE.

[Does Mr. Palmy Tongue here refer to the precipitate course Mr. Pullwire took down the counting-house steps into the street?]

Mr. Palmy Tongue to Mr. Flame-o'-fire.
April 29th.
SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I do not feel at all hurt at Mr. Pullwire having been kicked.
I must, however, demand an explanation, and require you to inform me whether it is likely the kicking will be repeated.

(Signed) PALMY TONGUE.

Mr. Flame-o'-fire to Mr. Palmy Tongue.
[Received May 16th.] May 8th.
SIR,—You ask for an explanation, it is as follows. When Mr. Pullwire said to me * * * in the presence of * * * it was evident that * * * therefore, although professing the greatest esteem for Mr. Pullwire personally, I should certainly feel myself under the painful necessity of kicking him again if * * *.

(Signed) FLAME-O'-FIRE.

The SHOWMAN has now laid before the public a clear and lucid explanation of the whole matter as it at present stands. With such ample data, England will not be long in forming its decision on the conduct of the parties concerned.

JENNY LIND IN GAOL.—It has been lately decided that any one causing a body of persons to assemble, however legal the object in view may be, is rendered liable for any or every act committed by any or every person present. According to this principle, Jenny Lind, who causes vast numbers to congregate in Her Majesty's Theatre on every evening of her performance, is responsible for every one of their actions as long as they remain together; so that no surprise ought to be excited if we find Jenny Lind brought up to a police court—perhaps even before the present number of the PUPPET-SHOW shall be devoured by admiring thousands—charged with stealing a gold watch, which was, as might have been likely, lost by some *habitué* of Mr. Lumley's theatre. The consequences would be really too great for us to contemplate.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN LONDON.

DUMAS' *troupe* is actually about to perform in London and we shall now have an opportunity, if we live long enough, of witnessing the representation of one of those dramas the termination of which can only be seen by a man of middle age, provided he enter the theatre in early youth. The season commences with *Monte Christo* "the performance of which occupies two evenings;" and to this will succeed (by-the-bye, it may fail) *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, "represented in Paris," as the bill inform us, "for three hundred and fifty consecutive nights!"

"Represented for three hundred and fifty consecutive nights!" Why, if this be true, we arrive, allowing for Sundays, at the extraordinary conclusion that the *Mousquetaires* will not arrive at any conclusion whatever until after the lapse of more than a twelvemonth; whence it follows, that as soon as the drama has been represented three times, all the actors will, as performers of three years' standing, belong by right to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund—a result which could not fail to cause infinite disgust to Mr. Harley!

But confining ourselves to *Monte Christo*, a drama in ten acts, represented at the rate of five acts per night, let us ask, whether the "first part" is so overpowering that the audience feel it necessary to allow an interval of one entire day to pass between its representation and that of the remaining portion? Then, again, is the public required to pay at once for both performances? We have heard that such is the case; and that, moreover, no return checks are issued, although it is but just to allow that the public will have full permission to stay in the theatre from the termination of the first part until the commencement of the second.

We have no doubt that if the ten act drama (by-the-bye, how doubly legitimate it must be) should become fashionable entertainment in London, the evening paper will publish information of the incidents as they occur for the benefit of those persons who, having attended the first, may have been prevented from witnessing the second portion of any given (or stolen) play. An edition of the *Telegraph* will probably be published with

LATEST THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE. DOWNFALL OF THE BARON.

Or, at a later period,
BY EXTRAORDINARY EXPRESS.
MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS WITH DUC ALONZO

Some new plan must also be adopted in order to obtain accurate accounts for the morning journals. We suggest that the pieces should be reported at equal length with the Parliamentary debates; in which case a relay of critics would have to be always in readiness, with Mr. Knavison prepared at a moment's notice to replace Mr. Assenford. If a more concise account be considered preferable, we shall have something in the style of leg reports, with an occasional intimation that a certain performer was "left acting;" or that "the piece was not concluded at the time of our going to press;" or again "the drama will probably terminate in two or three evenings, until which period we postpone our report."

VERY PROPER.—Seeing that the Chartist meeting were not to be suppressed by any arguments it could employ, Government had no other course left than to put them down by *Mayne* force.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—We were not at all surprised to hear of the recent division amongst the Polish patriots; for, at school, we were always taught that the pole must be asunder.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—Any one who has read the proceedings of the National Assembly, so constantly interrupted by "agitation on the extreme left," "movement on the ministerial benches," "great tumult on the floor of the hall," and so on, cannot have failed to remark the announcement that the Chamber "proceeds to the order of the day." After all the disorder alluded to, this intelligence is quite refreshing.

ABSOLUTE TYRANNY.



MAN OF THE PEOPLE—"VELL, BILL, HEEER'S A SLAP AT THE RIGHTS OF THE SUBJEC—I'M BLEST IF GUV'MENT HA'NT GONE AND 'BOLISHED THREE-STICKS-A-PENNY AT HASCOT!"

DON HENRICO LYTTON BULWER.

FROM THE SPANISH.

DON HENRICO LYTTON BULWER, wherefore o'er your manly brow
Fly those sudden clouds of anger, as they never flew till now?
Gleams of passion, brightly sparkling, darting from your eyes appear,
And your soul is sad and heavy, and you strangely spurn your beer.

Hither come! in burning accents all your griefs and sorrows tell.
Is it that Lord John is falling, and your book on France won't sell?
Does our poor distracted Europe touch your gentle soul with pain?
Don Henrico Lytton Bulwer, thou hast been kicked out of Spain!

Never more on her ripe corn-fields shalt thou see the sun-beams shine,
Never in her wide plains watch the creeping tendrils of the vine,
Never at the proud bull's tortures gazing shall thy heart grow sick—
All those pleasures now are over since that last confounded kick!

Softly beamed the star of even, lightly gleamed the purple sea,
When a jolly set were boozing in the British embassy.
There were Don Fernando Kasbern, Don Cuffeyo, and some more—
Every man a foe to Narvaez, and to take his head they swore.

"Come, my lads," cried Don Henrico, "fill your goblets once again,
Here's confusion to the tyrant—health and liberty to

Here's to every jolly rebel—may he have the resolution
To knock down the tyrant Narvaez, and set up the Constitution."

Quickly were the goblets emptied—quick replenished.
"Ha! what's that?
Is't a musket?—pass the sherry—no, it's that infernal cat!"
"No, it isn't!" Here the portals for a stranger open flew.
Grimly did the stranger enter, and the company looked blue!

Slowly, sternly, moved the stranger, till he reached the highest place—
Proudly, darkly gazed the stranger into Don Henrico's face;
There was something in his bearing that recalled the famous Cid,
As he said to Don Henrico, "You must mizzle from Madrid!"

"Here's your passport," so he gave it, lowly bowed, and turned away,
Vanished as night's shadows vanish on the bright approach of day;
And a sudden thrill of sorrow through each awe-struck guest there ran,
For the end of Bulwer's dinners was the thought of every man.

Proudly then rose Don Henrico—he whose courage never flags;
Pride was frowning from his forehead as he stuffed his carpet-bags,
Ere the sun rose o'er the city, he was far beyond its walls,
Much lamented by a tailor, sighing in his empty halls.

Loudly did the rebels grumble, touching was the maidens' wail,
Sadly moaned the Progressistas, and their daughters' cheeks were pale;
But the General and Queen Mother were the merriest folks in Spain,
For they knew what Whigs can swallow, and that they need not "explain!"

CHARTIST AMMUNITION.

IN consequence of the humbug that has lately been published about attacks from the Chartist, we lately determined to ascertain the nature and extent of the ammunition with which they were provided. We have discovered that in the matter of fire-arms several of them possess a poker and a couple of pairs of tongs; they have in many cases been known to discharge their debts, and have always let off the special constables very easily. They have, however, no muskets or rifles, and the only reports which have come to our ears have been those published in the newspapers. No one who is aware of the paucity of the Chartist funds can accuse the body of having much "shot" in their possession, though we must admit that many of them possess a large quantity of shells—we mean oyster shells.

Our readers are informed that an Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1 and 2, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVER, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where



NUMBER 15.

LONDON, JUNE 24, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. IV.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

WE think a very good work might be written under the title of "Dumas, a Mystery." M. Dumas eats, drinks, sleeps, rides, and walks about in the same manner as ordinary people, at the same time keeping about fifty couriers and half-a-dozen locomotives fully employed in conveying to half the printing-houses of Paris the MSS. of plays, romances, and books of travel, without end. M. Dumas' average is three novels and a five-act play *per diem*. His leisure moments he fills up by drawing plans for country seats, and endeavouring to hit on the means of obtaining parliamentary ones. Failing in this last, he came over to London with his famous *Théâtre Historique*, and the actors and plays belonging to it; but in consequence of the patriotic demonstrations of the London supernumeraries, instead of having a run here, the only one they are likely to enjoy is—back again to France.

A CALL FOR TRUE LIBERTY.

I.

Oh, Liberty, serene and fair,
Chief blessing of the nations,
The dearest object of our care,
Our best of aspirations,
Come forth, and show thy beaming face—
The world has learned to doubt thee—
Come forth—shed light upon our place;
We cannot live without thee.

II.

A brazen-browed and vulgar jade,
Not like thee in a feature,
In thy white robes and wreath arrayed,
A coarse-tongued shameless creature,
Struts o'er the earth, and takes thy name,
Sows hatred and dissension,
And sanctions many a deed of shame
Which thou would'st blush to mention.

III.

Not like thyself—an angel sweet,
Whose lips would scorn to utter
The filthy language of the street,
Or bye-words of the gutter—
She mingles with the vilest crowd,
She shouts, and roars, and curses,
Shakes hands with thieves—she is not proud—
And gambols with cut-purses.

IV.

She calls herself a goddess bright,
The suffering people's saviour,
Who shows the nations truth and right,
And teaches kings behaviour;
She bears a musket in her hand,
She holds her head supremely,
And rules within a neighbouring land
In fashion most unseemly.

V.

She takes thy name on false pretence,
And signs it to her papers;
And when she lacks the needful pence,
She plays dishonest capers:
She mulcts the rich, and calls it fair
To fine their misbehavings;
And then, to show the poor her care,
She robs them of their savings.

VI.

Come forth and shame this counterfeit,
Oh, maiden fair and holy;
Oh, Liberty! divinely sweet,
Beloved of high and lowly.

Come forth, thy heavenly charms unfold,
And teach mankind their duty;
Come forth, let all the world behold
Thine intellectual beauty.

VII.

Though blinded mobs might seek to slay,
And tyrant monarchs hate thee;
True hearts in France thine advent pray—
True hearts in England wait thee.
So fair thou art, so full of grace,
The nations will adore thee;
And mobs, when once they've seen thy face,
Will bend their knees before thee.

VIII.

Come forth; the world expects thou wilt—
Long has it waited sadly—
Come forth, and shame this thing of guilt,
That plays thy part so badly.
Come forth, serene, refulgent, clear,
Th' expectant earth adorning;
And all the cheats shall disappear
Like torchlight in the morning.

A DIFFERENT SORT OF RACE.—A very verdant young gentleman is, we understand, studying a work called "Ethnology, or the Science of Races," in hopes of being enabled by its aid to make up a good book for the St. Ledger.

ANTIQUARIANS IN WIT.—The *Musical World* speaks of some one who "says, in his own quaint way, 'My son loves gas-light, for he likes to throw light on the subject!'" This reminds us of the *Musical World*, which says, in its own quaint way, "a door is not always a door, for is it not sometimes a-jar?"

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—We are requested by the magistrates at Bow Street to acknowledge the receipt of five shillings, which has been forwarded to them by a young man who became intoxicated last week, and missed the policeman (to whom he intended giving himself in charge) in his way home.

NEVER CONTENT.—Some people appear never to have enough of a good thing. To this class belong those railroad travellers who, after having nearly every bone in their body broken by some fearful accident, actually take the trouble to go to law in order to obtain further "damages."

GRIEF.—A FRAGMENT.

[*Mr. Mute's back parlour. Mrs. and the Misses Mute sewing crape scarves and other funeral trappings, in solemn silence.*]

Mr. Mute. Very awful, sir. So sudden. . .

Mr. Augustus Fast. Yes. (*Takes out a cambric handkerchief: is about to apply it to his eyes, but stops to slip off a speck that he perceives on his coat.*) Quite unexpected. Ah!—You'll let everything be ready, because, as all devolves upon me—

Mr. Mute. Oh, never fear, sir; I will be punctual. My wife and daughters have been working day and night at the scarves, and also at a new pall. They said they would not rest a moment till all was completed—(*with a faltering voice*) They knew your deceased uncle, sir—

[*Here Mrs. and the Misses Mute deem it necessary to have recourse to their handkerchiefs. Mr. Augustus Fast seizes the same opportunity to look down with great sorrow at his varnished boots, and calculates how much his uncle has probably left him. After a pause he looks up.*]

Mr. Augustus Fast. Well, then, I rely on you, Mute. (*Bows to the ladies, and exits, accompanied by Mute.*)

Mute. (*returning.*) My dear, that's a three hundred pound job, at the least. As you and the girls have been very industrious with the grave-clothes and the pall, I'll treat you all to Austley's.

The Misses Mute (*throwing down their work, and skipping round Mr. Mute.*) Oh my!—Pa!

ALDERMAN JOHNSON *versus* HUMANITY,
DECENCY, AND COMMON SENSE.

ARE we living in England, in the nineteenth century, in an age of reform, reason, and the PUPPET-SHOW? We are sometimes inclined to doubt it. The corporation of London is the most barbarous relic of antiquity now existing. A Grand Falconer is a ridiculous object enough, but he at least is a man of education, and does no harm. But a civic magistrate is at once mischievous and ridiculous. No man living can give a reason why such persons as aldermen should be dispensers of law. Does it follow because a man is a Hercules at the dinner-table, that he will necessarily be a Solon on the bench! Surely some such delusive idea must exist in the legislature.

On the 12th instant there was brought before Alderman Johnson at Guildhall (as we learn from the *Chronicle*) "an old man, upwards of seventy years of age," charged with making three desperate attempts to destroy himself. The imagination can fancy nothing more melancholy than a suicide of seventy—a grey-headed man who has toiled for two generations—hastening to the grave before his time, preferring to a life of misery a death of shame. 'Twere a theme for Euripides, Otway, or Sterne. What was his defence? "I came to London to look for work, but could not find any!" Could Curran have made a better one? Society, however, permits its fellow-creature to starve to death like a wolf in a Russian winter, but not to die like a man! Hear the Alderman—"A Dogberry come to judgment!"

Alderman Johnson—"When did you come, and from where?"

Prisoner—"From Farringdon, in Berkshire, on last Tuesday week."

Alderman Johnson—"There are plenty of rivers there. Why did you not throw yourself into one of them, instead of coming to London for the purpose of creating sympathy in the public mind? You no more intended to kill yourself than I do at present, and ought to be well flogged, and sent home. I shall commit you for seven days on short allowance."

And so he was conveyed to prison.

Now, we put it to every one with a human heart, or a human understanding, whether the above speech has ever been out-matched for cool, deliberate brutality, and disgusting callousness of feeling—whether there is not a Mephistophelean ruffianism about it that shocks the senses and chills the heart? The statement that the prisoner did not intend to kill himself was simply a lie, of the magisterial (which is the worst) species. The evidence showed that the attempts were various, violent, repeated, and prevented with difficulty; but the Alderman's object was to prevent the man getting assistance by stigmatizing him as an impostor. An impostor! Supposing his only object was to "create sympathy," is creating sympathy a crime? If so, God help the miserable; for to what but sympathy can they look!

But the subject is too painful to dwell upon at length. We have done our duty by bringing this Alderman's conduct before the public. And this was a "popular" Lord Mayor! But City popularity is kitchen popularity. The *aura popularis* there smells of soup. We presume he will go on unchecked by his fellow-citizens, and that, as he gratified their gluttony at his expense, they will allow him to gratify his own appetite for cruelty at the expense of human nature!



A SEVERE CUT.

The Chartists talked very loudly of cutting off the gas on the 12th of June: instead of this, however, on the approach of the police, they *cut off* themselves.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

According to the police reports, one Samuel Cowell, comedian, of the Princess's theatre, has been acting in a most contemptible manner during the late riots at Drury Lane. This does not surprise us:—a long experience of this gentleman's powers has convinced us that it is impossible for him to *act* in any other way.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE SUBJECT.

A young fellow has written to us to know whether the *Musical World* is conducted by members of the Whittington Club, since it deals so much in "*counterpoint*."

THE PROPER READING.

The Drury Lane mob expected the support of the public "*at large*." It seems to us that that portion of the public which is locked up (at the Hanwell Asylum and elsewhere) would be more congenial colleagues.

THE LAST NEW NOVEL.

We have heard a great deal at various times about "*finding the body of Harold*." In Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's book we have certainly found the body, but we have looked in vain for the brains!

COMMERCIAL.

The little credit which the Editor of the *Musical World* may once have possessed in the literary market, seems to have fallen very much—for at present no one will take his paper.

NO QUARTER.

The Danish troops who have been taken prisoners are treated with great kindness, and quartered in the barracks of the Hanoverian soldiers. They are rather better off than the Germans who fell into the hands of the infuriated Danish peasants, and were quartered on the highway.

REPUTATION FOR CALUMNY.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor has been stigmatized as being disloyal. We must, however, confess that, as far as jokes went, we have always found him a very good subject.

THE LEGITIMISTS AGAIN.

We understand that a slow dramatic author is about to bring out a new edition of *King Lear*, with the part of the *Bastard* omitted, on account of its not being a legitimate character.

A PLAIN REASON.

The papers say that the crowds which assemble nightly on the Paris Boulevards are very dense. Of course they are, otherwise how could they act so stupidly?

FALSE ASSERTION.

One of the papers, in instituting a comparison between the Chartists and the Whigs, says, that the latter are quite a different body. We always looked upon them as a very indifferent one.

A LITERARY OSTRICH.

A publisher is now advertising a "*Digest of the Parliamentary Debates*." We should like to know something of the author, who can manage to digest what no one else could ever swallow.



EDITORS'

BOX.

ON Monday, the 12th instant, somewhere about a quarter eight, P.M., the SHOWMAN took his hat from its peg, and hi from his house, down to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Alth not doubting in the least the entertainment to be derived M. Dumas' Drama, the SHOWMAN had taken care to pi himself with a sufficient quantity of entertainment of the announced to weary travellers on the sign-boards of wayside intending of course to remain until the conclusion of the d on the Wednesday night. Man's designs, however, are as as peacocks themselves. The rising of the curtain was fol by the rising of about a hundred individuals in the pit a score or so in the boxes; either singers at night taveri *habitués* of the same, who, having heard that Monte Christ immoral, had determined on putting it down by brute forc being the most appropriate to their nature. Accustom the chaste and modest strains of their own favourite effu they determined Monte Christo should not defile their ears; not only did they refuse to listen themselves, but with the g est solicitude for those whom the SHOWMAN had supposed the more respectable, but whom the Cider Cellars' g regarded as the more viciously inclined portion of the audi prevented the latter from hearing anything either. So these rigid moralists, however, proved martyrs to their cause; for, in consequence of carrying it out with too warmth, they were themselves carried out—of the theat two policemen.

The SHOWMAN has endeavoured to discover some gr for this unfair and dishonourable conduct on the part of Eng men. After long reflection, he has come to the conclusion the offenders were only anxious to prove their loyalty to Queen, who, to judge by the example she has set in favo British productions, must feel gratified that her subjects not failed to stand up for the British Drama, which, by some dent or other, she herself has invariably neglected to patro

THE GENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To hiss, or not to hiss, that is the question:— Whether 't is nobler in a gent to suffer The ten-act plays of Alexandre Dumas; Or to take arms against a *troupe* of Frenchmen, And, by opposing, smash them?—To shout,—to ro No more;—and, by a row, to say we end This Monte Christo, which so strangely shocks The blush I'm heir to;—'t is a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To shout;—to row;— To row! and go to quod?—ay, there's the rub; For if that be the case, what fine may come Next day, for kicking up this great turmoil, Must give us pause; there's the respect That makes these foreigners of so long life; For who would bear the whips and spurs of the *Cirque Franconi's* stud within Old Drury's walls, The jokes of foreign clowns, and all they say, Their insolence in coming, which, in turn, These fresh arrivals do but imitate, When he himself might a quietus make With a mere cat-call? Who would quietly sit, And nothing understand of ten long acts, But that the dread of something after quod— That well-discovered country, from whose bourn The van so oft removes—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear this foreign trash Than walk to Bow Street, 'twixt two New Police! Thus Jardine does makes cowards of us all; And thus our stock in trade of resolution Goes oozing out at his most dreaded name; And all our plans and projects, in a moment, From great regard for it are all my eye, And, what's more—Betty Martin.

THE MONTE CRISTO ROW.



"WELL, BILL, SO WE'VE PUT DOWN THEM FRENCH ACTORS. SEE WHAT ENGLISHMEN CAN DO WHEN THEY STICKS TOGETHER."

"AH! I BELIEVE YOU! BRITISH TALENT'S GOT THE DAY, AND DRURY LANE'S SHUT UP AGAIN."

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an *Habitué* of all of them.

No. II.—THE BILLINGSGATE FISH DINNER.



ESTERDAY we actually succeeded in getting a place—not a Brighton place, as a bad genius suggests—at the Billingsgate Fish Dinner. We had heard that it was one of the most extraordinary ordinaries in London, and had resolved to pay the proprietor a visit and eighteenpence, in order to take down its general characteristics, and take up any absurdity that might present itself. It is a very filling sort of dinner; so much so, that the room—which, by-the-

bye, we like better than the company—becomes quite full about the time that "grace before meat," or rather before fish, is said. After all the available chairs are occupied, the unseated portion of the guests descend to all sorts of paltry artifices, such as broken footstools and corners of fenders; while the "latest arrival" is elevated—his anger rising at the same time—to a position on the edge of the mantel-piece.

There are many little minds who would not mind punning about the names of the various fish with which they are here entertained. We need not observe that, as regards the jokes, the public would not be entertained. We, however, will not annoy our readers by talking about soles in connexion with (A)els; nor will we, for the sake of indulging in

with the view of making a stupid point; while it would, of course, be equally absurd to attempt to get anything brilliant out of so flat a subject as the flounder.

The great object which seems to pervade the minds—if they have any—of the *habitués* of the Fish Dinner is that of eating a good eighteenpen'orth. We are bound in justice to add, that their capabilities are quite equal to their intentions. We believe that a select party of seven-and-twenty have sworn a solemn vow to ruin the "spirited proprietor." We are ignorant of the cause of their wrath, but it is quite certain that they have equal appetites for revenge and salmon, and that the unfortunate man against whom their vengeance and gluttony are directed will soon be eaten out of house and home. It is becoming quite evident that either the prices must rise or the landlord must fall; in which case we should no doubt find his demise chronicled under the head of "Disgusting Feat," or "Voracity of a City Clerk."



EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

The usual mode of dining at the ordinary under notice is by eating as much fish as possible (and far more than would appear probable), and then attacking the meat like hungry Chartists or half-starved reporters at a public dinner. For this, however, it is necessary to possess considerable activity, and to keep a strict watch on all the plates as they are being sent round the table;



KEEPING A WATCH.

and this line of conduct is required, if only for the sake of behaving like the majority, and to avoid being looked upon as something out of the common.



SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMMON.

We do not remember having seen any dessert at the



A PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS.

backed buffoon of Fleet Street), have been produced, smoking and drinking are continued until the next dinner commences, at which those who have regained their appetites are allowed an opportunity of again appeasing them.



SHALL I HELP YOU TO A LIGHT?

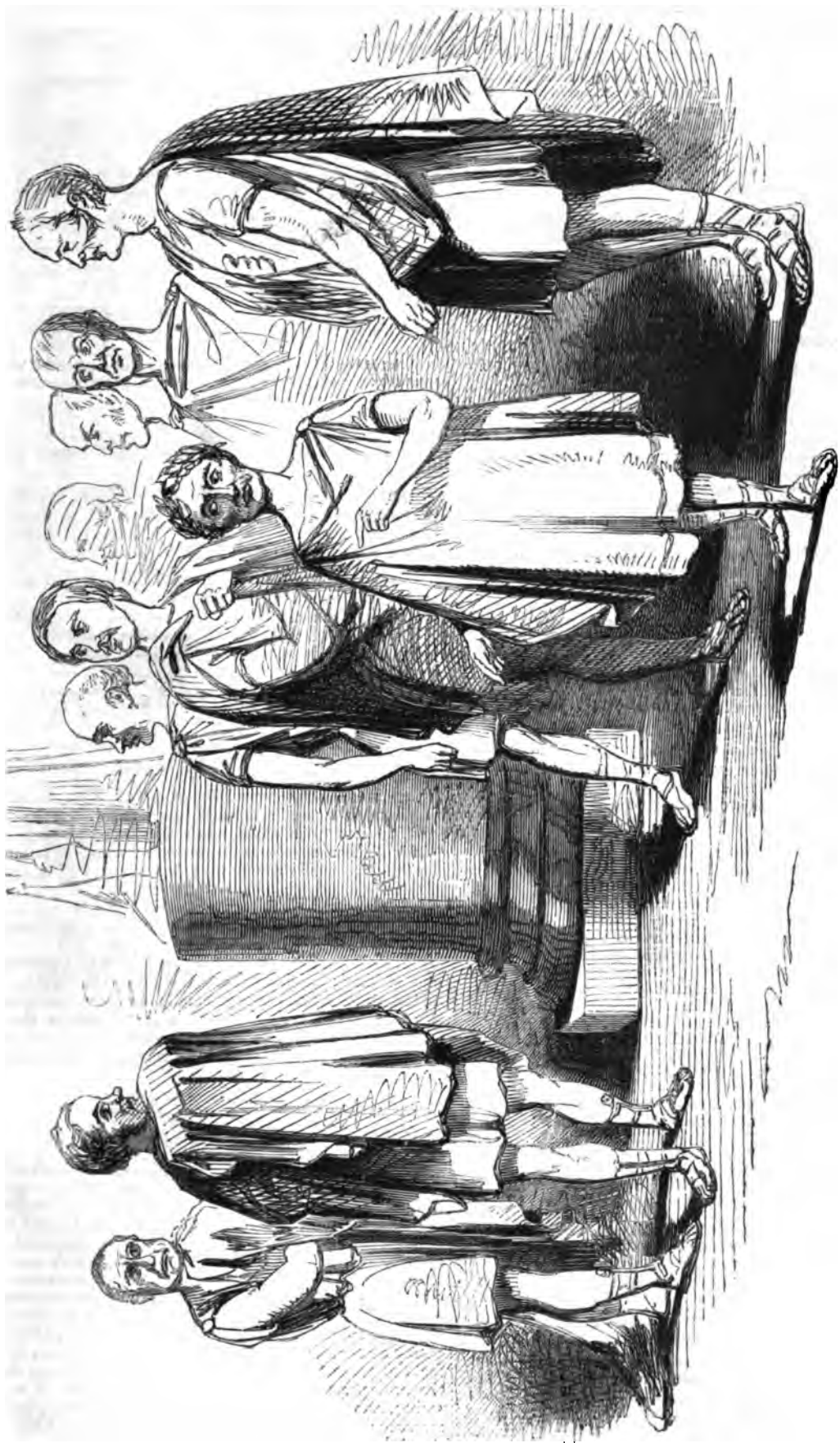
THE TWO STUDENTS.

OUR two friends who compose the School of the Westminster Hospital were of course not idle during the demonstration for and against the company of the *Théâtre Historique*. It was important to know what part the School would take in the matter, and a grand congress was accordingly called, in order at once to determine the question. It soon appeared from some handbills which were issued that there was but little chance of a satisfactory result being arrived at, for while the most subtle and exact reasoning was put forth by one party, the opposite one gave evidence of the greatest determination of purpose, by the most violent denunciations, and appeals to what are called "better feelings." The only decisions arrived at in consequence of the meeting were, that Student No. 1 was a "bigoted wretch" (proposed by No. 2), and that Student No. 2 was an "obstinate fool" (proposed by No. 1).

A NEW RAILWAY BREAK.—Hudson's break-down



PUTTING HIM ON THE SHELF.



(Caesar.....Lord J. Russell.)

(Brutus.....Jo. Hume.) (Cassius.....R. Cobden.)

THE POLICEMEN'S PIC-NIC.

A BETHNAL-GREEN ECLOGUE.

"As matters continued to wear so pacific an aspect, the police were allowed to sit down on the grass and recruit exhausted nature from the stalls and baskets of the hawkers, who were scattered in great numbers over the fields. Squatting on their pocket-handkerchiefs, the M's, the N's, the K's, and the H's, proceeded to discuss very vigorously the bread and cheese, nuts, cakes, and ginger-beer, which were at hand; and when these were exhausted, *fencing tankards* and clay pipes appeared upon the scene."—*Times*, June 1884.

THE strife was over—hushed the clamour loud,
And mizzling rain dispersed the mizzling crowd;
The shivering Chartists hurried thro' the mud,
Washed (for the first time) by the kindly flood.
Their graceful limbs in corduroys were seen,
Bounding like bisons over Bethnal Green;
Their leaders vanished to a "public" near,
To curse the Government, and drink their beer.

Now that the danger all had passed away,
And shame o'erwhelmed another Chartist day,
The gallant Peelers on the common sat,
For frugal luncheon, and a friendly chat;
Small heaps of penny busters strewed the ground,
Majestic pewters, too, with white foam crowned,
And cakes from Camden Town, and Holland's cheese,
While shag's soft perfumes mingled with the breeze!
Much they discussed the riots and their meat,
And each fair cook on every favourite beat.

"Ah!" cried K 50, "say, shall dame compare
With my Jemima—pride of Russell Square?
Who that has viewed her at the social board,
With chops, and pies, and beer, and pickles, stored:
Or seen her, graceful in her mistress's dress,
Adorn the area with her loveliness—
But will admit her fairest of the band,
Juno at home, and Venus in the Strand!"
He spoke—a cloud stole o'er his manly mug:
He wiped away a tear, and seized the jug.

Then thus H 40:—"Thy Jemima vie
With Grissell, lady of the sparkling eye?
She, the enchanter of the neighbouring mews,
Pet of the Force, and darling of the Blues!
At such pretension, all mankind would laugh;
But here's the Inspector coming—stop your chaff!"

The grave Inspector came, took up the can,
Refreshed his weary frame, and thus began:—
"My gallant comrades! cheerily all lays
Come to my ears that sound a female's praise.
Be't yours in friendly rivalry to shine:
To hear and deck the conqueror be mine.
Who best describes the beauties of the fair,
This bran-new truncheon by his side shall wear.
In vain old women and small boys resist
A bran-new truncheon in a Peeler's fist!"
A burst of cheering came from all the band;
Then thus the rivals—each with pipe* in hand.

K 50:—"As the bright lustre of surpassing red
Beams from the features of a lobster dead;
So, when she sweetly smiles, or softly speaks,
Glow the warm colour on Jemima's cheeks!"

H 40:—"Sweet as the wild-flowers upon Scottish mountains,
Cheering as the water in Trafalgar fountains,
Cheering as 't is to see the rabble mizzle,
So sweet, so bright, so cheering, is my Grissell!"

K 50:—"To watch, until her master's gone to bed—
To hide the candle, and prepare the spread—
With wily subterfuge, and cautious care,
To pass the kitchen door and area stairs—
To mix the salad, or to deck the round—
Queen of all cooks, be fair Jemima crowned!"

H 40:—"To take precautions, while she roasts the veal,
That the sweet odour through the house don't steal—
To tell her mistress all the wine is gone,
But for the Peeler put a bottle on—
To grate the nutmeg, or to mix the punch,
To filch the supper, or abstract the lunch—

Let all these arts with trumpet voice proclaim
My Grissell's merit, and secure her fame!"

K 50:—"How, if her master comes down in the night,
Jemima hides her lover and the light!"

H 40:—"How, should her master venture such a thing,
Grissell strange stories to his wife would bring!"

K 50:—"When balls are given, does Jemima fail
To give the prying MUDLARK* each detail!"

H 40:—"Not so my Grissell! Should the MUDLARK bore,
She turns the greedy reptile from the door."

"Enough, enough," the bold Inspector cried;
"H 40, take the truncheon to your side!"

The listening crowd admire the lofty lay,
And to their stations slowly wend their way.

* A fashionable or flunky reporter for the press; called the MUDLARK, because once, when daring to intrude on the privacy of the Royal yacht, he was hurled into the Hampshire mud!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Inflicting an *Observer* criticism on a friend.

NOT SO CRUEL AFTER ALL.—Government have been charged with cruelty towards Mr. Mitchell; but as they never had him cropped, it must be admitted that they did n't "hurt a hair of his head!"

LES DANOIS.—We understand that Jullien is re-arranging Musard's quadrille, *Les Danois*, in order to suit the circumstances of that people. Several new military effects have been added to the celebrated *coup de pistolet* which occurs in the original; but as it is intended to introduce a triumphal march in the last figure, the *maestro* is necessarily obliged to postpone the composition of the *finale* until that of the war itself shall have arrived.

A PARALLEL CASE.

In an affectedly written biography of Mrs. Mowatt, published in a pseudo-philanthropic journal, it is gravely related, that "one night when they were playing the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the audience became so excited, that they gradually rose from their seats, and when *Lady Ashton* showed *Ravenswood* the contract which *Lucy* (Mrs. Mowatt) had signed, a man in the audience cried out, in a voice broken with emotion, 'Tear it up *Ravenswood*! Oh! tear it up!'"

The above anecdote forcibly reminds us of a performance of *Lucia* which we once witnessed at a minor theatre, and at which the audience gradually rose from their seats: when the point arrived at which *Lady Ashton* shows *Ravenswood* the contract, a man in the pit cried out in a voice broken by the warmth of his feelings, "Cut it short, young man! Come, cut it short!"

GLORIOUS NEWS.

ILLNESS OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

Our Discharged Contributor has lately been taking a great deal of interest in the Chartist movements. On the 12th of June, he was looking about for "ideas" in Bonner's Fields, and in the futile search, managed to get wet through. While changing his clothes, he was heard to mutter, that the Chartists after all had met with a great success, for that in consequence of the immense quantity of rain which had fallen, they must now certainly have obtained their six *pints*. We are happy to inform our readers, that our much disrespected friend has been afflicted with a severe attack of rheumatism, which prevents him, for the present, from holding a pen. It is even said that the unfortunate humourist has but little chance of recovering, though at the time of our going to press, he remains in full possession of such faculties as he has hitherto enjoyed. We merely state the circumstances as they have reached us, without expressing our feelings on the subject

* In order to understand this pastoral properly, we wish the reader



LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S TRAGEDY, "DON CARLOS."

WE think that Lord John Russell's friends (if he has any) acted with singular absurdity in raking up this unhappy performance from the twenty-six years of obscurity in which the public so contentedly allowed it to rest. The present time is about the most unfortunate that could be selected for the resurrection. It is too bad, that when Lord John is everywhere displaying his impotence as a statesman, the public should be reminded of his dulness as an author. However, if he is satisfied so are we. We are not surprised at his literary, being so well acquainted with his political, temerity. We know quite enough of him not to be astonished that he should boldly have written on a subject which had previously been handled by Otway, by Schiller, and by Alfieri.

Don Carlos has been performed at the Surrey Theatre. Every justice was done it in the way of scenery, dress, and decorations. It was decently performed, patiently listened to, and slightly applauded; but it was obvious that the feeling of curiosity to see what kind of a play a premier was the author of, was the only feeling gratified on the part of the public. We shall make some comments on this production, in order that our readers may see what kind of stuff "persons of quality" write in the present day. The leaden seal of commonplace dulness is stamped on every line.

What is the meaning of the following sentiment uttered by *Valdez*, the Grand Inquisitor, supposed to be a wily and profound man?

"——— fortitude
Rewards itself, and dries the stream of grief
In its own source, the mind."

Here fortitude is represented as something apart from the mind, and occupied in drying it up; besides, fortitude *does not* reward itself, for we sat out *Don Carlos* with great fortitude, and got no reward whatever!

Among other defects, there is no want of plagiarism, but this perhaps is justifiable, for the most sensible thing such an author can do is to borrow. In Act II., Scene 1, *Carlos* gives his father an account of the burning of a heretic, which he had seen when young. The story is told in about forty dull lines; but who does not see that it is borrowed in sentiment throughout from a magnificent passage in Shelley's *Queen Mab* describing a similar scene, which begins—

"I was an infant when my mother went
To see an atheist burned!"

When the fire reaches the culprit, His Lordship describes it thus—

"The flames burst forth,
And with slow torture singed the limbs of him," &c.

Not so Shelley, who tells us—

"The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs,
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon!"

Mark the vigour of these lines, glowing with genius. His Lordship describes the burning as a cannibal cook would; talking of the "singeing" as if the victim (like himself) were a certain bird, popular at Strasburg!

In the fourth act we have *Carlos* in prison, where, by-the-by, he heartily deserves to be, for talking such nonsense in the preceding acts. Like most dull dogs in tragedies, he commences to soliloquize and spout about the hills, &c.

"The brown hills,
The aloe hedge, the rhododendron wild,
The golden orange, and the purple grape,
All seemed as clothed in light."

How this smacks of Covent Garden! A cauliflower would have made it complete. The line in italics is the only good one in the play. It reminds us of desert.

In due time the killing begins, and *Carlos* takes poison; after which he makes no less than *five speeches*—pompous and laboured. In the same scene, in Otway's *Don Carlos*, on the

contrary, the Prince says but little, and that touching, natural, pathetic, and becoming his position. Russell's *Don Carlos* talks of posterity.

"Perhaps a day
May come when Spain will ask to know my fate."

His last thoughts are of himself; Otway's *Don Carlos* of his father and his duty.

"Methinks there's something in my heart
Tells me I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your hand
Before I die, what is it you would command?"

This is the true pathetic. No melodramatic blustering—no swagger. But Otway knew human nature—Russell, parliamentary; Otway was a poet—Russell is a Whig!

SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM HAMLET.

Illiberal Philpotts, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Strange, that the man who bigots all surpassed
Might, spite of this, become a brick at last.

TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.—If a conclusive proof were wanted of the culpability of any person obtaining, by protestations of eternal love, possession of some young heiress, while, at the same time, it was her money—not herself—he cared about, such proof would lie in the fact that the wretch had certainly "done a-miss."

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

MARK LEMON dreamed last week that he would shortly make a joke.

The editor of the *Musical World* once dreamed that his journal would, at some time or other, sell a hundred numbers per week.

Mr. Charles Cochrane dreamed that he would be M.P. for Westminster.

Mr. Farren, *Jun.*, dreamed that he wasn't hissed whenever he came on the stage.

Lord Morpeth dreamed that he saw an Alderman buying soap.

M. Alexandre Dumas dreamed that the English public were "generous," "liberal," and "enlightened."

Miss Rainsforth dreamed (at Sadlers Wells) that she dwelt in marble halls.

A MONTE CRISTO BALLAD.

Aft—"You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette."

YOU are going to the play, if an order you can get,
And Monte Cristo you're to see; so mind you don't forget
To take two days' provisions, and remember ere you go
That I want some cash to "keep the house" till you come
back, dear Joe.

When you're sitting in the pit, and when "part the first"
is o'er,
You'll be voting Monsieur Dumas a most terrific bore;
With your head upon your hand, and your hand upon your
knee,
You will long to be at home again at Kensington with me.

When the playhouse doors are opened, you'll be madly rushing
on,
Never thinking if they squash you, that your only chance is
gone;
For your hard eggs will be broken, and your brandy bottle
cracked,
And you'll faint from thirst and hunger in the pit so densely
packed.

Oh! if I were the Lord Chamberlain, or, better still, the
Queen,
At Drury Lane, I'd take good care, no Frenchmen should be
seen.
If they chose to bring out pieces which it took two nights to
play,
They should keep such stuff for Paris, and from London stay
away.

MONTE CRISTO.

or being scene painters, we shall not attempt to paint the scenes which have occurred during the last ten days at the Lany Lane Theatre. Amongst other absurd manifestations of gross ignorance, we hear—or rather we heard when the theatre—that a groan was given by an overgrown cockhead for the PUPPET-SHOW. In fact, groans were reaped against every conceivable object excepting the most inconceivable stupidity of the opposing portion of the audience—if “audience” be a word applicable to a congregation of persons who were unable to hear anything. We beg, however, not to be understood as asserting that their ears were not long enough.



The loyalty of the audience who didn't hear anything was evinced by singing “God save the Queen,” very much out of tune. We observed a Frenchman in the pit whose appearance betokened the greatest distress, and whom the riotous supernumeraries had endeavoured to compel by main, or rather by inhumane, force to join in the chorus. As his appearance can more easily be depicted than described, we present our readers with a portrait of the unfortunate man.

Mr. Cowell, the person who sings what are called “comic” songs at a low tavern in the metropolis, but who sings very small everywhere else, was, we are glad to say, taken before the magistrate on account of behaving in a more indecent manner than that for which he is generally notorious. The man Cowell says, that although he hissed, there were many supernumeraries beside himself who did so; but the rational portion of the audience were, of course, aware that he was sufficiently “beside himself” to render any such assertion unnecessary.

A furious and mad cry of “off” was raised at the beginning of the first act of *Monte Cristo*, and lasted until the termination of the fifth. In fact, the whole affair may be described in the following lines of the poet whom we “keep;” for he certainly lives entirely by the PUPPET-SHOW:—

“Off, off,” cried the boobies,
“Off, off, with the play;”
And off went the low gang
With the Peckers away.

NOTICE.

MR. BRAMAH offers a hundred guineas' reward to any one who can open the ingenious lock displayed in his shop-window. The Horticultural Society offers a similar sum to whoever can produce a blue dahlia.

A gentleman, desirous of testing the truth of *clairvoyance*, has enclosed, in a thick envelope, a cheque, which he offers to the individual who, in a state of somnambulism, can read its wording.

The SHOWMAN, not wishing to be behind hand in forwarding the cause of science, hereby offers a recompense of one thousand guineas to the genius—including the author himself—of whatever colour, nation, or political opinions, who will explain to the SHOWMAN's satisfaction the meaning of the line

“Love springeth fledge and full-grown from thy tongue,”

which appeared some time since in the *Musical World*.

The Alien Bill—Bill Smith, sent to Norfolk Island for making too free with an old gentleman's purse and watch.

King Charles Albert's Head-quarters—His night-cap and pillow.

SIX WAYS OF GETTING A LIVING.

1. Take a theatre, and live out of the receipts. If there is any balance left, it would look well to divide it among the actors.

2. Get a new meerschaum pipe, and smoke it all day long. As soon as it is “coloured”—or, more properly, discoloured—you can obtain a sovereign and another new pipe for it. Continue this system of changing old pipes for new ones, and you may ultimately become a rich man.

3. Write puffs for Her Majesty's Theatre, and give the boxes which Lumley will be constantly sending you to your tradesmen, who will, of course, never trouble you with their bills.

4. If very hard-up, and not very particular, turn philanthropist, and give a friend half the profits for getting up a testimonial to you.

5. Prove yourself to be a man without principle and respectability, and you may get put into Parliament by Lord Fitzhardinge. If so bad as to coincide with him in all his views, you will be allowed three hundred a-year, which is quite enough for an M.P., as he need not pay his debts.

6. Another way of getting a living is by buying one in the Church.

AN ODD MEETING.—One of the Chartist leaders had lately an interview with a Metropolitan Magistrate. This may be considered as a practical illustration of the principle of extremes meeting.

THE POETRY OF GAS.—The last joke our Discharged Contributor sent before his illness, was one about gas, which the degraded individual pretended was not only useful but even highly poetical, because it was so often in metre.

STRANGE IDEA.—We understand that a young writer, who has ruined five or six publishers in London, has at last been obliged to apply to a policeman in order to get a book taken up.

UNGRATEFUL.—The Greenwich Railroad Directors complain that they took down very few people during the Whitsun week. We think, however, they had a fair quantity.

VERY DESPERATE.—Mr. Meagher has proved himself a man of mettle in more senses than one, for we see by the Dublin police reports that the other day he had pluck enough to knock a policeman over, and tin enough to pay for it; and what is more, the Government papers say he had brass enough to boast of it.



FANCY PORTRAIT—MR. MEAGHER OF THE SWORD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Πυρρὸς, who seems to parade his learning and his ignorance with equal facility, is referred, in respect of his correction of the SHOWMAN's German, to the concluding paragraph of the sixth number of the PUPPET-SHOW; while, in respect to the correction of his own English, he is referred to Lindley Murray's Grammar of the English Tongue, which, the SHOWMAN hopes, he will study with becoming diligence before he does him the honour to correspond with him again.

Our readers are informed that an Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1 and 2, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and C. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOVE at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the Editors are to be addressed.



NUMBER 16.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. V.



PRINCE ALBERT AS THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

SEVERAL new and original political Extravaganzas have lately been got up, at an immense expense to the country, by Messrs. O'Connor, Cuffey, and Ernest Jones, kindly assisted by Sir George Grey, and other members of the Government. One of the principal charms in these productions was the appearance of His Royal Highness Prince Albert in the character of the *Flying Dutchman*, revived expressly for the occasion. His Royal Highness's performance excited universal wonder. The novelty which His Royal Highness has thrown into the part consists in his suddenly disappearing from the head of a regiment of which he is supposed to be colonel, cleaving the air with the most amazing rapidity, alighting at Osborne, and exclaiming, in the true comic style, "Here I am!" Our readers have no idea how ludicrous this is. The situation is an excellent one; but there is nothing to astonish us in this, as His Royal Highness has long been famous for figuring in good situations.

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—A snug room. On the table the Colloquia of Erasmus Junius's Letters, and three volumes of Swift; also a jug of pun and a cigar-case.

SHOWMAN :—"Yes, 'tis as plain as gallant Cuffey's face, This is a time of Whiglings and disgrace : No pen to guide us, and no head to save, The senate's glory sleeps in Canning's grave. Sir Robert slumbers, and the Premier fears E'en Bentinck's babble and Disraeli's sneers ; And 'gainst the force of revolution's flood A dozen Whigs pile up a little mud. What generous thinker does it not make sick, To see great principles opposed by trick, Reform retarded by a feeble *now*, And England cozened by a 'counted house !' Come, let us view the time, weigh every hope, Look first at Russell—through a microscope !"

FRIEND :—"As the heaped relics of the mouldering dead Help the dark yews their sable leaves to spread, A church's ruin with its rare *débris* Enriched the mud whence sprung the Russell tree ; The cunning Founder knew the little art To turn a despot's head, or soothe his heart ; And many an abbey fell, and holy shrine, That one poor Russell might in splendour dine. Nought of their actions since our writers tell, Except that one plucked courage to rebel.

SHOWMAN :—"With the small form that makes the feeble bir At once an object of contempt and mirth ; With all that from the ill-starr'd race won't pass— The founder's cunning, and the rebel's brass ; With just enough of talent, decked by fate, To fail in letters and to rise in state, Behold the Premier soar above the mass, As thin balloons are raised by fetid gas. Much did he babble when he first began Of England's freedom and the rights of man— How Britons still to liberty were bred, And how his "great" forefather lost his head. Such feeble cries he joined to freedoms storm, And jumped to power when England got reform. Blest constitution—praised by boys at school— Where freemen labour that a lord may rule ; Where men may nobly work, and greatly dare, And apes among them all the profits share !"

FRIEND :—"Yet, let us hope, the time will come at last, When, Whigs and humbug both together past— When, Russell's speeches and his measures o'er (Gone where his tragedy has gone before)— The sons of England shall obtain their cause, Vote in her senate, and reform her laws, Enjoy the gifts that kindly Nature bears, — And hand them down to their enfranchised heirs, When "trees of liberty" shall learn to shoot, And charm by blossoms, and enrich with fruit.

HINTS TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

FINE dashing young fellows, married to tough old widows, or innocent young wards, whose money they condescend to spend, often complain, with great justice, of the awful bore of being united to persons about whom they care nothing, and who merely prevent them from indulging in those amusements which their exuberant spirits and youthful impulses require. The usual means as yet at their disposal for ridding themselves of these drags upon their enjoyments, are open to many objections. Tight-lacing and hot suppers are not always sure; and even when they do bring about the desired end, they are most tardy. Arsenic is effective, but then its presence can be easily detected, owing to the disgusting pitch to which chemistry has now been brought. Breaking your wife's heart by a series of savage insults and a continuance of ill-treatment would not be a bad way, as it would leave no proof behind which could tell against you at an inquest, but then women's hearts are so forgiving—we mean tough—that this mode of action presents many difficulties. We think the following method will be found superior to any yet proposed.

Take a villa near some one or other of the principal railroads, about a hundred miles out of town. Insist on your wife's going down there for the benefit of her health—you yourself of course stopping in London, where your presence is necessary on business. Be unable to live without seeing her often, and insist on her coming up once or twice a-week, selecting in preference those days on which the chairman or some influential director gives a dinner-party, when you may be certain that the train will be detained an hour, or an hour and a half, behind its time, in order to obtain a few pine-apples or apricots for the entertainment. If by following these rules you are not a widower within the twelvemonth, forswear railroads for ever.

NOTICE.—Jenny Lind's banker has failed. The Nightingale has one consolation in her misfortune: although the notes confided to Mr. Arnemann, the gentleman in question, are lost, she still retains those with which she charmed all Europe, the *issue* of which is invariably as agreeable to the public as the *result* is advantageous to herself.

IMPULSE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Mrs. Pawkin's Ball-room, brilliantly illuminated. Dancing going forward. Mrs. and Miss Biggs seated in a retired corner.

Miss Biggs— . . . And the dessert-service, Ma, was second-hand. It was that sold at Lady Raffle's sale the other day. Did you remark it?

Mrs. Biggs—Of course I did, my dear. I should be the last person in the world to notice such things, if people only knew how to behave themselves; but just because her husband happens to know a beggarly Scotch lord—without a seat—to—Well, indeed!—I daresay they will have to starve for the next three months to pay for the display of to-night.

Miss Biggs—And a miserable one it is, Ma, after all. The supper was not entable; and as for the wine, I declare it was half water.

Mrs. Biggs—Hush, my love, here comes the old fright. [Mrs. Pawkin advances towards where Mrs. and Miss Biggs are seated. The latter side up to her, radiant with smiles.]

Mrs. Biggs (obliging Mrs. Pawkin to sit down)—Now, you must rest a little—you are killing yourself for your friends. Besides, I've something to say to you. I must thank you for the great pleasure you have afforded us. I never was so much amused in my life.

Mrs. Pawkin—Oh! you flatter me—

Mrs. Biggs—No, my dear Mrs. Pawkin, no. Really you have done wonders. Your taste is evident in the smallest detail. Everything is so elegant—so *recherché*.

Miss Biggs (naively)—I can't praise Mrs. Pawkin, Ma; I must scold her. She is very naughty.

Mrs. Biggs (reprovingly)—Bella, Bella!

Miss. Biggs—Well, Ma, so she is. She excites envy in our breasts; and that's a sin!

Mrs. Pawkin (benignantly smiling)—Sweet flatterer!

Mrs. Biggs (mildly severe)—Ah! I shall never cure her, I'm afraid. Her heart is always on her tongue. She is such a creature of impulse.

GOOD ADVICE.—We have received several letters from different members of the Whittington Club, complaining, that unless they give another half-guinea in addition to their regular subscription, they will be turned out at Christmas. We think our correspondents, instead of feeling aggrieved, ought to be delighted at their good fortune, and rather than pay, be arrested a thousand times.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Meyerbeer is very indignant at the way in which his "Roberto" has been cut and slashed about at the above establishment. The only thing that restrains him from getting an injunction to forbid Lamley's playing the operas is, that he does not wish to be too hard on one who has already, from sheer distress, taken to mangling.



THE REFORM DEBATE.

It must be admitted that the opponents of the Reform movement are conducting their case with some activity. Leave them alone for that; no men are so active when there's anything wrong to be done. Nevertheless, we take the liberty to express our opinion that they will be defeated in the long run; in spite of Russell's plausibility, and the ingenuity of Mr. Disraeli, the sneerer-of-all-work to that party which rejoices in the statistics of Bentinck, and the grammar of Hudson.

The debate of the 20th was interesting and important. Mr. Hume showed the ridiculous disproportion between the numbers of the population and of the representatives all over the kingdom: how great towns and petty ones are placed on a ridiculous footing of equality: how the agricultural boors of a Bæotian parish have the same share in the legislature as the intelligent thousands of a city.

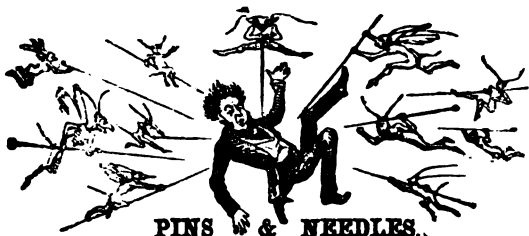
Mr. Drummond made a speech exhibiting a curious struggle between prejudice and common sense, which we trust, for his sake, will soon end in the triumph of the latter.

Lord John Russell told the House that he "thought" there was no change wanting. This of course was expected; as His Lordship never thinks anything wanting that won't do personal benefit to himself. He must learn, however, that what the country wants, is the first consideration; and what he wants, quite a secondary one. He brought forward with petty triumph the differences of opinion between the Chartists and the League; blinking, owl-like, the fact that these bodies are nearer in opinion to each other than they ever will be to him, and that Reform under different names is the object of both.

Mr. Fox's speech was a protest on behalf of the increasing intelligence of the people as deserving increased power. We should like to see this plain argument fairly met. Perhaps the Conservatives deny the fact on the ground that they feel themselves as ignorant as ever. If this be their ground, we can sympathize with them.

As for the speech of Mr. Disraeli, it was quite in the style of the "wondrous boy wot wrote Alroy," as he is called. It was from beginning to end a piece of what, in elegant society, is called *badinage*; among cockneys, chaff; and among sensible men, impertinence. He told the House of the great men that Buckinghamshire had sent to parliament—a mere accident; just as much one as the accident that it sends little men now. The plea of having sent clever men might be urged in favour of half the old rotten boroughs; was so urged at the time of the Reform Bill, and then deservedly exploded.

Altogether, we are inclined to look on the debate as favourable to the Reform cause, and we expect with pleasure its renewal next Friday.



AN ABSURD REASON.

The Whigs say that they will have nothing to do with soap and the sanitary measure this session, as they get quite enough lathering without it.

QUITE INTELLIGIBLE.

Some of our legislators object strongly to spending national money in pictures. Nevertheless, in spite of their contempt for pictures, they are always ready to lavish large sums of money on their own canvass.

ILLNESS OF THE POLITICAL SNOB.

Charles Cochrane recently recovered forty shillings damages from the *Sun* newspaper. This is lucky for him, as people seldom "recover" after a *coup-de-soleil*.

CHARACTERISTIC.

The House of Commons rejected several amendments last week. Any sort of amendment appears to be obnoxious to the "collective wisdom of the country."

THE REVERSE.

The Chartists say that, during all the late political agitation, Ernest Jones acquitted himself most honourably. We think that, when his trial comes on, the judges will pursue a diametrically opposite course towards this gentleman, and do anything but acquit him.

GOOD NEWS.

An advertisement is constantly appearing in the papers, which commences, "The Peerage considerably Improved." We are glad to see this, as there was certainly much room for improvement.

A SETTLER.

The Minister of Finance sets down the increased revenue of France somewhere about three millions of francs. The *Presse* proves the inaccuracy of his calculations, and sets down the minister.

A MISTAKE.

The *Times* says that General Rapatel has been elected colonel of National Guards, *vice* "M. Clement Thomas, resigned." This is wrong. Although M. Clement Thomas has been obliged, by the bad treatment of the mob, to throw up his appointment, we can assure the *Times* that he is anything but resigned.

STRANGE CONTRADICTION.

Directly Members of Parliament begin talking about Political Economy, they get lost in confusion. How is it that, with all their economy, they never utter anything that can be called *reasonable*?

UNEXAMPLED MODESTY.

At Madrid there has been a great run on the bank. The directors must be excessively modest individuals, for instead of feeling gratified at their pieces thus "enjoying a run," we believe they would do all they could to prevent its being the case.

UNNECESSARY.

Col. Sibthorpe informed Mr. Cobden the other evening, that whatever way the latter attempted to direct him, he would go directly the reverse. It is very civil of the gallant colonel to tell us this, but quite superfluous: we were already acquainted with the obstinacy of the donkey.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

At the last *soirée* given by the Whittington Club, the dancing of the butcher of the establishment excited universal admiration. His great proficiency in the Terpsichorean art is only to be accounted for by the fact of his so frequently having to "dance" attendance in the vain hope of obtaining his bill.



ON Thursday, the 22nd instant, the SHOWMAN honoured Her Majesty's Theatre with his presence. The event of the evening was the production of "*Roberto il Diavolo*," deranged in three acts, by some person who must have been deranged himself, to be guilty of such a piece of barbarism. Besides this, the part of the Princess was altogether suppressed!

Just fancy—which we are certain none of our readers will—the view from Richmond Hill without the river, or a bird of Paradise without its plumage, or Malaga grapes without juice, and you will have some idea of Robert the Devil without the Princess. It seems rather strange that, in the most aristocratic theatre in the world, Mr. Lumley should act so—we will not say democratically, but—cavalierly—which means anything but like a cavalier—towards a Princess.

Some hints have been thrown out—but not therefore necessarily rejected—that this mutilation took place in order that Mademoiselle Lind might have no one to share with her the honours of the evening. We can hardly credit this, because such behaviour is far from credible or creditable, and because we believe that Mademoiselle Lind, who never sang better than she did on Thursday, would find some other means of giving herself airs, than by depriving the public of others much more agreeable.

One word to Mr. Lumley before parting. A cast of Meyerbeer's "*Roberto*" without the Princess about as much resembles the original opera as a cast of Lord Brougham's head without the nose would resemble His Lordship.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.*

CHAPTER IV.—BELOW BRIDGE BOATS—THEIR PASSENGERS AND CREWS.

It is ten o'clock on a pleasant summer morning. A high tide is filling the swarming river to the brim. The glorious arches of London Bridge are bright in the unwonted sun-light; and over the bluish granite of the eastern balustrade an unbroken row of heads look down upon the stream—on the clustered tiers of shipping—on the tangled vista of masts, rigging, canvas, bunting—on the slow-moving forms of continental steamers just arrived, sputtering off steam, and being gradually swung round into their proper berths—on the fleet of drifting barges moving westward with the tide—on wherries shooting to and from wharf and landing-place—on clumsy fishermen and coal-dredgers' boats pulled heavily with the stream—on the clump of fast-sailing schooner clippers disgorging their cargoes of orange boxes at a pier below—and, just above them, at the smoking, fuming, hissing array of long narrow steamers, with mountain paddle-boxes, and capacious diced funnels, and lines of benches stretching in long unbroken file from the funnel to the narrow stern:—these are the Gravesenders, the Tritons of the Below Bridge steam-fleet of the Thames.

Now descend by the winding stair-case which conducts you to Lower Thames Street, and mark the cheery bustle of the coming river voyagers. Cab after cab rattles down Fish Street Hill, and the horse's head being seized by a couple of rival touters, the equipage is dragged in triumph to the wharf, the unhappy fare stunned by the vociferations of contending agents.

"Now then—Woolwich—Blackwall and Greenwich just a-going—the best boats!"

"Leave go of the lady—here you are, ma'am—Gravesend, ma'am—Town-pier—Terrace-pier—Roshier—"

"This way, ma'am—this way to the sixpenny boats—the pride of the river, and calls at Erith goin' and returnin'."

* For Chapters I., II., and III., see Nos. XII., XIII., and XIV. of PUPPET-SHOW.



"Hold your noise!—it's the Diamond boats the lady's a-goin' by—She aint a-goin' on the cheap and nasty dodge. Here you are—last boat up at half-past eight!"

"Look alive, will you?—there's the bell a-ringin'—hold hard—this way—outside boat—mind the plank—I'll take care of the bundle—A turn a-heeid—There she goes—just in time—jump—so—" And away moves the Gravesender upon her perilous voyage—her passengers settling themselves upon the files of benches which we have alluded to, or taking possession of the little open cabins abaft the paddle-boxes, where great numbers of babies are generally deposited, or fishing up camp-stools from the fore-cabin—the gallant skipper perched on the paddle-box, and converting himself into a living telegraph for the benefit of the two sturdy fellows who, with feet and hands applied to the spokes of the wheel, wrench it creakingly and wheezingly round, as the white boiling foam flies from beneath the quarter, and the steamer shoots rapidly down stream, leaving colliers' boats, moored to the sterns of their respective craft, bobbing and tumbling and pitching in her trail.

Now do gents clustered round the windlass, and upon the flakes of the anchor, or making underhand attempts to mount the paddle-box, produce their cigar-cases, or apply to the white-aproned steward's boy for cubas and full-flavoured manilla cheroots. Now is bottled stout in request, and tumblers half full of the frothy liquid are to be seen deposited in snug corners, from which they gradually work themselves by reason of the shaking of the vessel. Now do people in pursuit of useful knowledge,



and voyaging "with a purpose," produce penny panoramas of the river, and find that the Long Room in the Custom House measures 470 feet; and that the Tower was founded by Julius Cæsar; and that the Thames Tunnel was the work of Sir Isambert Brunel. Now do affectionate parents point out to Billy and Tommy and Jane the water-gate by which traitors were conveyed to the Tower, and Greenwich Hospital, which is "a memorial of the gratitude of hold Hengland to her brave defendiars." Now do respectable gentlemen cluster above the engine, and after watching for some five minutes the regular rush of the ponderous iron beams, and the steady throbbing of the working mechanism, remark to each other, "Wonderful thing steam, sir—and only in its infancy yet." Now are large families of small children out for a holiday ordered to begin to enjoy themselves and be happy, under the penalty of corporal punishment in case of disobedience. Now does the band, consisting of a fiddle, a trombone, and a cornet-à-piston, begin to regale the ears of all listeners with that novelty, *Jullien's Polka*. Now do the people who live between Gravesend and London, and go up and down every day, begin to settle themselves in snug, knowing corners, and produce newspapers and novels. Now do servant-girls, who have been "teuk" upon the river by their young men, begin to eat oranges and gingerbread-nuts, and wonder at everything. And finally, now do the crew, with a disgusting indifference to the romantic scenery of the Essex marshes, disappear one by one into their gloomy den in the fore-castle, where they give themselves up to the unexhilarating pursuits of mending old jackets and smoking short black pipes, seated upon lumbering sea-chests. The gallant captain alone keeps his post of honour upon the paddle-box, to signal the man at the wheel; the cook, with a very dirty face and turned-up sleeves, is perpetually washing greens in the galley; the stewards—very maritime-looking individuals, with bright anchor-buttons and gold bands round their caps—are attempting to inveigle weak-minded people into another breakfast or lunch; and ever and anon a figure made up of a canvas shirt and trowsers, grimed and oily, and surmounted by a head whereof the unkempt hair seems to have been powdered with ground cinders and coal-dust, emerges from the engine-room, and after taking a supercilious survey of the deck, descends to resume its occupation of stoking.

And the steamer speeds merrily on. There is a fresh breeze on the river, and many white sails are filling and straining before it. Individuals of a nautical turn get intensely technical, and point out to more ignorant landmen and landwomen the difference between a gaff-topsail and a gib-topsail. Boys and girls who have never seen the sea have indistinct visions to the effect that every reach will open up into the raging ocean, with waves running mountains high. Provident people, who know how to join economy with pleasure, produce huge brown-paper parcels of sandwiches, and gin in flat stone bottles. The man who plays the trombone hangs that instrument upon his arm, and makes a tour of the deck with a little round box, more or less filled with coppers, bestowed as a free recompense for the harmony enjoyed by the donors. The old gentlemen around the engine, having found gazing upon the machinery to be, after the first half-hour or so, a somewhat monotonous spectacle, have been engaged in a political discussion in the saloon for the last two hours; and a number of pale-faced working men, who are usually shut up for months together in hot, unventilated rooms, and who have come down the river for the sake of the fresh air, are enjoying it by smoking long pipes and



THE HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTOR.



Cobden—"Oh! Dr. Russell, Mr. Bull's very ill. He wants you to come immediately; and I think you'd better bring a dose of strong Reform Mixture with you."

Dr. Russell—"Tell Mr. Bull there's no hurry. I'll come presently; and as for the Reform Mixture, I'm quite sure he doesn't want it."

drinking gin-and-water round the fore-cabin stove, having first carefully shut the oval windows, to prevent all annoyance from drafts.

And while all this is going on, the steam sprite has done its work deftly. Woolwich has been passed, with its high shears, and fields of anchors, and dismal hulks; and Erith has been admired, with its pretty rural steeple and foliage-covered ridges; and Purfleet, with its powder-magazines and high chalky hill; and Greenhithe, with its rich lawns and pleasant green slopes; and now Gravesend, with its crowning windmill, and its white, hot, glaring rows of houses, and its pillared piers, and its fleet of outward-bound ships, is in sight. Ladies and gents are duly admonished to have their tickets ready; children and carpet-bags are collected; unprincipled passengers, who have not paid for their last bottle of stout, get somehow lost in the crowd, as the steamer rushes by the low grassy shore of Essex, and then, as if afraid of the frowning batteries of Tilbury Fort, suddenly sweeps round with her long, sharp bows towards Kent, and describing a graceful curve amid the fleet of tall ships anchored in the tideway, stops her dripping paddles, and gradually forges her way, attended by a fleet of stout wherries, alongside the stone pillars which support a stately and symmetrical pier.



TO LEXICOGRAPHERS.

A writer in *Howitt's Journal* lately observed that the man who could derive any pleasure from pouring brandy down his throat must be a beast. A friend of ours, who feels personally affronted by the remark, says that if the brandy were of British manufacture the man who could derive any pleasure from pouring it down his throat would be indeed a beast of an asinine description; but, that otherwise the observation is untrue, and would not justify any emendator of Johnson's dictionary in printing as a correct definition—

A BEAST. A man who derives pleasure from pouring brandy down his throat.

OMINOUS.—On Sunday the 18th instant some consternation was occasioned by the sinking of one of the steam-boat piers on the Thames. The accident was occasioned by a pile being driven—by chance, and the Fire-fly steam-boat—through the “dummy” or barge on which the pier was supported. Several “oldest inhabitants” on learning this disaster shook their heads, and hoped it foreboded nothing; they entertain, however, great doubts on the subject: knowing how intimately the British peerage in general is connected with “dummies,” they fear that if the latter are often subject to such mishaps as that of the 18th instant, there will soon be an end of our glorious constitution.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—The other day we read in the papers that “some returned bills were brought from the House of Lords to the House of Commons.” We were not aware that our legislators made their bills payable at either of the Houses of Parliament.

A SPIRITED PROPRIETOR.—Mr. John O'Connell recently announced his intention of “shedding tears” if the public deserted him. As the public has done so, Mr. Wombwell has gone by express to Dublin, in the hope of securing some crocodiles for his menagerie.

THE BANKRUPT TO THE COMMISSIONER.

AIR—“I remember, I remember.”

I remember, I remember
How my tin once used to fly—
How at th' end of each December
Bills in bushels met my eye.
On my back, sir, on my back, sir,
Though my coat is not threadbare—
Yet those spicy things I lack, sir,
Which of yore I used to wear.

By the powers, by the powers,
Workmen you might always see—
Morning, noon, and at all hours—
Making something new for me.
Pins to-day, sir, pins to-day, sir,
In my stock are placed with care;
But they are not half so gay, sir,
As the ones I used to wear.

Praise bestowing, praise bestowing—
Did I on my tradesmen smile—
When they showed me trowsers knowing,
Or a new-invented tile.
Now, I've you, sir, now I've you, sir,
Sitting grave before me there;
And if ever I get through, sir,
I'll ne'er come again, I swear.

QUITE WORTHY OF HIM.—Alderman Johnson was in great consternation at having heard that a decrease in the customs of the country had taken place. “A decrease in our customs!” he exclaimed, “Why, they will soon be doing away with the Lord Mayor's Show!”

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.—In consequence of a well-known manager wishing to return, without payment, a *burlesque* which had been written to order, the author has determined to commence legal proceedings, and bind him over to “keep the piece.”

A PUT-DOWN FOR THE CHARTISTS.

ONE of the fundamental errors of the deluded followers of Ernest Jones is the idea that a prince is formed of similar materials, endowed with similar senses, and blessed with similar organs to other men. Never did there exist a greater fallacy than this. Every reasonable individual is aware that princes are in every respect superior to the ordinary run of mortals, that their race is a race apart, that they are in one word the *fine fleur des pots* of mankind: if people are inclined to doubt our authority, let them at least bow before that of F.M. the Duke of Wellington.

It is well known that the hero of a hundred fights gives a grand annual dinner on the day that he beat Napoleon at Waterloo. To this banquet none save those who fought under the Duke, on the occasion in question, are admitted. Prince Albert, however, is excepted from this rule.

There, you Chartists, what say you to that? Here do these heroes openly and frankly avow to the world that their great and manifold services in their country's cause, all they have done and suffered, the wounds they have received, and the limbs they have lost, are fully equalled by the merit which Prince Albert possesses in virtue of his divine right as a scion of a royal house.

But this is not all. Not content with this, these gallant fellows go much further: they rise to a man—and a prince at the same time—and with a due sense of what is due to their distinguished guest, drink his health before that of F.M. the Duke of Wellington himself.

We do not doubt that these simple statements will be productive of immense effects. If, however, there should still be any one perverse enough to urge, that, without denying Prince Albert's general superiority, he thinks the latter might have been content to waive it at a banquet in commemoration of a battle at which he was not present, we first pause to express our disgust at such weak reasoning, and then reply that the question is one of a mere point of time; that Prince Albert was not present at the action because he was too young, and was besides, doubtless, occupied in planning some of the operas with which he has since astonished the world, otherwise, with his talents for forced marches—to Osborne for instance—the allied sovereigns could not possibly have had a better commander for his *flying* artillery than His Royal Highness.

STEBBING'S LITERARY COMPANION.

A CORRESPONDENT, who seems a sensible person, has written to ask us the following questions with reference to the words "Stebbing's Literary Companion," which he has seen stuck about the walls of the metropolis.

1. Who is Stebbing?
2. Who is his literary companion?
3. Is Stebbing's literary companion Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, or Carlyle, or merely a penny-a-liner who goes about with the said Stebbing in search of information for the newspapers?
4. Do the public care a fig about Stebbing, or about his literary companion, or about any other of his companions?

IMPORTANT METEOROLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

HARVEY is outdone, Jenner is eclipsed, and, as to Murphy, the less that is said of him the better—his "occupation's gone" entirely. The *Morning Chronicle* has made the greatest discovery of modern or of any other times. In its accounts of the late Chartist meeting at Bonner's Fields, it tells us that it was the subject of observation to thousands who would "anxiously disclaim the slightest approach to superstition," that whenever Her Majesty takes a cruise, or is present at a review, "propitious winds and weather attend her; while the Chartist gala days have been as remarkably discomfited and broken up by the most extraordinary visitations." This intelligent paper then goes on to observe, "that without attaching too much importance to this circumstance, it is clear that there is one sort of weather for royalty, and another for democracy."

What a discovery is this for those discontented people—the farmers. They now have the weather in their own hands. At present, when the young and tender crops require the fostering beams of the sun,—all that is requisite is a petition to her Majesty, praying her to take a tour. When rain is desirable, a Chartist meeting should be agitated, varying, of course, from the mere ordinary one in a lecture-room, to a monster demonstration on Kennington Common, according to the quantity of wet required.

As for Murphy, the fabrication of a weather almanac is now reduced to the level of the meanest capacity. He has only to consult any seventh-rate prophet, who will furnish him with the dates of Her Majesty's and Feargus O'Connor's movements for the ensuing year, and he will arrange his weather almanac accordingly.

IMPORTANT QUERY.—A subscriber writes to ask whether the new system of restoring pictures, invented by Mr. Clarke of Piccadilly, is also applicable to other objects, as our correspondent is very desirous of having a desk and carpet-bag restored, which he lately lost on the Great Western Railroad.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DRESS.—Although always aware of the Queen's musical taste, we must frankly own that we did not expect it would ever pronounce itself so strongly as at the last drawing-room, where Her Majesty wore a petticoat covered with black crape, trimmed with *bugles*! We are perfectly aware that the coat-tails of the musicians of the military bands are ornamented in this manner, but we were not prepared to see Her Majesty adopt a similar fashion. It is almost unnecessary to state that the bugles were in *harmony* with the other parts of Her Majesty's costume.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—In a letter addressed to the *Morning Post*, by Señor Patricio de la Escosura, is the following sentence, "author of several literary works to which I have for the last five years owed a seat in the Spanish Academy," &c. What a difference between the Spanish Academy and the British Parliament. In the latter it is generally to something much more sterling than literary works that honourable gentlemen owe seats, nor do five years elapse before they pay for them.

Our Discharged Contributor wrote from his sick bed to inform us, that, in his opinion, Charles Albert is the first "gent" of the age, since, by the capture of Peschiera, he has proved himself capable of attaining a "fastness" hitherto deemed unattainable.

HEROIC FOR THE NURSERY.

THE gallant Jack, accompanied by Jill,
His fair betrothed, ascended once a hill:
Intent on seeking water, mount the pair,
With pail in hand, they sniff the mountain air.
But Jack, alas! by cruel Jove struck down,
Falls headlong from the hill, and breaks his crown;
While envious Juno sees the lovely bride,
And, much incensed, doth hurl her to her lover's side!

ELEGIAC FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

I DREAMT my dwelling was in marble halls,
With vassals, aye, and serfs too, at my side;
And, further, that of all within those walls,
Myself, the young Arline, was all the pride.
Wealth, too, was mine, and easy 't were to boast
Of lofty lineage and a glorious name:
But that which filled my heart with ardour most,
Was that thy love for me was still the same.

I dreamt that gallant suitors sought my hand,
And almost worshipped me on bended knee;
With vows that maiden heart could scarce withstand,
These youthful knights pledged faith and constancy:
And one gay cavalier, among that host,
Approached with grace, my virgin hand to claim:
But, ah! I also dreamt, which pleased me most,
That thy fond love for me was still the same.

AN INSULT TO A JUDGE.—One of the newspapers stated last week in its report that there was "nothing of consequence" in the Court of Queen's Bench. What is Lord Denman, then, we should like to know!

THE NATIONAL LAND SCHEME.

WE have observed with some amusement, not unmixed with a certain disgust, that reporters have been excluded from the committee appointed to inquire into Mr. Feargus O'Connor's land scheme.

The reason—or rather, we should say, the want of reason—given as an excuse for this proceeding is, that "garbled reports" have been published of the committee's performances. This we of course believe to be a falsehood; and it is curious that no definite charge should have been made against any particular paper for "garbling" the report. Vagueness and want of proof are the general characteristics of a lie, as Mr. O'Connor (a perfect judge of these matters) very well knows.

What is a "garbled report"? We presume it is something of this sort. Let us suppose a witness to have stated, that "Mr. O'Connor was a ridiculous humbug," and the reporter to have given it, "Mr. O'Connor was a contemptible humbug." This is what is called a "garbled report" by those who dread truth, as a certain person dreads holy water, and from motives pretty much the same.

Tyranny can stop evidence, but not conjecture, and there is no one who will not suppose, from this absurd exclusion, the case to be a bad one. At present, something like the following is supposed to be the state of the affair.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR is the proprietor of all the money subscribed by the working-classes, by law, and without restraint, and

MR. CUFFEY is the auditor!

This, to be sure, is admirable security:—some £40,000 in the hands of an agitator, and audited by a journeyman tailor! Mr. Cuffey, we presume, will soon exclaim with Juvenal—

"Semper ego auditor tantum?"

"Am I only to be an auditor," and will want to have some more "tangible" connexion with the cash. Excepting on the authority of a proverb, which we need not repeat, about setting somebody to watch somebody else, we do not see how such a combination of treasurer and auditor can be defended for a moment—above all, in a country which calls itself a commercial one.

We must not be understood as denying the knowingness of this move of O'Connor's. Feargus knows the world—aye, as well as he knows the interior of York Castle—and by an experience equally creditable to him.

Yes, he knows that the land scheme is a good one; for in "feathering one's nest" no bird is half so convenient for the purpose as the goose. What a pity that the goose should be so easy to capture!

DEATH OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.

LAST week we alluded, with, we hope, a becoming appearance of regret, to the dangerous illness of our "Discharged Contributor," and even hinted that there were no longer any hopes for him—not in a literary sense, for that would be no news for our readers, but simply as regarded his ultimate recovery. He became gradually worse for several days until at last he died by his own hand, or at all events by means of his own pun, as (to parody the expressive words of *Lord Lovel*) he

"Made a joke, and expired in the struggle."

Our Discharged, or Deceased Contributor, as we must now call him, was a man of low origin. His early education was much neglected, and in this, together with an early familiarity with the jest-book of the period, we may trace the source of that pernicious habit which proved his bane through life, and which was the proximate cause of his dissolution. Our motto is of course "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," which we translate (for this occasion only) by "we shall make no bones about the dead." We therefore do not mind informing our readers, by way of warning them from similar enormities, of the awful effects resulting from an indulgence in the propensity to which our deceased friend was so much addicted: suffice it to say, that on a certain occasion he ruined his credit in more than one way with a tailor by saying out loud, and in the most unblushing manner, that a coat ceased to be a coat when it *became* a man!

We understand that the degraded being has left a will—the only thing, by-the-by, that he had to leave—which contains a number of jokes intended (by their author) for the PUPPET-SHOW: he says in the codicil that he knows we can insert them, for that "where there's a will there's a way!"

Since writing the above we have satisfactorily—or unsatisfactorily, as the case may be—ascertained that "Our Discharged Contributor" is not dead. The fact is, that he had been drinking to a great extent, so that when we had him laid out in state, it was simply in a drunken state. The best of it is, that upon his evincing symptoms of returning consciousness—we mean the species of consciousness which he usually possesses—he was plied by an ignorant menial with brandy-and-water, when, in no way abashed by the shameful condition in which he had placed himself, he impudently exclaimed to the servant, "Oh, I shall soon recover: you have brought me one glass of brandy-and-water, so that if you give me another you will decidedly have brought me two (to)." He then fell into a heavy sleep, from which, up to the time of our going to press, it had proved impossible to wake him.



THE CALL TO ARMS.

(AFTER BYRON.)

BOB FUSSELL, Bob Fussell, thy 'larum afar
Gives hopes to the Chartists and promise of war;
All the sons of Old Bethnal arise at the sound,
And spring swiftly up like the weeds from the ground.
Brave Shoreditch sends forth her invincible race,
For a time they abandon the haunts they disgrace;
But their noses so flat shall be flatter before
The Peelers are licked and the battle is o'er.

We ask not the pleasures that labours supply,
Our fingers shall steal what the honest must buy—
Shall steal the long purse with its bright shining tin,
And many a watch from the stranger shall win.

WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID.—Eat what you like: Drink what you choose: Avoid Lumley's new and



Fast Gent—"WHAT ARE YOU SMOKING HERE FOR? WHY DON'T YOU GO AND HOLD YOUR HORSE?"

Cabman—"OH! HE WON'T RUN AWAY."

Fast Gent—"No, BUT HE'LL FALL DOWN."

WHO IS COWELL?—Several persons have been pestering us as to who Cowell is. We beg to inform them that Cowell is an exceedingly low comedian, who gains his daily bread and cheese by frequenting taverns, where he sings stupid songs, of about fifty verses in length, with a chorus of "Tiddy oddy, tiddy oddy, tiddy oddy ay!" We may be allowed to add, that the fact of their being quite as broad as they are long forms no excuse for their being sung.

HOW TO BEG AN OPERA TICKET.—If you wish to borrow a friend's ticket for the opera, you cannot do better than make the request in the language of Mrs. Hubbard, "Give a poor dog a bone."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—In consequence of numerous communications from members of the Fancy, the Head Master of the "Training" College at Hodderton, Herts, established for preparing young men for the Universities, the Military Academies, and commercial pursuits, actually contemplates issuing a public notice that, under the head of a "liberal and scientific education," he never intended to include that of gentlemen connected with Newmarket or the Fives' Court: however scientific jockeyship and prize-fighting may be, he looks upon them as forming more a part of a *free* (and easy) than of a *liberal* course of instruction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A correspondent who left a single joke at our office, with a quantity of serious matter, is informed that he had much better have left it alone.

Our readers are informed that an Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by JOHN DOWSE, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where



NUMBER 17.

LONDON, JULY 8, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.



Visitor from the Country—"I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT COULD YOU INFORM ME OF ANY THEATRE WHERE SHAKSPERE IS PERFORMED?"

Opera Gent—"I'M AFRAID YOU MAY THINK THE DISTANCE INCONVENIENT, BUT NEW YORK IS THE NEAREST PLACE I CAN REMEMBER AT PRESENT."

THREE WORDS WITH COWELL.

THE man Cowell makes a great fuss about his having supported the British drama, by driving away the French actors from Drury Lane. How unfortunate that the British drama cannot support Mr. Cowell, in which case he could be 'ridiculous on the stage without being obscene at the Cider Cellars.

The man Cowell is so perfectly intolerable, that even if the British drama could support him, it is more than the audience could!

While on the subject of Cowell, and his supporters, it may be asked who are his present supporters? We believe they consist entirely of some friends who support Cowell home when intoxicated.

TO THE RED REPUBLICANS.

I.
SHAME on you, red Republicans,
For bloody deeds and fearful plans!
Shame on you, scornors of the right!
Shame on you, savages in fight!
Shame, shame, for ever in the sight
Of all the truly free!
Your hands are red with blood you've shed—
Ye know not liberty.

II.
Each honest heart detests your cause,
Your aspirations, and your laws,
Your deeds, your words, your written thought,
The sumless miseries you have wrought,
Your desperation, ruin-fraught:
Unworthy to be free,
You scorn the rights of other men—
You know not liberty.

III.
Your tongues repeat three words sublime,
The noblest text of modern time;
But though the words your lips escape,
They mean but pillage, slaughter, rape.
These are the substance, soul, and shape
Of all the rights you see—
These are your claim, your badge, your shame—
You murder liberty.

IV.
The more our hearts with fervour burn
The bliss of freedom to discern,
The more our spirits are imbued
With the great law of Brotherhood,
Sublime, but little understood,
With deeper blush we see
The evil deeds that ye have done,
Ye scum of liberty.

V.
True freedom waves no bloody flag,
True freedom bears no robber's bag,
Nor utters words with horror rife,
Nor asks the she-assassin's knife
To hack the wretch deprived of life,
Nor gloats on agony—
It shares no thought that dwells with you,
Ye foes of liberty.

VI.
But great and holy is her name,
Ye cannot soil her with your shame,
She lives unfettered by your will;
Ye crush her, but she prospers still,
Ye stab her, but ye cannot kill,
And France shall yet be free,
Spite of your wrath, your hate, your scorn,
Ye dirt of liberty.

THE GREAT LEGITIMATE.

MR. WEBSTER has put forth an announcement to the effect that, owing to the unprecedented number of foreign amusements, and the amount of patronage bestowed upon them, he is compelled to shut up the Haymarket Theatre. There has, however, been another statement, to the effect that it is to be closed in order to make room for the company at present playing at the Adelphi Theatre, which (we mean the theatre, not the company) is about to undergo a thorough repair. As we always endeavour to be just in our observations, we feel quite at a loss whether to call Mr. Webster a fool or an impostor. If he really believes that his theatre does not fill for the reason he alleges, he is the former; if he closes it from the other motive which has been stated, he is the latter. Our readers, however, can give him the benefit of their doubts on either side; for our own part, we feel inclined to believe him to be a union of the two.

Mr. Webster has always made it his boast that he was the supporter of British talent, or incapacity as the case might be. Judging from his declarations, he would reject Frederic Lemaître for the maniac Hicks; Arnal would be left to starve that the buffoon Cowell might luxuriate in a superabundance of bread and onions; while Mario might stop in Paris so long as the public could be rejoiced by Mr. Harrison's native twang. But Mr. Webster is a humbug: he says one thing and does another. He would doubtless give up the "legitimate" to-morrow, if he imagined melodrama would pay better, in the same manner that he once renounced it for comic opera, performed by Anna Thillon and a large collection of sticks. Webster has not yet turned his theatre into a wild beast show, but he has done what is almost as bad. Ethiopian serenaders are less intelligent than dogs, and infinitely less amusing, while they are of course far more contemptible than monkeys. But yet these black jests, which now, like mud, are only to be found in the streets, have been allowed to exhibit their disgusting peculiarities at Webster's Temple of Legitimacy.

Were there no such a thing as foreign competition in the metropolis, such a man as Webster would be presenting us with bad translations of French vaudevilles, whereas at present, owing no doubt to a healthy dread of the St. James's Theatre, he is compelled to bring out something like decent adaptations. If obliged to close his theatre for the season, which he alleges, he will commence his next season in a proper state of mind, and if he has even the small amount of perception which we give him credit for, will endeavour to succeed in his management, not by abusing those whom he evidently acknowledges to be his setters, but by striving to surpass them.

GRATITUDE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Mrs. Pink's drawing-room, Clapham Rise. Mrs. Pink, Mr. Mortimer Pink, several of the élite of the neighbourhood, and Mr. Herbert Tightfit, Mortimer's friend.

Mrs. Pink... You can't think—I—where was I—yes—you must know that just before Mortimer came up from Cambridge he was walking on the banks of the river when his foot slipped and he was precipitated into the flood.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit— } Good 'Ivens!
The Elite— } Oh, gracious!

Mrs. Pink—He had already sunk for the third time, and thought of him was visible but his white cambric handkerchief, which had escaped from his grasp—when—yes—the crest of the Pinks embroidered in the corner attracted the attention of another undergraduate of the name of—I always forget the name—

Mr. Mortimer Pink—Higgins.

Mrs. Pink—Yes—Higgins—who plunged in and succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in preserving Mortimer's.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit—Generous individual!—how you must have thanked him.

Mrs. Pink—Oh! yes—We had him here several times.

Mr. Herbert Tightfit—Then I shall see him among the company at dinner to-day.

Mrs. Pink—No—that is to say—moving in our society—from the moment that—

Mr. Mortimer Pink—The fact is, my dear fellow, that we've been obliged to cut him. We found out his father was actually a pawnbroker.



MAGISTERIAL WISDOM.

At Peelers' perjuries
They say Hall laughs! *Shakspeare (altered).*

It is now becoming impossible to trust to the oath of a policeman or the wisdom of a magistrate. Nothing is to be hoped from the interference of Government, so, we suppose, we must put up with perjury and blundering as we best can. Let us present to our readers Hall's last exhibition, and ask them what they think of his fitness to administer justice.

On the 26th ultimo a young man was charged at Bow Street with assaulting E 57 in the execution of his duty. The constable said he was clearing a mob, when defendant struck him in the breast, alleging that he had ill-used a boy, which he denied.

Defendant replied that the policeman had run up to a boy, either kicked or knocked him down, and covered him with blood.

"Several very respectable persons," says the *Times* reporter, corroborated defendant's evidence, adding that he pushed and did not strike the policeman.

Now the reader will observe that in the policeman's evidence there are more lies than lines.

Lie 1st, "That he was in the execution of his duty." Is it his duty to knock down boys?

Lie 2nd, "That defendant struck him." He only pushed him.

Lie 3rd, "That he did not ill-use the boy." The "respectable persons" quashed that assertion.

So much for lies and the policeman; now for justice and the magistrate.

"Mr. Hall considered himself bound, from the evidence, to believe the policeman's conduct most abominable; still the defendant's interference was not justifiable, and he was therefore fined One Pound."

Thus we see that common humanity is not justifiable in the eyes of Mr. Hall, and that policemen may behave like brutes whenever they please, the humane portion of the public not being allowed to interfere.

E 57 appears next to have plucked up courage and come forward—covered with infamy and convicted of perjury as he had been—to say that he did not kick the child. E 24, envious of his comrade, hastened to swear to it.

Mr. Hall still believed the witnesses, and asked what compensation E 57 was prepared to offer the boy; to which the miserable miscreant replied, one shilling! With some difficulty his brutal nature was prevailed on to yield a grudging seven shillings; and now we suppose he looks on knocking down a boy as a luxury to be purchased invariably hereafter at that amount.

This unfortunate being, however, may plead ignorance and coarseness; but nothing can be said in favour of Mr. Hall, who so grossly misused the power given him, as to fine Mr. Thorpe for doing what was his duty as a man, and who took no means to punish the constable convicted before his eyes at once of brutality and perjury. Has constant collision with the force blunted the sense of decency which charity would suppose him once to have had? or does he mistake harshness for dignity—the abuse for the holiness of justice—and, deeming that in the magistrate he ought to sink the man, does he aspire to be a Cockney Dionysius?

* Since the above was written, the Commissioners of Police and Mr. Meyrick have forwarded some statements to the *Times* in reference to the affair; but the merits of the case have not been at all affected by them.



A SANGUINARY JOKE.

The abolitionists maintain that the Whig settlement of the West India question will encourage the slave trade, with all its horrors. This will suit the economists, for, as every one knows, sugar is refined with blood.

QUITE CLEAR.

Whatever may be said of Lord Brougham's occasional vagaries, it cannot be denied that his arguments carry conviction with them, for whatever he says is always aloud (allowed).

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

A distinguished critic observes, with reference to Her Majesty's Theatre, that the artists who have appeared there have always been of the greatest talent, "the present company of course excepted."

A BOLD ASSERTION.

A disappointed artist has written to us, stating that after the weak designs which have lately appeared by Hablot Brown, it is quite evident that the expression "Phiz-zical force" has become an absurdity.

BAD NEWS.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is about to write a series of fictions on our early history, it seems. We were in hopes that Harold was "the last of the Saxon kings" he was going to meddle with.

A DEFINITION.

James's last Novel, "A Whim and its Consequences."

A Whim—Writing a novel.
Its Consequences—The public disgust.

PRETTY CERTAIN.

Some thousand insurgents were confined, after the insurrection, in the cellars of the Tuileries. We should say that the latter had never contained such a quantity of bad spirits before.

NEWEST FROM PARIS.

Although it has been asserted that the Ultra-Republicans were as much as ever estranged from the more moderate party, there is now every hope that they will soon arrive at a settlement, viz., a penal one—the Marquesas.

EXCESSIVE DROUGHT.

Astronomers have discovered that there is no moisture in the moon. This accounts for the *Man in the Moon* being such dry reading.

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

The papers inform us that the present unhappy state of his empire has produced a *sensible* change in the Emperor of Austria. Who after this will deny that the Revolution has effected what nothing else ever could?

A CASE FOR MR. SPOONER.

By the list of the procession at the Coventry Grand Show Fair, we observed that Lady Godiva, personated by Madame Warton, was accompanied by numerous "Followers." Is it possible that in moral England, and the presence of Mr. Warton himself, such a public outrage upon decency could have been permitted?

RAILWAY DISBELIEF.

We were rather shocked at hearing that the esteemed secretary of the London and Birmingham Railway had ceased to have any connexion with the company. This neglect of the popular Creed will not raise the directors in the eyes of the religious portion of the community.



EDITOR'S BOX.

THAT gay, sprightly, pretty, piquant, lively, and fascinating singer and actress, Anna Thillon (or La Thillon, as the Mudlark no doubt calls her), appeared at the Princess's Theatre last week in the *Figlia del Regimento*, much to the delight of the audience, and, what is more important, of the SHOWMAN. She played the *vivandière* in a manner which (with all due deference to the legitimists) made us wish to see her in *Rosalind*. Allen was a very heavy and dull lover, we are sorry to say; Weiss was a sergeant, musical, talented, and military; while Madame Feron made the part of the Marchioness much more respectable than the author of the *libretto* has done.

The man Cowell played the fool and the *Steward* in the performance. His conception of the comic appeared to be to kick up his legs behind every now and then, like an angry donkey, and to scream out his part like an ill-taught parrot, or a bull-frog with a cold. The person of an actor is a fair subject of criticism (*vide the Rosciad* and Hazlitt, *passim*), so we may state at once, that the person of Cowell is quite on a level (a very low one, by the way) with his mind. His face is mean and vulgar, and his figure awkward and ungainly; his features without expression, and his movements without grace; so that those who see him in the dock next sessions (previous to his going to "star" it at Brixton) will be little gratified by the view. This is severe treatment, we admit; but Cowell has brought it on himself. He who has tried to ruin others (men his superiors, too) can expect no favour himself. The gentlemen of England must be expected to be indignant at having been deprived of an intellectual enjoyment by the violence of an obscene buffoon.

* We apply the adjective in allusion to his "œmic" songs, sung at a low night-house.—SHOWMAN.

AIR—"When Claude Duval," &c.

WHEN Ernest Jones was in prison thrown,
He carved his name on the dungeon stone;
Ha, ha, said the dubsman, chuckling with glee,
You're a very fine blossom for Tyburn tree:
And you're chiselled so fine, fa la.

FLABBY versus TRUMAN.

MR. SHOWMAN,

As I have been told that you are an enemy to humbug of all kinds, allow me to address you a few words on a letter written some little time ago by a Dr. Truman about a well which had been sunk by the Hampstead Waterwork Company for supplying the surrounding district with water.

Dr. Truman asserts that the said well is only three hundred yards distant from the Highgate Cemetery, and that the water is thick and fetid, and unfit to drink, from its nearness to the said cemetery. Now, sir, is not this great humbug? Why, according to his own statement, the well is three hundred yards from the burying-ground—what more would he require? I should very much like to know what he would say if he worked in my establishment in the City, where all the people drink water which comes from a well sunk in the churchyard itself; and do they ever complain? I should only like to catch them at it.

Dr. Truman goes on to state that the water from the Highgate well is thick with decayed animal matter; instead of complaining he ought to be grateful, for, in that case, we supply him with meat and drink at the same time.

However, whether his statement be true or not, I and several other brother aldermen, who have shares in the company, would merely wish to learn whether the learned doctor supposes, that after spending so much capital in the construction of the well, we are going to lose it because he may happen to object to the colour of the water. Let him buy a filter if he does not like the water in its natural state, and drink it filtered, or not at all; it is perfectly immaterial to us what he does, so long as he pays the rate.

Your obedient servant,
PETER GOLLOP FLABBY.



EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF CANINE ATTACHMENT.

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an *Habitué* of all of them.No. III.—GIRAUDIER'S
AND BERTOLLINI'S.

LIVING on our acquaintance is a thing that neither we nor our acquaintance could approve of for any length of time; and,

accordingly, we found ourselves last week obliged, for the third time, to go about among the dining places of London, seeking what we might devour.

Bent on forwarding the interests of the SHOWMAN, we actually eat two dinners in his behalf, and, what is more, we paid for them. Many persons have dined at Giraudier's in the Haymarket, and many at Bertollini's—or Dirlollini's, as it has been inappropriately called—in some street near Leicester Square; but few have dined at both places in the same afternoon: so that we, in fact, feel ourselves called upon, as having performed that extraordinary feat, to give some account of it, in the same way that the man who was the first to go up in a balloon, or the last to go to the North Pole, thought it necessary (as soon as he had found a publisher) to make the world acquainted with his adventures.

Before instituting any comparison, we may as well make some "general" remarks—in which we shall not be at all "particular"—as to the characteristics which are possessed in common by both houses.

In dining by the *carte*, then, a bill is brought up by the waiter, and read a first, second, or, if desired, a third time, when it is passed—to some one else. If two or



DINING BY THE CARTE.

more are dining together, it is, of course, a matter of *etiquette* as well as prudence to comply with the standing orders, or, in other words, with the orders of the one who stands the dinner.

It is a fact worthy of notice and condemnation, that most of the English who frequent these places speak to English waiters in French, while



TAKING HIS WHACK.



CLUBBING FOR A DINNER.

The Englishmen call the waiter "garson" and "garsoon," while the Frenchmen address him as "boy." The English "boys" are continually being astonished at hearing a Frenchman ask for a "beef chop;" while French "garsoons" are equally perplexed by an order from a cockney for *un aller de gin—allier*, of course, being intended to signify a "go."



SOMETHING SEEN.

Every one must have noticed a certain class of persons in London who pretend that they go to the gallery of the Opera because "the effect of the music is greater when heard from above," and not because the admission is only three shillings; who patronize the fore-cabin of a steamer in preference to the saloon, though of course without any view to economy; and whose decision with reference to the first and second class of a railway train is always given in favour of the latter, because it is farther from, or nearer to the engine, as the case happens to be, and not on account of the fare being considerably less. These gentlemen, we have observed, have a partiality bordering on affection for the *Jullienne Soups* at Bertollini's, while at Giraudier's they seldom, if ever, order it. Can any explanation of this extraordinary fact be found in the circumstance that at the former establishment it is supplied at the small charge of fourpence a basin, while at the latter it is marked in the tariff at sixpence? A curious investigator like ourselves is also anxious to learn why the *habitués* of Bertollini's have only the ordinary *penchant* for bread, while at Giraudier's the "staff of life" is sought and devoured with the greatest avidity. It may be that the custom of charging for each individual piece, at the one house, is not so appetizing as that of allowing the visitors the run of the bread-basket on payment of twopence, which we believe is the practice at the other. At all events, the connexion between moderate prices and immoderate eating will not be lost upon those minds who may be desirous of pursuing the subject further.



AN AWFUL TAKE IN.

The man who can understand the *carte* at Giraudier's, must certainly possess talent; but the one who can interpret the bill at Bertollini's must have genius. Of course, no one ever pretends to inquire what such dishes as "lasagne," "caponeti," "tagliarini," and "cramousky" signify; or whether they, in fact, signify anything at all. These are "above our reason," while those which we wish to call attention to are things that must be placed under the head of "contrary to our reason." To this latter class belongs, for instance, "risoly," which, according to all well-regulated French dictionaries, is "the brown part of roast meat." It is evident, then, that to order *risoly* would be just as absurd as to call for a plate of crackling or a dish of fat. What, again, is the meaning of *côtelettes à la jardinière*? Nothing more or less than "chops done in the female-gardener style!" But even this is not so absurd as an *épigramme de veau*, which, of course, signifies "a calf's epigram," and which immediately suggests a pointless quatrain by Mr. Mark Lemon. Moreover, these unintelligible expressions have an additional degree of unintelligibility given to them by the infamous manner in which they are sometimes written. "Chops" appear as "shops," "oxtail" as "hogstail;" while in the French edition of the bill of fare "whisky" is written "ouiski," and porter is translated by "conciérge."



A GOOD ROUND HAND.

But, in conclusion, let us inquire, not in an impertinent but in a philosophical spirit, why at Bertollini's chops, with spinage, peas, or any other vegetable, cost no more than chops by themselves? It is a question which it is beyond our power to solve; but who, we should like to know, would hesitate in a choice between chops and vegetables, on the one hand, and chops and nothing at all, on the other? We cannot but ask, in our own words:—

"Would you, brother? No—you would not."

THE MODERN
FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER.



"He perceived, as the shape came nearer—sight tremendous and abhorred!—that it was the wretch whom he had created. He trembled with horror, resolving to wait his approach, and then close with him in mortal combat."—*Frankenstein*, Chap. ix.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

IN a few days we fully expect to see something like the following paragraph going the round of the papers:—"During the late awful scenes in Paris, at the taking of the barricade of the Faubourg Poissonière, where the slaughter was so immense, one of the insurgents, who had been killed by a shot through the forehead, and a bayonet wound under the left arm, was remarkable for the great serenity of his countenance and matchless beauty of his complexion. Not even the pangs of death had been able to change his lovely tint. This phenomenon was afterwards fully accounted for when it transpired that the body was that of the Editor of the *Aimable Egorgeur*, in whose trousers' pocket, concealed beneath the blouse of the Communist, was found a bottle of Rowland's celebrated Kalydor, which the unfortunate man had been seen to use while reposing from the labour of forming the barricade at which he perished."

The last person the spirited proprietors of the Kalydor and the oil of Macassar made use of was Heliogabalus. We suppose that the turn of Alexander the Great or Cobden will come next. There is something reassuring in this. If a man be refused a passage to immortality in the pages of the professed historian, he can still obtain one in the advertisements of Messrs. Rowland. What matters it that Cromwell has not got a niche in the new Palace at Westminster? His chance of renown in future ages will not be one whit diminished, provided only Messrs. Rowland can be prevailed on to espouse his cause. An advertisement to the effect, that "although in his time Cromwell was certainly the protector of all which Englishmen held dear, still, at the present day, all we hold dear—viz. the ladies—possess a far more powerful protector in Rowland's Kalydor; for that protects them against the elements, which the stern Republican was unable to do," &c., would be more effective than fifty statues.

CAPTAIN FALCON OF THE GUARDS.

I.

CAPTAIN FALCON of the Guards,
How nice you thought to get me brown;
You thought that I'd accept a bill
For discount, when you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The black leg of a hundred "hells,"
Your friendship's not to be desired.

II.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
I know you thought to get my name;
Your cunning was no match for mine,
Too wide awake to play your game.
Nor would I write for your delight
A name the Jews ne'er saw before—
My simple name across a bill
Is worth a hundred pounds or more.

III.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
Some softer pupil you must find,
For were you Colonel of your troop,
I'd shun you still, and all your kind.
You thought to've seen me jolly green;
A plump refusal's my reply:
The army agents in Craig Court
Are not more up to you than I.

IV.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
You put strange memories in my head;
Not thrice the bill had been renewed,
When I beheld young Pigeon fed.
Your crack turn-outs, your drinking bouts,
A fine acquaintance you may be;
But there was that across the bill
That he had hardly cared to see.

V.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
When first he met the gov'nor's view,
He had the passions of his kind—
He spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
About a certain game at cards,
Which, should it e'er get noised abroad,
Would cook your goose at the Horse Guards.

VI.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
There stands a bailiff in your hall;
Tradesmen are knocking at your door:
Pigeon no longer pays for all.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his run of luck,
And, last, you fairly stripped him clean,
And sought some other bird to pluck.

VII.

Trust me, Falcon of the Guards,
That bill to pay he never meant;
The grand old Judge who tried the cause
Smiled at your claim for money lent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
These promised pounds are scarce bank-notes;
Gold sovereigns are more than words,
And copper pence than paper groats.

VIII.

I know you, Falcon of the Guards;
You're linked with many a scoundrel crew,
Whose nights are spent in playing deep—
Would that your play was honest too!
Be rogue, you must; spurned with mistrust,
Cash is no longer raised with ease;
Your credit it has sunk so low,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

IX.

Captain Falcon of the Guards,
If tin be needful at your hand,
Are there no money-lenders left,
Nor any Jews within the land?
Oh! take the bill-discounters in,
Or try the legal shark to do;
Pray write a promissory-note,
And let the foolish Pigeons go.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—We have received a letter from a correspondent, informing us that at the *société* of the Whittington Club, where the butcher of the establishment so distinguished himself, the Violin and French Horn, together with their juvenile friend the Triangle, who had been engaged to play quadrilles for the evening, were stuffed with supper to repletion, the spirited committee having determined that it should be the members' proud boast that they had a very "full" band.

SOMETHING IN HIS FAVOUR.—Though no admirers of Lord George Bentinck, we should have no objection to "taking a leaf out of his book"—on the Derby.

MATRIMONIAL.—A paragraph headed "Curious Marriage Fee" is going the round of the papers, stating that a certain Mr. Baker, of some village near Bristol, paid in farthings the clergyman who solemnized his marriage. The bridegroom seems to possess considerable resemblance with the fee, which no one can deny was a "fee simple."

NOT BAD FOR A PREMIER.—Lord John says that if the Protectionists don't like his slave-grown, brown-clayed sugar, they must lump it!

IRISH INTELLIGENCE (*By a rival to our D. O.*).—The first number of the *Felon* has now appeared. It will be recollected that this journal was intended to take the place of the *United Irishman*, and as the circulation of the latter "fell off" considerably some months since, its successor is called appropriately enough the *Felon*.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ON Thursday the 29th of June, a grand review of the Fusilier Guards took place, in Hyde Park. His Royal Highness Prince Albert put himself at the head of his regiment, which went through the most difficult manoeuvres with a precision and accuracy which reflected the greatest credit on its Royal Colonel.

We are not aware whether Government feared any outbreak on the part of the Chartists, but if such were the case, the alacrity with which his Royal Highness flew to lead on his gallant fellows against the rebels is truly gratifying. We take particular notice of this fact, because it has been invidiously asserted that every time the regiment has turned out to suppress riot, it has done so without its colonel. We trust that the 29th of June will for ever put an end to these absurd and calumnious reports.

We are happy to be able to state that in spite of the immense fatigue incident to all the marchings and counter-marchings, and various other intricate evolutions of the day in question, His Royal Highness's health has not suffered, and that, with the exception of a small blister on the right hand, from the chafing of his sword-handle, His Royal Highness feels no ill effect from his great exertions.

NOVEL AND TRUE.—We have heard a most stupid report, which we implicitly believe, that the Members of the Whittington Club, whose limited means do not allow them to play so brilliant a part as they could desire, have come to the determination to hire an individual of gentlemanly and imposing exterior, whom they intend to dress in the first style of fashion (after Moses' most approved models) and pay a handsome salary, to walk up and down every evening, after closing hours, in front of the Club door. The said individual will salute, in a jaunty and off-hand, but at the same time courteous manner, the different members as they enter. The latter will, however, take no notice of him, but, on the contrary, pass with a careless and supercilious air. In this manner they will all be enabled, at a trifling extra charge, to "cut a very dashing figure."

ANATOMICAL DISCOVERY.—A London daily paper recently remarked that the best part of Lord John Russell was his pluck. Our readers need not feel indignant at the assertion, as a cat's-meat man informs us that this part of the human frame has no connexion whatever with the brain.

CURIOUS INQUIRY.—A dilatory young man has written to ask us whether in an article entitled "Thieves," in *Gavarni in London*, there is any account of "Procrastination, the thief of time."

BIRTHS.

On the 26th ultimo, at Whitefriars, Mr. Mark Lemon of a joke, still-born.

On the 13th ultimo, at Bow Street Police Court, Samuel Cowell, buffoon and very low comedian, of an infamous notoriety.

On Saturday last, at the PUPPET-SHOW Office, the SHOW-MAN of a number that did not contain any allusion to the *Musical World*.

MARRIED.

In the month of May last, at St. Stephen's, Westminster, by the New Reform Movement, Richard Cobden to Joseph Hume.

In the course of Autumn last, at the office in the Strand, by the new proprietors, the *Morning Chronicle* to New England principles.

DIED.

In the month of June last, at the Lyceum Theatre, after lingering for a few nights, the *Fast Man*, the infant offspring of Mr. Albert Smith.

On June 30th, at Whitefriars, after an illness of some duration, the *Shilling Magazine*, eldest child of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, the comic writer and philanthropist.

On April 10th, at Kennington Common, rather suddenly, the Chartist Panic, illegitimate offspring of Democratic Rant and Popular Delusion.

VERY SHAMEFUL.

SOME aspiring young libeller has forwarded us a poem which attacks Douglas Jerrold and the whole of the Whitefriars' clique in the most unscrupulous manner. To prove how little we should be justified in inserting it, we give the three opening stanzas, which apparently refer to the present condition of *Jerrold's Magazine*. This, as is now generally known, has proved too heavy to be carried on any further, and has consequently been dropped.

The Douglas at the blush of day
From his tenth tumbler started—
"My magazine, 'tis said, don't pay,
Success from it has parted.
I've puffed it long with all my might,
And yet it's in an awful plight;
It cometh out unheeded,
And each month less is needed."

The publishers—too fond of cash
To be for ever striving
To make men swallow Jerrold's hash—
Declared its end arriving;
'And all the town rejoiced and sang
Because St. Giles's vulgar slang,
With much low cant and whining,
Would soon become trunk-lining.

And up and down amid the crew
Who with him had been drinking
The heated Douglas madly flew,
And on his journal thinking,
He sought relief, but found none there,
And then he tore his turnip hair,
To earth his carcase flinging,
The bell in fury ringing.

AN ABSURD INFERENCE.—A junior contributor says, that our artists must receive large sums from the Exchequer, since they're always drawing on *Wood*.

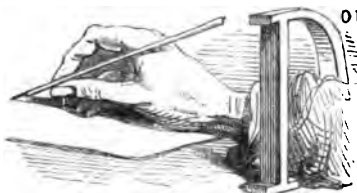
SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE POTATO DISEASE.

WE have been given to understand that Professor Liebig, the distinguished chemical philosopher, has made the astounding discovery that the potato-rot was nothing more nor less than the Influenza; and the Royal Agricultural Society, coinciding in his opinion, have come to the conclusion that the croupy noise so often heard of an evening in the neighbourhood of marshy places, and which has always been attributed to the croaking of frogs and toads, can, in reality, have been nothing else but the distressing cough of the poor suffering potatoes.

When a physician has formed a correct diagnosis of a disease, his next duty is to prescribe an efficient remedy. In the case of the patients under consideration, Professor Liebig has omitted this; the task, therefore, is imposed on our professional judgment, and we beg to call the attention of farmers to the following course of treatment, to be adopted when the season arrives for planting the delicious root.

The seed must be well examined, to see if there be any remains of last year's epidemic, such as ulcerated surface, running from the eyes, or similar symptoms. If there be, we advise the rejection of such affected roots; because, though they may not be more than slightly tainted, in all probability the moisture of the earth, acting on their already diseased condition, will be sure to induce tubercular phthisis; and the potatoes will perish of a lingering death. If the seed be quite healthy, the farmer, remembering the old adage, that "prevention is better than cure," should, with each seedling, put into the ground a calomel pill; in a month after planting, the earth should be turned up, and a mild aperient draught poured over the afflicted *Solanum*; and, occasionally, during the progress of growth, the lower extremities of the roots should be examined, and a hot mustard bath applied, if necessary. Should symptoms of fever become apparent, evidenced by heat of surface, or drooping of the stalks, let the whole field be sprinkled with a febrifuge mixture; and, lastly, if ulceration supervene, the farmer should at once consult the Earl of Aldborough, who will, doubtless, prescribe Holloway's ointment and pills.

CONVALESCENCE OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.



DOUBTLESSLY it was not to be expected that our Discharged, or Diseased Contributor, as he must for the present be styled, could quickly recover from that illness which had been caused by the combined abuse of strong liquors and weak jokes. He is, however, now in a state of convalescence, and will soon, it is feared, be able to hold a pen. Some difficulty was at first experienced in finding a nurse to attend him, as his wild jests and inhuman witticisms scared from the bedside each unfortunate female who had been prevailed upon to watch there. At length a woman of strong mind, who had been accustomed to the conversation of Mr. Mark Lemon, was retained—but only for a short period—for even she, in spite of the excellent training which she had gone through, was utterly unable to listen to the *jeux de mots* of our D.C. (as Thackeray would call him); and which, to use her own felicitous expression, “out-lemoned Lemon.” Ultimately the services of a deaf woman were secured, and our D.C. continued improving until a certain day on which the PUPPET-SHOW goes to press, when he became seized with a frantic desire to have a joke which is “utterly unfit for publication” inserted in the columns of that periodical. Having received a certificate, in which an eminent physician assures us that unless the joke (!) appears he will not answer for the life of the D.C., we hasten, with those feelings of benevolence for which we are so eminently remarkable, to present it to an astounded world. We do not wish any harm to our sick acquaintance (for we cannot call him friend), although we must observe that we trust, as far as jokes are concerned, he has now “breathed his last.” But, to come to the point—if our readers can only detect it—here is the joke without any farther preface:—

Q. What is the difference between a washerwoman and a thief?

A. The former *irons*, while the latter *steals*.

When our D.C. saw a proof of the above—which, by-the-bye, we consider an admirable proof of our compassion towards him—he exclaimed to the deaf nurse, with a more than demoniac grin, “Ha, ha, I shall get better now: do you see any change in my bodily form, for I absolutely feel that I am



GETTING ROUND.”

TRADE REPORT.—Under this head we read in the *Times*, that “whisky was firmer.” Firmer than what? than those who have imbibed a quantity of it? We think this very probable.

EXTRAORDINARY PANIC.—Much excitement was caused to a party of Special Constables about a week since, by hearing that a large body of Chartists had “flown to arms.” The satisfaction and even delight of the gallant fellows may easily be imagined when it was discovered that the Bricklayers’ Arms were those alluded to; and that the only attack commenced was one upon some pots of porter.

A CANDIDATE FOR HANWELL.—The same insane individual who wrote to us last week about Mr. Clarke’s method of restoring pictures, now wishes to be informed whether Mr. Howard’s succedaneum for stopping decayed teeth would be of any use in stopping a decayed tradesman who has fled to America with some money belonging to him.

AN INHUMAN REASON.



Smith—“I say, BROWN, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT SHOCKING BAD HAT?”

Brown—“BECAUSE MY WIFE DECLARES SHE WON’T GO OUT WITH ME TILL I GET A NEW ONE!”

TO THE SHADE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.—“What constitutes a State?” Rolling in the gutter without a hat.

THE FRUIT SEASON.

SEVERAL enormous gooseberries have appeared in the country papers, and stone fruit is already very plentiful in the Lowther Arcade and on numerous mantel-pieces in the neighbourhood of Islington.

The Orleans plum is expected to turn out a failure, as Louis Philippe and his family probably do not possess ten thousand pounds amongst them all.

About a fortnight since, a “pottle of strawberries” of a peculiar description was exhibited in various parts of the metropolis. The pottle is arranged as might have been expected by those who know anything of the manner in which these things are got up. There appears to be some attractive fruit on the surface, but, on looking into it, it is soon found that there is nothing at bottom.

Numerous correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . . 2s. 6d.
“ Half Year, or 26 Numbers . . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by postage stamps, or by a Post-Office order made payable to William Dover.

The readers of the PUPPET-SHOW are informed that an Edition is published in Monthly Parts, and that the same may be obtained by order of every bookseller in the kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of five numbers, stitched in an ornamental wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by WILLIAM DOVER, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 18.

LONDON, JULY 15, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

NOBLE SACRIFICE.



Pot-boy—"If you please, Sir, Missis says as how you must settle her little bill for beer and spirits."

Patriotic Leader—"Boy, begone! My debts, like myself, are my country's!"

LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

SERGEANT TALFOURD boasted the other day that hardly "the scent of blood rests on the statute-book." This, however, is not sufficient for the more generous class of philanthropists, among whom we may number the House of Lords; they have accordingly resolved that, after having softened the law itself, they will also infuse more mildness into the execution of it. The following is their intended improved manner of proceeding.

Suppose a man, Lord Arbuthnot, for instance, is accused of forgery—pay no attention to the charge for some time—endeavour, on the contrary, to suppress it—should you not succeed in this, announce your intention of soon issuing a warrant against him—and when you are very certain he has fled the country, put your threat into execution. This plan is not quite so practical as that of the Brothers Forrester, but it is far more aristocratic.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY:

AND HOW TO GAIN THEM.

I.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For LIBERTY to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words,
The mind our battle-plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we will again.

II.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause:
'T is not in blood EQUALITY
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

III.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime,
We join the cry "FRATERNITY,"
We keep the march of time.
And yet we grasp nor pike nor spear
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we will again.

IV.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citadel in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striv'n in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

V.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widows' groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren stain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we will again.

BARRISTERS AND BUFFOONS.

DURING the recent trial of Fussell the Chartist, Mr. Sergeant Allen took occasion to observe, with reference to a hatter whose premises had been injured, that he supposed the injury was *felt*. Not content with making, or rather taking, this weak and venerable pun, he subsequently had "the moral, or immoral, courage to exclaim, "*What Tyler*," upon hearing the name of Tyler mentioned in court. We are not going to trace the biography of this joke, from the time of its birth in the farce of *Teddy the Tiler* through various scenes, dramatic and otherwise, until its reappearance in the *Comic History of England* in the form of "What is that what you are doing, Wat Tyler?" for its antiquity cannot be doubted for one moment; but we cannot help reminding Mr. Sergeant Allen that we have a Discharged Contributor who makes jokes quite as bad, though not so venerable, as those which he (the unlearned Sergeant) indulges in, and that unless he (the unlearned Sergeant) refrains from his present disgusting and degrading conduct, we will expose and disgrace him in the eyes of the PUPPET-SHOW readers. We thought that jokes about "throwing light on the subject," a door not being a door "when it is a-jar," *et hoc genus omne*, had become extinct; but the revival of the puns on "felt" and "Wat Tyler," under the patronage of Sergeant Allen, have crushed our fondest hopes and ruined our most cherished expectations.

PUSHING IT TO THE FULL EXTENT.—Somebody asserted of Feargus the other day, that in all his struggles he "holds his own." He goes farther, and holds other people's, in our opinion.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The new ship FUSSELL was launched from the dock (at the Old Bailey) the other day. It has a rather ugly figure-head of wood. Several distinguished persons saw it launched, and it flew proudly down amidst the cheers of the jailer. We believe that it is intended to serve on the South Australian station.

A CRYING EVIL.—Mr. John O'Connell in tears.

A REASONABLE QUERY.—The *Standard* of the 7th instant tells us that the army of the Alps is "daily arriving" in Paris. What can possibly be the motive of the army for this? We should have imagined that, after so long a journey, when it had once reached the capital it would have been glad to remain there. Then, again, how on earth does it manage? It appears to us that, supposing it arrives in Paris on Monday, it can't arrive again on Tuesday, unless, indeed, it adopts the plan pursued by armies on the stage, who have a knack of entering at one gate of a city to make their exit immediately by another, and, after a short lapse of time, to come in again at the first. Perhaps the *Standard* will elucidate this.

GENEROSITY.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—*Lavish's Chambers.*

Jones But you always do things in such a splendid way—and as for that last dinner of yours, I never sat down to a more magnificent one in my life. The *Johannisberg* was beyond all praise; it must have cost you an awful price.

Lavish. My dear fellow, I never care a fig about price when my friends are concerned. I told old *Logwood* to let me have the very best that could be got for love or money; but, as you admire it so much, I'll make you a present of a dozen or two.—Here, *John*! (*Servant enters*), pack up a couple of dozen of that *Johannisberg*, and send it to Mr. *Jones*—you know the address.

Jones. How can I thank you?—you're such a generous dog—'pon my life, *Lavish*, you've a most gentlemanly way of doing things—I'm really exceedingly obliged to you.

Lavish (*to Servant*). Well—what are you waiting for?

Serv. Please, sir, Mr. *Logwood*—he's called about his account.

Lavish. Confound him—tell him I'm out—in the country.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lavish. Hang that fellow coming pestering me for money already—I don't know what he expects, *Jones*, but I mean to put him down in my schedule the next time I have occasion to trouble the Commissioner at Portugal Street

AN "USED-UP" SUBJECT.

It will be recollected that the SHOWMAN in the first announcement he made to the public of his intentions, undertook, among other light and laborious occupations, the task of "putting down paltry prolix publications." One of the most offensive of this class he soon found out to be the *Musical World*, and his readers know how zealously he strove to create in their minds a perfect loathing for this preeminently stupid publication. The result is that not one of the fifty thousand readers of the PUPPET-SHOW can now hear the words "*Musical World*" pronounced without a sensation of positive pain. Having accomplished his task, the SHOWMAN threw the publication aside like an old hat, and turned his attention to other abuses, when the *Musical World*, feeling itself secure, commences some silly attack on the SHOWMAN (at least so the SHOWMAN is informed by a correspondent, for his physicians advise him on no account to look at the publication again). The *Musical World* is striving, no doubt, to produce in the minds of its readers the same disgust for the PUPPET-SHOW as the SHOWMAN has already created for the *Musical World*. The SHOWMAN, however, is magnanimous enough not to offer any impediment to this course, as any man who reads the *Musical World* is far too obtuse for even the SHOWMAN to produce any reformation in.



DIVISION ON MR. HUME'S MOTION.

THAT the wrong side of a question should triumph in the House of Commons, is as every-day a phenomenon as a blunder by Bentinck or an absurdity from Sibthorpe. 351 members declared that the people of England shall have no increase of their political power, and that the country shall be governed, for the future, by nominees of aristocratic patrons—well-dressed serfs, robbing at other men's dictation; too servile to assert their independence, and too base to benefit their country. Buckinghamshire returns eleven members, at the bidding of three or four landowners, while the whole population of Manchester are allowed but two. To call the House of Commons a popular assembly while this is the case is just nonsense,—and wicked lying nonsense. It is bound by a dozen links—links of gold and of family—to the House of Peers, and is therefore found, when any great question is before it affecting the masses, to be merely a servant of the aristocracy. There are scores of members in the Commons just as obedient to Peers as their flunkys;—the difference being that the flunkie is servile in manual operations, and the member in intellectual ones—one sells his hands, and the other lets out his conscience and puts his soul in livery.

The debate preceding the division was conducted, on the Reform side, with much point and cleverness by Mr. B. Osborne, and much clearness and argument by Mr. Cobden. These contrasted capitally with Talfourd's dreamy twaddle, and the coxcombical coquetting with the question of Sidney Herbert, who kept gnawing at the point, as a lap-dog fumbles with a bone.

Poor "burly balderdash," as O'Connell called Feargus O'Connor, tried hard to prove that the Reform party were hostile to the working classes; the object of this dirty fabrication being to prevent the working classes joining the movement, and so to keep them to himself for his own purposes. His reign is nearly up; the conclusion of the Committee on his Land Scheme will "cook his goose." If he had tried a move of that sort with the *ouvriers* of Paris, his head would have answered for it long ago. We manage these things better here; we let an impostor keep his degraded life and empty head all safe, and punish him by social exclusion and public contempt.



WORTHY OF CREDIT.

Mr. Herbert, in his speech on the new Reform question, said, that "if ever there was a period at which the people of England ought to be trusted, it was the present." Lord John Russell is of a different opinion. He taxes, but does not trust. His system is, "pay to-day, trust to-morrow."

ANOTHER THING ALTOGETHER.

The Specials of Middlesex have protested against Sir George Grey's proposed increase of the police rate. However much these gentlemen proved during the late disturbances that they despised attacks on their persons, it appears that they are very fearful of a tax on their purse.

JUDICIOUS AND JUDICIAL.

People are surprised at the manner in which Sergeant Talfourd lately renounced his liberal principles. The learned gentleman, however, knows perfectly well what he is about, although it is very certain that his wits have already begun to go "wool-gathering."

SINGULAR UNANIMITY.

The Conservatives assert that the present system is nearly perfect. If, like grammarians, they use the word "perfect" as synonymous with "past," we entirely agree with them.

AN APPROPRIATE EPITHET.

Speaking of an article in the *Quarterly* on Louis Philippe, the *Standard* says that it cannot refrain giving some extracts "relating to the common character of the different members of the Royal Family of France." Right. Very common character!

ALL IN GOOD SEASON.

Some faint-hearted people think there is no chance for Mr. Hume's measure, because it has failed this session. These persons should recollect that it was but born yesterday: in due course of time it is sure to attain its "majority."

SHAMEFUL IMPOSITION.

A correspondent complains that he bought a "Pottle of Strawberries" last week of a person named Smith, and that on examining it he found it to be full of *dry leaves*.

IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. Webster's admirers speak in high terms of the appropriate manner in which that gentleman "makes up," as it is technically termed, for his different parts. There is one, however, which he can never make up for: we mean the part he has taken in inflicting Mr. Farren, jun., on the British public.

VERY SAVAGE.

Feergus O'Connor says that Fussell is an honest patriot, all of whose convictions on the subject of the Charter he himself shares. What a pity he can't be compelled to share his conviction at the Old Bailey as well; we might then get rid of him.

STATE OF THE CROPS.

The state of the crops is very encouraging. Fussell's was gathered the other day, and long ears found on the field of operations. The Ernest Jones' crop will be taken shortly (very shortly, by the way), and a similar state of things may be expected.

THE NEW SERVANT.

Government have taken Fussell "on trial," and determined to keep him.

JACK THE (REFORM) GIANT-KILLER.

ONCE upon a time, in England's pleasant isle,
Where, though Lords rule, there still are spots that smile,
There lived a youth among the lordly pack,
Whose head was empty and whose name was Jack.
Though small in person, smaller still in wit—
For writing and for acting ill just fit,
Among the world he still could make a noise,
As penny trumpets will when blown by boys,
For from his family he got some fame,
As weeds from florists get a sounding name;
And, having first in letters broken down,
He strove to gain political renown—
Clapped his small shoulder to the wheel of state,
Helped on Reform, and then as premier sate.

Years passed away, and England clearly saw
This great Reform was an imperfect law;
That England's intellect no hearing gained,
While parish bores a hundred seats retained;
That in the senate though some men might shine,
Yet all the rest could only bawl and dine.
So England sent a giant to the house,
Of will determined, and of manly nous,
To charge dull Tories and base Whigs in fight,
Break down their barriers, and let in the light.
Then up came Jack, whose heart was sore alarmed,
With spear, and shield, and brazen features, armed;
A mighty sabre glittered by his side,
His little figure strode in conscious pride.
To the proud field his swaggering way he made,
And with one blow struck off the giant's head!

The giant fell, but with a thundering sound,
Which woke loud echoes everywhere around,
And the proud English thought they'd like to know
Why this small Jack should lay their giant low.
A storm began, soon other giants came—
Spread through the land excitement like a flame,
Till all the country, of this Jack quite sick,
Drove him from power with one tremendous kick.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE CONSIDERED AS A SYMBOL.

EVERY one knows that a certain class of writers, whose literary compositions are devoid of merit, nevertheless assume a large portion, on the ground that they "write with a purpose." Now the Wellington statue has long been abused for its artistic or rather unartistic faults, but no one has yet suggested that its very defects proceed, not from any want of ability on the part of the sculptor, but from the fact of his designing "with a purpose," and exaggerating certain parts, in order to express the character of the individual represented. We have many instances of this exaggeration "with an object" in ancient art; the head of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, is much too small for the body, thus showing in the most distinct manner, that beauty has little need of brains.

On the same principle, we may account for many apparent absurdities in the Wellington statue. For example, viewing the statue from the Knightsbridge side, the breadth of the Duke's shoulders seems equal to that of the body of the horse together with the calves of the rider's legs; from which it would follow, supposing the horse to be fifteen hands high, that the Duke measures three feet across the shoulders, and about eight feet round the chest! This is evidently symbolical of Wellington's greatness of heart as evinced towards poor Ney!

Again, the Duke's knee is on a level with the back of the horse, while his heel is below the girth; so that, taking the depth of the horse's body to be two feet six inches, we are immediately struck with the distance between the heel of the hero and his knee, and cannot help thinking that it is intended to remind us of His Grace's having fought knee-deep in blood. It will also be found that the waistband of his trowsers is about seven feet from the sole of his foot, which of course suggests the great difficulty that is felt by members of public charities in getting their hands into the Duke's pocket.

Finally, the statue itself is too large for the arch on which it is placed. This is understood by irreverent persons as signifying that His Grace's reputation has been raised upon a foundation too slight to support it.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER V.—ON BLACKWALL AND WHITEBAIT.



has been our lot to have devoured some indifferently good dinners in our day. We have sat at Lord Mayors' feasts when the turtle was richest and the iced punch coldest. The *Maison D'Or* and the *Rocher de Cancale* are places fondly familiar

to us. We have eaten Ortolans—those “lumps of celestial fatness”—in Madrid; we have munched the deliciously browned Becca Fico in Milan. We have tiffened upon a Bengal Curry in the Government House at Calcutta, and swallowed cream tarts, with pepper in them, at Bagdad.* Also—for we are not such affected snobs as to believe that foreign dainties are more glorious than home produce—we have devoured Irish stew in Galway; we have wallowed in grouse-soup amid the Grampians; we have dined in Edinburgh at the Haggis Club; and we have breakfasted at Inverary upon herrings—fresh, silvery from Loch Fyne. Pleasant are all these meats—each immortal in its way. Pleasant it is, in the *entresol* of the *Café Anglais*, to look listlessly out on the glittering Boulevards through the savoury steam of richest salmi; pleasant it is, sweeping down through rock and by feudal tower and viny terrace, on the quarter-deck of a Rhenish steamboat, to mark the burst of slanting sunlight streaming over the Rheinfels, and glowing and glistening in bacchanalian emblazonry upon the big-bellied goblet of that much loved vintage, called in the tongue of Fatherland “Dear woman's milk”—the south-side Madeira of Europe; pleasant, very pleasant is each of these modes of enjoyment, but inferior each and all to that acmé of sublunary good which may be had even beneath our own dingy skies, even by our own muddy river, by anybody who, in the pleasant summer time, will journey a devout and not moneyless pilgrim to Blackwall, the shrine of the great god Whitebait, whereof Lovegrove is a high-priest and solemn ministrant.

There—we are seated at the little table beside the window, and the broad Thames is alive with rushing steamers below—the spacious *salle* is merry with many whitebait parties, champagne corks fly, and the gurgle of the iced punch is mellow and pleasing to the ear of man. Look round on the guests; you see known faces—politicians and M.P.'s—solemn long-pursed City men—faultlessly dressed loungers from the bow-windows of the West-end clubs—authors recklessly milling an article

* These statements are destitute of truth.—SHOWMAN.

down upon their plates, and filling their green hock goblets with a farce—and, unhappily, but the thing cannot be avoided, noisy groups of unpleasant unwholesome gents trying to do the fine, and sucking their stalks of asparagus at the wrong end. But we will forbear looking on these animals. Here let us sweeten our mouth with a lady. There are many in the room; and the fact is another argument for Blackwall and whitebait. Let us hope that they are wives and sisters; or, at all events, that the old lady at the third table from ours is the mamma of that fair creature who wears her shawl in such artistic and massive folds, so low down that the tight fitting Frenchy dress encompassing the taper waist seems to rise from the draped Cachmere like the shaft of a straight pillar; we say let us hope that she is not without a chaperone, although that chaperone is neglectful and *distracte*, and turns her head away and gazes vacantly on that Newcastle brig, when the gentleman with the curly moustache bends over and whispers beneath the shawl-wearer's perfumed tresses.



Never mind the water souchy—never mind the salmon cutlets; concentrate your soul on the whitebait. Yes, there lies the plateful of little slaughtered fishes, their beady eyes set like little black specks in their poor browned fried bodies; a whole clan, a whole sept of living things immolated that you may transfix perhaps a family group upon the shining prongs of a silver fork, and squeeze over them the fragrant lemon, and shake above them the pungent cayenne. Unhappy little fishes, your sweetness was your ruin! Why had you not strong spiky bones? Why did you not savour of mawkish mud? Why were not your little morsels of flesh tasteless and slimy, or rank? Then might you still have been gambolling in the clayey shallows, still snoozed in the pea-soupy depths of muddy river pools, with steamers careering a couple of fathoms above your backs. But it was not so ordered! You were signalled out, suffering but immortal little fishes, to belong to the glorious army of gastronomic martyrs. You despise death, for in your small fishy brains thrills a dim foreboding of future greatness—of immortality treasured in the minds of men and women who love to eat good things—therefore you heed not the net of the fisherman, the pan of the cook, the fork and the jaws of the guest.

Little fishes, there are cousins—they must have been cousins of yours—mentioned in the *Arabian Nights*. After the fisherman had rescued the genie from the copper vessel, the latter directed his deliverer to cast his nets in a certain lake, in which he, sure enough, caught four fish, one white, one red, one blue, and one yellow. Now when these fish were being roasted for the sultan, the wall of the kitchen opened, and a beautiful and majestic young damsel came forth. She struck the fish with a wand and said, “Fish, fish, are ye doing your duty?” And the



JACK THE (REFORM) GIANT-KILLER.

Altered from the Popular Design by Townsend.



fish raised themselves up and said very distinctly, "Yes, yes, if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we conquer and are content."

And so, in inaudible words, only interpreted to mortals by the talisman of flowing wine, speak with united voices the dish of white-bait.

"If you reckon; if you pay your debts—that is, if you settle with the waiter; if you thus prove that you have legitimately devoured us—fulfilled our eternal destiny; if you fly, to wit, in the spirit, carried aloft upon bounding champagne corks, with brains buoyed and brimming with ethereal gasses from those winking silver globules creaming round the crystal rim, then, then, indeed, we conquer and are content."

THERE'S A HOUSE CALLED THE COMMONS.

ATR—"There's a bower of roses."

THERE'S a House called the Commons by Thames' muddy stream,

And members are prating there all the night long;
In the session 't was pleasant to sit there and dream,
While Sibthorpe—brave Sibthorpe, was coming out strong.

That house and its members I never forget,

But now, that no longer I've got a seat there,
I think: is brave Sibthorpe still talking on yet,
And sending the Speaker to sleep in his chair?

No; the Colonel was silent on Joe Hume's debate,
On reform and such twaddle he's too proud to speak;
Indignant he listens while Liberals prate
In prose, like their arguments, vapid and weak.

But the motion was lost, and the Colonel once more
Can illumine all the world with his gay wit's bright gleam,
And again, as accustomed, can set in a roar
The House called the Commons, by Thames' muddy stream.

AN EVERGREEN.—The same individual, evidently in the last stage of verdancy, who propounded the absurd questions, contained in our last two numbers, about Messrs Clarke and Howard, has again written to us. Having read of the marvellous virtues of Holloway's Ointment in effecting all sorts of wonderful cures, he very much desires to be informed whether we think that the said ointment might also be advantageously employed in curing hams.

DEATH OF MR. BRIEFLESS.—The biography of Mr. Briefless ceased immediately after its author received an appointment under the new Poor Law Act; so that it may be truly said, the unfortunate gentleman died in the Union.

NEW SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—The *Times* of July 7th contains an advertisement stating, "that a married man, of long experience, is desirous of a situation as medical assistant." This gentleman presumes too much on his matrimonial advantages; for we don't think it likely that his wife has been suffering every form of disease for the sake of her husband's improvement in the art of medicine. We are unacquainted with the doctor's name, but we scarcely think that it is "Syntax."

THE CHARTIST CAPTIVE.

(AFTER STERNE.)

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in Newgate, I then got leave from the jailer to look at him through the grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body very seedy from confinement, and felt what kind of dirtiness is that which arises from soap deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; for four weeks the air of Bonner's Fields had not fanned his carcase; he had seen no comrades all that time; nor had the voice of Cuffey breathed through his lattice; his creditors —

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on to another part of the portrait.

He was sitting on the ground in his corduroys, in the furthest corner of his dungeon. A small heap of onions was by his side, and he was scraping one for consumption, with a rusty nail. As I darkened the little light he had, he shook his head—he gave a deep sigh. I could not sustain the picture my fancy had drawn, and I rushed out for beer.

A RIVAL TO LORD DENMAN.—One of our victims has written to us, saying, that the weapons which the SNOW-MAN makes use of are "a mockery, an allusion, and a sneer."

STRANGE NOTION OF OUR D.C.—Q. What word gives the best idea of *foul play*? A. Chicanery (chicken-ery).

WEBSTER REWARDED.

BRIGHTER prospects are beginning to shine once more upon the British drama. Although the petition of the spirited and legitimate manager of the Haymarket got so scurvily handled in the House of Lords, it has already been productive of wonderful effects. On the 3rd instant, Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the Haymarket theatre with their presence. We believe some doubts had been raised as to whether the Royal horses could be prevailed upon to pass the door of the Opera-house; but these apprehensions proved unfounded, and spared Mr. Webster the trouble of rushing out to guide the stubborn steeds with his own hand to the door of the "little theatre." The performances, which consisted of singing "God save the Queen," waving hats and pocket-handkerchiefs, and standing on the benches, diversified a little by Bulwer's *Money*, and Mrs. Centlivre's *Wonder*, just to give the audience time to recover from their exertions, went off with great éclat.

But this Royal visit is not the only result of Mr. Webster's petition—far from it. Drury Lane re-opens its doors to the British drama, and the Olympic follows its example. How gratifying must this be to the great legitimist! Of course these two places of amusement will injure him a great deal more than *Monte Christo* could ever have done; but what does that matter? It is not for his own sake that he conducts his theatre, but for that of the grand object of his life—legitimacy, and the exclusive performance of works of British authors. Some short-sighted persons may reply to this, that, among other things, the "ascending orchestra" in which Mr. Webster screwed up his musicians between each act to the level of the stage—though not, unfortunately, to that of Jullien, whom they were intended to rival—and the foreign gentlemen who played all sorts of musical instruments with their throats, imitating Nature with about as much success as Berlin wool does, were not exactly performances which came under either of the heads just mentioned. To these cavillers we reply that "legitimacy covers a multitude of sins;" or, in other words, as every slave is free the instant he touches British ground, or the vilest object was turned to gold directly it came in contact with King Midas—so every possible kind of amusement, however foreign or strange it may appear to ordinary individuals, becomes part and parcel of the British national and legitimate drama, one and indivisible, directly it is produced on the boards of the Haymarket. This will satisfactorily explain how Mr. Webster, at the very time he was protesting against foreign productions on the English stage, could consistently bring out the farce of *Spring Gardens*, which some were absolutely foolish enough to look on as a translation or adaptation of the *Le Cabinet de Lustucru*, first produced at the *Vauville*, with *Arnol* for the hero. Proceed, thou great legitimist, in the path thou hast taken; it is that of profit as well as fame. Has it not procured thee all the advantages of a Royal visit; and last, not least, this article from us?

THE CHARTISTS FORTH ARE STREAMING, &c.

AIR—"The young May-moon."
SHE.

THE Chartists forth are streaming, love,
And Specials' staves are gleaming, love;
How sweet to ride
In martial pride,
And your regimentals beaming, love.
Then arise: the guards look bright, my dear,
Their Colonel they'll hail with delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen your bays
Is to march with them into the fight, my dear.

HE.

I would not see thee weeping, love,
And a sage, to my purpose keeping, love,
I think rows are
Best viewed from afar,
Or else in the papers by peeping, love.
Then the Chartists we will shun, my dear,
To Osborne we'll cut and run, my dear,
Or, in seeking the head
Of some Special, I dread
A brickbat might take mine for one, my dear.

ANOTHER "WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES."

A Whim—Our Discharged Contributor insisting upon having the covering of his table laid under him instead of a blanket.

Its Consequences—His being enabled to perpetrate the atrocious joke, and our being unlucky enough to hear it, that since others repose on their laurels, he is determined to sleep on his baize (bays).

OPTICAL DELUSION.—Buying a pair of gold (?) spectacles of "a poor mechanic who has found them in the street, and will let you have them a bargain."

INCLINATION VERSUS DESIRE.—The advertisements of Rosherville Gardens informed us that on July the 3rd "the celebrated Signor Gellini would ascend on the inclined tight rope amidst rockets, shells," &c. Although Signor Gellini may pretend he really has a taste for these ascents, we believe that, if the truth were known, the rope would be found much more inclined for them than he. We advise him to be careful, lest one *shell* more be required beyond those furnished by the pyrotechnist of the gardens.

THE MARKETS.—At a period when the oldest and most celebrated firms are constantly refusing to enter into any new engagements, there has not occurred a single instance of a joke being offered to the SHOWMAN which he did not immediately "take."

ALDERMEN AND LOGIC.

OUR worthy friends the Aldermen are beginning to rouse themselves from their habitual state of turtle and torpor. At a meeting held in the City the other day, after a good deal of fat, wheezing sort of eloquence had rejoiced the heart of the hearers, Alderman Lawrence arose and made a terrific onslaught on the vile and venal press, and on those wiseacres who have dared to assert that the sanitary state of the City was disgraceful.

We ourselves, we freely confess, had once shared these subversive ideas, but at present we are converts to civic reason: what can be more sublime, more pungent, more conclusive, than the arguments used on the occasion. "They say," exclaimed the speaker, "that the City is in a disgusting situation; that the bones of the dead lie but a few inches beneath the soil of the churchyards, when indeed they are not actually strewn on the surface; that the wells from which we pump the water which we drink—that is, our dependents who live in town—are often sunk in these same churchyards; that loathsome matter bubbles up between the crevices in the pavement in dark courts and alleys; that the air is poisoned by a thousand noisome vapours; that—but before they accuse us, let them look at home! what right have they to attack us?—they have plenty to alter themselves—let them repave Cockspar Street and Piccadilly, both of which thoroughfares are in a fearful state!"

"Oh! wonderful Lawrence! There's reasoning! there's argument! as plain as a pike-staff, and founded upon about as just a principle as that which would serve as basis to the wretch who shot the Archbishop of Paris, were he to assert that he was no murderer because an acquaintance of his had happened to assassinate some one else."

THE HOP MARKET.

SOME extraordinary specimens of hops have been exhibited at Cremorne Gardens in the course of the past week. On the whole, they were of a bad quality, owing principally to inferior training. There were, however, many of a better sort, particularly of the *deux temps* description. The market was rather overstocked with hops of the Quadrille species, which went off heavily at from nine o'clock to half-past ten, and rather more briskly at from half-past ten to past eleven. The speculators in Polkas were sometimes successful, but in many cases broke down altogether. Cellariuses, a drug in the market.

At Vauxhall, hops were shown in greater perfection, and were taken willingly at from twelve, P.M., until two, and in many cases, three, A.M.

On Saturday, the genuine hop, of the Casino description, was to be seen at the Adelaide Gallery, and was eagerly caught up.

The Rosherville specimens have, we regret to say, been exceedingly weak; and last week many of them, owing to insufficient support in the hop grounds, broke down entirely.

A DORSET PARSON AND JURY.

THE recent Quarter Sessions in the enlightened county of Dorset gave rise (as usual) to something contemptible, and (as is too frequently the case) a parson was mixed up in it.

Thomas James was indicted by the Rev. (by courtesy) Alfred Tooze, for stealing three sticks of wood from his yard. On cross-examination, he stated that he had set the man to work on the evening of Good Friday, which was the evening of the offence.

Well, to begin with, this is pretty cool; a clergyman putting a man to work upon one of the most holy days in the year. Does the Rev. Alfred Tooze know that Good Friday is the day of our Saviour's Passion? If not, he had better shut himself up in his parlour, and take to studying some elemental book on theology. Fancy what a hubbub he would make about a Sunday train, or any rational amusement!

But the richest part of the affair is to come. After the chairman had summed up, the clerk of the court asked the jury what their verdict was. *Not guilty*, said the foreman; but in a few seconds some of the jury bawled out, *Gilty, guilty*. On which the chairman said he had recorded his verdict.

A man called Ffooks (who prosecuted) said the clerk of the court had not recorded it, and had still a right to alter it; on which the foreman being asked what he had said, boldly swallowed his previous verdict, and answered that he had said *Guilty*! The result was the unfortunate prisoner was sentenced to twenty days' hard labour.

In this little case we have combined, a parson offending against religion, a magistrate against law, a foreman against truth, a jury against common sense, and the whole bunch of them against justice. *O tempora, O mores!* What would become of England without the PUPPET-SHOW?

THE INSURGENTS' GAME.

It was the Paris workmen's boast,
Their clubs would turn up trumps so spruce,
But yet they lost the game, because
They did naught else but play the deuce.

PANIC IN THE METROPOLIS.—Great excitement was caused in London on Wednesday the 28th of June, by the continued report of artillery. It was thought Feargus O'Connor had at last given battle to the Duke of Wellington, until it was discovered that the firing was merely in commemoration of the Queen's coronation. Among other ridiculous rumours speedily set afloat, it was asserted that Her Majesty's gown had been riddled with balls; this absurdity, it would appear, arose from the fact of the Royal dress being composed, on the morning in question, of *shot silk*.

A SENSIBLE WHIG.—A deputation of the inhabitants of Middlesex waited on Sir G. Grey the other day to protest against his proposed plan for increasing the police rates. They did so rather warmly, at which the Home Secretary took offence, his hat, and his way out of the room, proving thereby that he had as great an objection to be *rated* as the deputation themselves.

THE SEEDY GENT TO HIS LANDLADY.

WHEN in bed I shall calm recline,
 O bear my shirt to the laundress dear;
 Tell her the front is n't stained with wine,
 But only with froth from a draught of beer.
 Bid her not call for cash to-morrow
 For washing a shirt so ancient and torn,
 But any amount of rowdy borrow
 When home she sends it on Sunday morn.

When my coat can be worn no more,
 Then bear it quick to the triple ball
 Hanging above my uncle's door,
 Where Seedy Gents are compelled to call.
 Then should some one, by sense forsaken,
 Buy it, and find himself taken in,
 The shabby "do" will very soon waken
 His softest sigh for the waste of tin.

Keep this bill which to you is owing;
 If needful, perhaps, I'll pop my vest,
 And button my coat when winds are blowing,
 As those must do who for tin are prest.
 But when some rich relation dying
 In favour of me shall make his will,
 And under the turf is snugly lying,
 Oh, then—oh, then—I will pay the bill.

THE ARTIST AND THE FOUR TALL FOOTMEN.



CERTAIN young nobleman, who was heir to an impoverished dukedom, and *fiancé* to the eldest daughter of a wealthy marquis, engaged the services of a young artist to prepare him two designs for fancy dresses, in which he and the lady in question were to make their appearance at a *bal costumé* at

Buckingham Palace. The designs were made and adopted, and the moderate sum of three guineas charged for them, for the payment of which the artist made some twenty unsuccessful applications, and then gave the matter up as a bad job. A few months after his last visit he saw announced in the *Morning Post* that his patron the Marquis was about "to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished Lady Celestina, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Normanline." Thinking the occasion a favourable one, the knight of the camel's-hair pencil ventured to make another application at the town residence of the nobleman in question, some few days before the ceremony was appointed to take place. On giving his usual modest knock at the door, he was surprised to see it opened by a majestic footman, wigged and powdered, and attired in the most magnificent livery, and behind him three other flunkies of like gigantic proportions and corresponding superfine plush.

Half afraid of being kicked out for his impertinence, the poor artist timidly intimated the object of his visit, and, to his great gratification, was ushered into a little ante-room, where sat a mild-looking gentleman, dressed in black, with numerous papers spread out before him. On being made acquainted with his name and business, the gentleman immediately handed him the three guineas, at which he naturally felt very much elated—so much so, that he could not refrain showing his delight as he passed before the file of lofty footmen who were ranged on one side of the hall, to impress him with a proper sense of their magnificence, on his exit from the house. One of them, just as he was about to open the door, observed—

"Well, you didn't have much trouble about your little affair."

"I don't know, sir," replied the recipient of the three

pounds three, in a tone of the highest possible respect; "this makes about the twenty-first time I've called for it."

"Ah! but you've got it at last," says flunkey the second, advancing nearer towards the door.

"Yes, I have, sir," was the timid reply.

"THEN WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO STAND?" inquires the third, quite as a matter of course.

The poor artist was thunderstruck; why, the whole money he had received would n't allow them a sovereign a-piece, and he could hardly dare to offer less to such magnificent specimens of nature, made even more imposing still by the tailor's and the barber's art, as now stood before him in all their natural and acquired grandeur, proving Thomson's theory about "Beauty being, when unadorned, adorned the most" to be stupidly and utterly false.

Gradually, however, a sense of the dignity of his own profession over that of flunkeydom came across him, and, plucking up courage, he thought he might venture to insult them with a sovereign between the four.



He thrust his hand into his waistcoat pocket to draw it out, but he felt—

He felt he was doing a shabby thing, and he thought he would excuse it in a few words, as well as he could.

"Stand!" he replied, "what can a fellow stand out of three guineas?"

The four lofty footmen looked first at him and then at each other.

He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and determined to add another half-sovereign to the sum he had before resolved on—indeed he hesitated whether he should not make it two sovereigns; that is, half a sovereign a-piece.

While he was thus debating within himself, and the three sovereigns were jingling against one another, the fourth footman exclaimed—

"Well, I don't know, but I suppose you can manage A SHILLING BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US?"

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed for the Proprietors by VIZETELLY BROTHERS and Co. Peterborough Court, 135 Fleet Street; and published by WILLIAM DOVER, at the Puppet-Show Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, where all communications for the EDITOR are to be addressed.



NUMBER 19.

LONDON, JULY 22, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

A MODEST REQUEST.



SCENE.—Kensington.

Sister—"OH, ALFRED, AS YOU ARE GOING TO ST. JAMES'S STREET, WILL YOU JUST LEAVE THIS AT MRS. SAXILBY'S FOR ME? YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS? NO. 49 BLOOMSBURY STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE."

PRIZES AT THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

(Exclusive Report.)

LORD PHELM O'MOUNTBANK, for ejecting fifty tenants in a week from his estate—A copy of the *Deserted Village*.

THE EARL OF ORSECHESNUT, for keeping a labourer at work three weeks on ten beans a-day—The chairmanship of a board of guardians.

LORD FITZ-GINGHAM, for destroying two foxes and ten crops of corn—A copy of *Burns's Justice*.

THE MARQUIS OF CŒURDEFER, for preserving ten brace of partridges without killing more than a dozen poachers—A new hemp rope.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANARCHY.

I.

SAID Anarchy to Liberty,
Divinest maid, whom all adore,
Great is the love I bear to thee,
Come to my arms for evermore;
Come to my arms and share my throne;
Smile by my side supremely sweet,
And all the world our sway shall own,
And lay their homage at our feet.

II.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
With reeking gore thy fingers drip,
Through blood thou 'st waded to the knee,
And curses quiver on thy lip;
Thy heart o'erflows with guile and wrath,
With causeless hate, with senseless fears,
And groans and misery track thy path;
Begone—and leave me to my tears.

III.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
Reproach me not, O maiden fair,
If I have sinned 'twas love of thee
Impelled my spirit to despair,
And thou, of all the world, should'st look
Indulgent on such love sublime;
Thine eyes were inspiration's book—
Thy witcheries drove me into crime.

IV.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
I never looked upon thy face
Without a sense of misery,
Without a feeling of disgrace;
I never saw thee but to shun,
Or weep hot tears of grief and shame—
Nor thought of all the deeds thou 'st done,
Except to shudder at thy name.

V.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
Thy heart is hard and insincere;
How often hast thou smiled on me,
And breathed love-speeches in my ear;
How often whispered me to smite,
How often prompted bloodiest deeds;
And all to give thy soul delight,
And meet thy sanguinary needs.

VI.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
Thy heart is dull, thine eyes are blind;
I have a sister like to me
In form and features, not in mind.

Her name is LICENCE ; 't was for her
The passion bubbled in thy veins ;
'T was she that was thy worshipper ;
She clings to thee while life remains.

VII.

Said Anarchy to Liberty,
I know thee well, I've known thee long—
Thy face, thy form, thy symmetry
Have filled my heart with yearnings strong ;
'T was thou I loved ; thy beaming eyes
Still gave the aspiration birth
That from our union should arise
A new Millennium for the Earth.

VIII.

Said Liberty to Anarchy,
I dwell with Law and Peace divine,
I have no bond of sympathy
With Hate or Murder—these or thine :
To me thou art a fiend accursed—
Let LICENCE love thee if she will ;
Deep in my soul my scorn is nursed—
I fly thee, and abhor thee still.

THE PREMIER PUNNING AGAIN.—Lord John Russell flippantly remarks, that, like another Lazarus, he has risen from the grave. The truth is, that since the Member for Montrose has ceased his importunities on the subject of Reform, the premier considers himself ex-Humed.

THE CORRECT READING.—The papers have lately spoken of the "fusion of the Venetian territories with the states of Upper Italy." Would it be better to read confusion, for then it is very certain that they would all be in one and the same state ?

FASHIONABLE NEWS.—A paragraph headed "Sir Robert and Lady Peel's Reunion" lately appeared in all the papers. THE SHOWMAN was somewhat startled on seeing it, as he was not aware that the late premier and his lady had ever had recourse to a matrimonial separation.

VERY JUST.—We understand that the publishers of Hamilton's Dictionary of 2,000 musical terms are about to apply for an injunction against the general body of musical critics on the London press, who for some time past have been gradually reproducing the contents of that learned work. Most of the "critics," as they call themselves, on finding the source from which they derive all their learning so unmercifully cut off, have become quite sick of their engagements, and have consequently resolved to throw them up.

SOLICITUDE.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Schoolroom in Mr. Rodwell's Establishment for Young Gentlemen.

Mr. Rodwell. . . . And as I am going to entertain a select party of friends, I should advise you, young gentlemen, not to make any noise. Your usher, Mr. Slavey, will see that you go to bed at the usual hour.

[Mr. Slavey bows very low.]

Mr. Rodwell. By the way, Master Spooney, I have just received a letter from your respected parents. I believe there was a cake accompanying it, but as you have looked rather poorly this last day or two—

Master Spooney (alarmed). Please, sir, I'm quite well.

Mr. Rodwell. Allow me, sir, to be the better informed on that head—unless (blandly sarcastic) you are the master here, and not I, Master Spooney.

Mr. Slavey and the young gentlemen all laugh intensely, as in duty bound, at the exquisite joke conveyed in these words.]

Mr. Rodwell. That will do, young gentlemen ; we must not be too hard upon him. Proceeding on my usual principle, Master Spooney, of uniting all the charms of a private family with all the advantages of a public school, I shall order you a good dose of brimstone and treacle ; and, ever anxious and solicitous for your welfare, both physical as well as moral, I shall not even let you see the cake, as—

Master Rodwell (Mr. Rodwell's hopeful, but too sincere, son and heir). Oh ! he can't, Pa ; Ma's already cut it up for the party.



CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT.

THE persons composing the House of Lords have acted very wisely this session in refraining to take any part in the business of the country. The people will duly appreciate this example of their tact, and in due time the House will no doubt be looked upon as an hospital for superannuated statesmen, who being no longer useful, may be dismissed there to titled indolence and obscurity, as the war charger is dismissed to a paddock to spend his old age.

It was not however decreed that the House of Lords should be altogether inactive. No—it would have been derogatory to its character, and inconsistent with its practice, if something wrong had not been done. Accordingly, the Law Lords—a body of men who have mostly risen to power by tampering with faction—brought in last Thursday a bill for what they call amending the criminal law.

This bill establishes the principle of having a court of appeal in criminal cases, on points of law, but not on points of fact—that is to say, that a prisoner may have a chance of being saved by a quibble on appeal, but not by proving his witnesses to be perjured or mistaken. In plain language, an innocent man may be hanged by two false witnesses and a sleepy judge, and a guilty one get off by the subtle quirks of a lawyer.

Plenty of cases will occur to our readers in which men have been pronounced innocent after years of transportation, and have returned to their country, by the tardy operation of English justice, broken and degraded men. Were not these cases where an appeal on the facts was necessary ? At present the only chance of justice in such cases is through the Home Secretary. Consider the various occupations of that functionary—that he has a House of Commons to delude—public opinion to repress—relations to provide for—and a salary to draw—and then ask how much time he will have left to do justice to the innocent. Home Secretaries shrink from trouble in these matters ; saving a man from hanging or transportation is a "bore," for nothing renders the heart so callous (as it renders the head frivolous) as the influence of official routine.

Lord Brougham objects to us, that there would be a great number of appeals. Better there should be so than one act of injustice. If one innocent man get off, the inconvenience is amply over-balanced. Better that a dozen judges be worked off their legs, than one guiltless being be condemned to transportation or death !

This debate was entirely confined to the Law Lords ; but as law is known to disqualify a man for the consideration of pure justice, how was it that no other member of the House of Lords took part in the discussion ? Is it that their frivolous pursuits have unfitted them for serious inquiry ? or are they indifferent to justice altogether ?

People are beginning to question the utility of this over-fed establishment, which reminds us of an agricultural show, where animals are exhibited as specimens of indolent obesity rather than of beauty or usefulness. Why does not some one exhibit a prize Duke ?

Can it be possible that the House of Lords is what Father Prout called the *Edinburgh Review*—"a rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage ?" Must England continue to be governed for ever by an aristocracy which has the haughtiness of the Roman patricians without their dignity, and the uselessness of the French noblesse without their elegance ?



PINS & NEEDLES.

A HINT TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

There has been a great complaint lately of the filthy state of the Serpentine. We hope Mr. Reynolds's assignees have not been throwing any of this gentleman's works into it.

GOOD NEWS.

A correspondent informs us that the *Musical World* is in a very bad state. We cannot account for this: it ought to have a brisk circulation, considering the number of rubs we have lately given it.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

An advertisement puts forth this startling and long wished for announcement:—"James's last Novel."

ILL-NATURED OBSERVATION.

A person remarked in our hearing the other day, that the names on the cover of a monthly publication were quite in character—as the *Man in the Moon* is always represented with a bundle of sticks on his back.

SOMETHING IN HIS FAVOUR.

Mr. Urquhart is no great hand at arithmetic, more than at any other intellectual art, we believe. Nevertheless, how quickly and correctly he can get the House counted out!

A FRIEND OF "PROGRESS."

The Emperor of Russia, it is said, is forming a huge army, to march southward in aggression. Let him take care, or once arrived in the pathless plains of the wandering tribes, he may find that he has only been taking *steppes* to "catch a Tartar."

A USEFUL HINT.

The most sensible thing uttered at the York fat-beast show was by the Duke of Richmond. He said that he had "learned to obey his superiors." We are anxiously expecting, accordingly, to hear of His Grace's putting himself under the orders of Cuffey.

THE ONLY THING IN THEIR FAVOUR.

It has been said that the *Times* has changed its politics considerably as regards Reform. In order to form a good opinion on the subject, it is quite right that the writer should take both sides of the question.

STRANGE FACT.

Some even of our well-meaning Members of Parliament possess so little brains that whenever they bring any good measure forward they are sure to throw it back!

THEIR REAL MEANING.

Some of the ministerial party declared, during the recent debate on Mr. Hume's motion, that, after all, Reform was their aim. We suppose they meant the aim at which all their blows were levelled.

VERY CERTAIN.

Some new railing has been erected before the National Assembly. We should have thought this unnecessary, considering the immense quantity always to be found inside.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

The Secretary of State has given orders to the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, that the men shall be drilled in the use of the small sword. For additional security we believe it was proposed that the hon. gentlemen of St. Stephens should be trained to the use of the long-bow. Everybody will admit however that this is quite unnecessary.



EDITOR'S BOX.

THE SHOWMAN does not expect much reason in a one-act farce. Provided there is just a sufficient amount to bring it within the bounds of probability he is content; but in *Poor Pillicoddy*, recently produced at the Lyceum, the SHOWMAN cannot discover one single grain of the quality in question; on the contrary, it contains naught but the most outrageous improbabilities—it is as stupid as Hudson, and extravagant as George the Fourth.

Oliver Goldsmith used to say the French would be excellent cooks, if they only had anything to cook; and, in a similar manner, Mr. Buckstone, who enacts the principal part, poor wretch—*Poor Pillicoddy*, we mean—would play the character very well, if he had anything to play; but he has not. Mr. Morton, the author of this original work—"not taken, merely adapted, from the French," as Sheridan says—has contented himself with sketching a faint and vapid outline, leaving Mr. Buckstone to invest it with animation and life. But, although Mr. Buckstone can be very funny, he can't be funny when there is nothing to be funny on. Landseer himself—the great Landseer—with all his talents, would be troubled to paint upon a cobweb.

The SHOWMAN, however, is not vindictive, and though he cannot forget what he suffered in sitting out *Poor Pillicoddy*, he forgives it. People are reconciled even to those who have injured them most deeply, when the latter are in a galloping consumption; and such, we believe, is the case with *Poor Pillicoddy*. We are afraid that, in spite of pretty Miss Howard and comely Miss Marshall, who is certainly the sharpest *Sarah Blunt* the SHOWMAN ever beheld, and *Hall* as *Captain Scuttle*, who is all that can be desired, *Poor Pillicoddy* cannot last long. He will soon join the *Fast Man* and other unfortunates, who have but flitted as rapid, but anything but as brilliant as meteors over the boards of the Lyceum, and then disappeared for ever. *Requiescat in pace. Poor Pillicoddy!*

THE OLYMPIC re-opened the other night, supported, with few exceptions, by a most respectable and talented company. It is a pity, however, that among such artists as Messrs Compton, Wigan, and A. Younge, there should be one or two others of a vastly different description, and calculated to spoil any play in which they might take a part. If these individual assert that the SHOWMAN's blame is unmerited, as, although not first-rate, they are certainly very fair actors, the SHOWMAN replies that he is perfectly of their opinion, and that consequently their fitting place is Richardson's Booth, and not the Olympic Theatre.

The performances on the first night commenced with a light and amusing piece entitled *Provisional Government*; the dialogue is as neat as Miss Marsh herself, and the plot as happy as her lover when he, of course, ultimately "gets" her. Mr. A. Younge as *Flipflap*, a "poor player," was most comic, and did aught but "fret" his hour upon the stage.

Pauvre Jacques, in which Mr. A. Wigan sustained the principal part inimitably, and a trifle entitled the *Bal Masque* wound up the evening's amusement, as the SHOWMAN now does his account.

A HINT TO BALFE.—It is well known that amid the braying of the brass instruments in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre, the stamping of Mr. Balfe's foot may be distinguished with painful facility. In point of noise it may be truly said that he actually beats the drum which suggests to us the following couplet:—

If Mr. Balfe stamps thus without occasion,
He ne'er will stamp himself a reputation.

A REASONABLE THOUGHT.—Sibthorpe proposes that as all vessels are to ride quarantine to guard against cholera, he thinks it only just that all choleric members should do the same in the lobbies of the House before entering on their legislative duties.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER VI.—THE THAMES
REGATTA.

HE Committee have been busy for weeks. *Bell's Life* and the *Sunday Times* have devoted whole pages to their doings. Every boat club is on the *qui vive*, rowing, and panting, and training, through bad weather and good, from morning to night. The river sporting-houses are crowded every evening; and information, more or less authentic, is received and discussed of the Oxford crew, the Cambridge crew, the Guys, the Neptunes, the Universities, the Guards, together with many interesting particulars of the prospects and sculling of Charley Thwaites of Lambeth and Bobby Johnson of Battersea—the celebrated Mugginses of Vauxhall Bridge Stairs, and the redoubted Jem Twist of Hungerford. And amid all this excitement, and all the bets and odds given and taken on these aquatic champions and societies, the first of the three glorious days arrives.

With the forenoon tide the river is alive with boats proceeding up to Putney. Every rowable and floatable thing is there—from the mahogany gig of the first-class club, starting from Searle's, to the clumsy collier's yawl, which has got under way from Horseleydown betimes, pulled by two stout north country sailors, and conveying Captain John Jobbles, Mrs. Captain John Jobbles, and Miss Sarah Jane Jobbles, all of the good brig "Jemima" of Sunderland.



standing on Vauxhall Bridge to see the carriages go by to the Derby, is not a bad amusement; and on the day of a regatta, or a popular match, the same station will afford a different treat, but connected with a similar spectacle. We shall not loiter there, however, but proceed up stream.

Here, then, stands the ancient ugly town of Putney. Low its narrow streets are crammed with pushing, jostling, shouting, perspiring people! The long rickety ridge is one mass of life—the river beneath, one expanse of pulling, shoving boats. Such a conglomeration of cash-water craft! Such shouting—such banging and splashing with oars—so much fluttering bunting—so many drumy bands. Every ten yards, an over-crowded steamer, puffing and paddling—yachts moored on either side of the stream-way—railed barges crowded at a shilling-head—creeping police-boats—the Committee steamer, gay with colours—the racing boats, with their many-hued banns in the bow—the intending competitors, standing in clusters about, or moving nervously between the beach and their rooms at the inn—scaffolding on either bank, gay with the glancing of female attire—refreshment booths and roaring crowded taverns—roofs, trees, barges, live with people—guns banging off from public-house atteries—rushes of men and women along the towing-path—jolting lines of dusty vehicles from town—flags on every pinnacle—and the cracked old bells swinging ad clanging in the grey church towers of Putney and ulham!

One race describes all. Four eights are at their

station by the bridge, the crews with their eyes on their coxswains—the coxswains with their eyes on the starter. The umpire has pulled ahead already. Mark the oars ready to dip at the word—the eager faces of the rowers, their bared muscular arms, and big grasping hands. There is a pause of expectation—then the word "Go." The thirty-two oars flash in the water as one machine—the boats start ahead like living things—there is a great hoarse roar of acclamation and encouragement—and the four long, light, graceful craft are flying through the calm river at a rate which not a boat on any water of the world could keep pace with for a dozen of strokes. Don't tell us of Indian canoes, or Malay proas—flying or otherwise—or the Turkish boats in the Bosphorus, or the gondolas of the Rialto. A gondola may be a very tidy craft in its way—capital to put into a song, about Beautiful Venice, and Moonlight on the Waters, and the Lion of St. Mark, and the silver tones of the blue Lagoon, and the Bucentaur, and all that sort of thing. We were never present at a wedding of the Adriatic, but we feel quite comfortably assured that the gentleman (we forget his name) who now wears the belt of the River Champion, would give law to and lick the very primest songless gondolier who ever shot his curtained coffin under the Bridge of Sighs.

But to return to our mutton:—and talking of mutton, there go the racing boats neck and neck. Pull, Yellow! Well done, Red! Eat into him, Sky-Blue! Put on a spurt, Pink! There! did you ever see muscles strain and ash staves crack so before? Still in a lump; and see the ruck of boats following, and the crush of pedestrians and horsemen through the willows on the bank, and the shouts of the partizans urging on their friends.

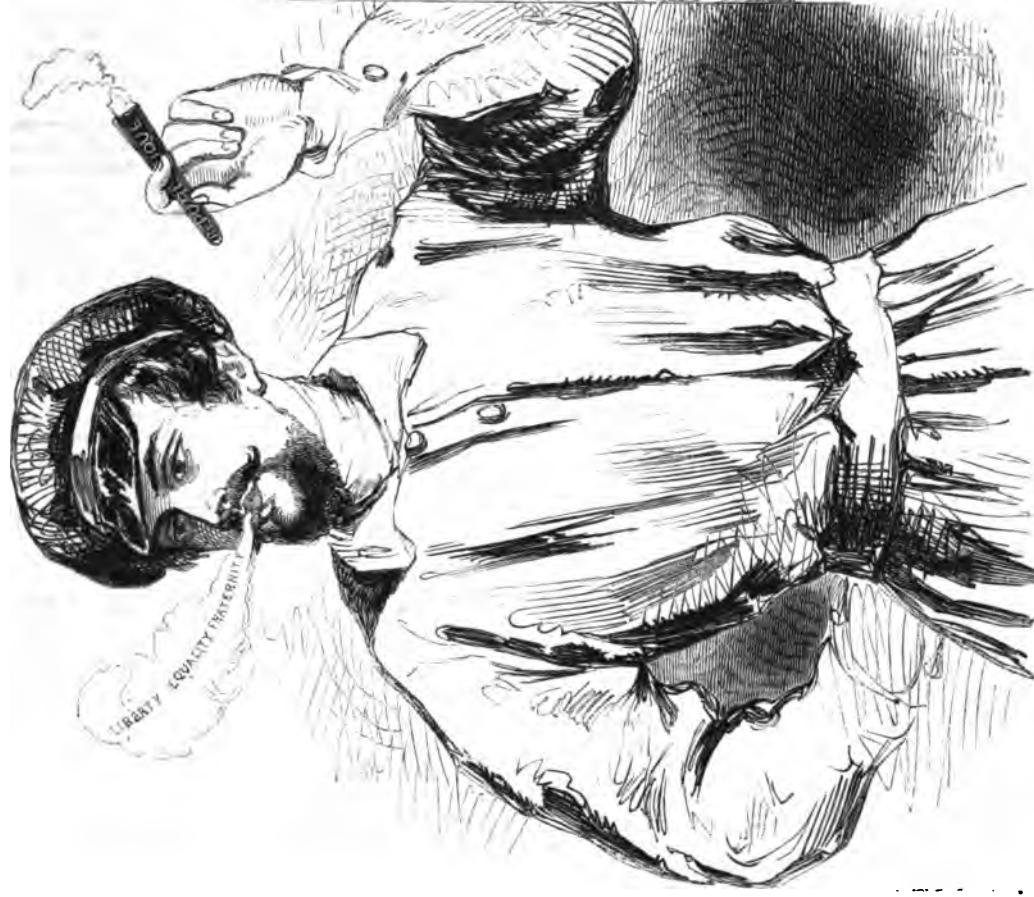
"Bravo! bravo! Red. That's it—well done, second oar! Lie down to your work, stroke!—Hoaray, Pink!—give it 'em—show 'em your stuff—horooar! Blue's a-head! Well done, Blue—two to one on Blue. Half a length a-head, by the Lord! Keep it up. That's your time of day! Now, Red—put on a spurt! No—no go! Three to one on Blue! Hillo-o-o-ah! Pull that barge out of the way! Look out, Blue. Blue's the boy—Blue's done the trick—three lengths a-head! Hooroar! Five to one on Blue! Hooroar!"

And the rush of boats upon the river continues—and the crush along the river-side continues—and the people who float about in comfortable wherries, and don't make insane asses of themselves by trying to keep up with the race, stand on gunwales and thafts, and cheer lustily—and tavern after tavern fires its guns, and the lofty houses of Hammersmith swarm at roof and window—and the Suspension Bridge is a mass of waving hats and handkerchiefs—and still Blue is leading.

Pink is next, perhaps—Red sticking on his quarter—Yellow pulling a plucky, but a losing, race. As the winning boat a-head comes in sight, with her gaudy flag, the whole four make the last crowning rush; and a moment thereafter, the panting and sweating crews are enveloping themselves in warm pea-jackets and comforters: the few congratulating themselves upon having fairly vanquished—the rest acknowledging themselves fairly beaten.

And every race, whatever the number of oars, is much the same as this first; only, as the afternoon wears, and after much champagne has been discussed in some quarters, much sherry and brandy-and-water in others, and a still more enormous flood of malt everywhere, people begin to get lively and practically funny, and to catch crabs—which produce awkward bumps on the back of





FEBRUARY, 1848.

[Suggested by HUNT'S Popular Designs of the "First Cigar."]

JULY, 1848.



the head—and to run into other people's boats, and threaten to belabour each other with the oars, or perhaps here and there to tumble overboard, and get an effectual cooling before they are hauled out by the legs. And so at length the last race of the day's programme has been run—and the vast fleet set out homeward bound—and half-a-dozen wherries, on an average, are upset by the piers of Battersea Bridge—and the Thames Police are in great requisition—and steamers come careering along in the dusk, with two glaring eyes in their bows, and white flame coming out of their funnels—and Captain Jobbles of the *Jemima*, with his lady and olive branch, are returning to Horsleydown in a state of *jaded excitement*. And so, by degrees, the river becomes cleared of craft, and only the barges which float by night and by day drift past; and the fisherman pulls heavily up-stream with his eel-pots, and the swelling tide rustles in the borne-down willows and sedges. Silent night is over all—the deserted meadows and the quiet stream, and the empty streets of Putney and Fulham, where everybody is asleep, except the public-house keepers sitting up to count the gains of to-day, and to see all clear for the campaign of to-morrow.

Q. What is the difference between a young lady who marries much above her station, and one who marries much below it?

A. In the first case she gets *caste in society*, in the latter she gets *cast out* of it.

BUXTON ON SUNDAY TRADING.

DURING the debate in the House of Commons on Sunday trading, Sir E. Buxton was informed of a little boy being taken up by the police for selling figs on the Sabbath, within hearing of certain mysterious noises inside the brewery of which he (Sir E. Buxton) was one of the proprietors. The honourable baronet admitted that work was performed there on Sundays, but not unless "absolutely necessary." Now, if the plea of absolute necessity is to hold good as a justification for acting in non-accordance with the principles of Messrs. Buxton and Spooner, we beg to ask them the following questions:—

1. Was it not just as necessary for the little boy to secure his daily meat by selling figs, as it was for Sir E. Buxton to secure his thousands per annum, by attending to certain machinery which would have been rendered useless by the neglect of one day?

2. Is it not absolutely necessary that the poor should be allowed to purchase newspapers on Sundays, when they would otherwise seek amusement at the tavern, and subsequently receive information at the police court.

3. Is it not absolutely necessary that picture-galleries and other places of national amusement should be thrown open to the public on Sunday, if it can be proved that such exhibitions have a less immoral tendency than public-houses, cigar shops, saloons, and hells?

4. Is it not absolutely necessary that those of the poorer classes who can afford it, should have their meat baked at the *bake-house* on Sundays, if it enables them to go to church with greater ease, causes fewer persons to be employed, and renders them happier and more contented with their stations than they would otherwise be?

5. Would it not be absolutely necessary, if Mr. Spooner's ideas on the subject of Sabbath observance were to be adopted, that every one should lie in bed from Saturday night until Monday morning, as the act of putting on his clothes, or ringing the bell for breakfast, would be a positive crime?

A SOFT DESIRE.—Wishing to become a member of the Whittington Club.

DRACHM-ATIC.—A friend of ours, on whose veracity we do not rely, informs us that he was lately in the society of a teetotaler, who became somewhat elevated in the course of the evening, in spite of the scruples which he professed to entertain. This after all was not very extraordinary, as every one knows that three scruples make a dram.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

WHEN the soul of the nation is dark and forlorn,
Its peasantry starving—crops withered away,
'T is consoling to think there a queen will be borne
To dazzle your eyes with her regal array.

So patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

If your grey-headed fathers by ditch-sides be starving,
And children beside their dead mothers are laid,
At least will not men at the Castle be carving,
And Clerendon's servants have plenty of bread?

Come patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

Though now a swift ship o'er the waters is taking
A felon to labour in chains in the West,
No matter; there's one to your shores its way making—
'T is the yacht of your monarch, in bright pennons dressed!

So patch up your rags, and put on your best smiles,
And cheer for the Queen of the great British Isles!

Oh, yes! 't is a dodge of exceeding invention,
And worthy—well worthy—of Russell's small soul,
Not a word of his boasted improvements to mention—
To leave Erin starving, and trust for the whole

To the fact, that her great-hearted children will smile,
And cheer for the Queen in her Emerald Isle!

A GREAT NUISANCE.—A correspondent of the *Times* suggests the suppression of all advertising vehicles. We agree with him as far as *Chat* is concerned; for it is by far the slowest and heaviest of these nuisances now going.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.—We have heard several persons speak with surprise of the great difficulty that was experienced in capturing the immensely strong *redoubts* erected by the Paris insurgents. There appears to us nothing astonishing in this: such proceedings were necessarily *redoubtable*.

"SAFFRON'S THE ONLY WEAR."

SHAKESPEARE *Redivivus*.

THE Royal yachts, *Victoria and Albert* and *Fairy*, have recently been re-decorated and altered at, of course, an immense expense. The improvements had all been conceived, and carried out, with the greatest possible amount of good taste—and public money—until the funnels were reached.

Here a great fault was committed by the official to whose care these parts of the vessels had been entrusted.

This individual actually had them painted black and white. Black and white! The funnels of the Royal yachts black and white, absolutely reducing them to a level with those of our different war and merchant steamers, which are employed so nobly in maintaining the superiority of the British flag, or carrying wherever they go indisputable proofs of British industry, British intelligence, and British enterprise.

The fault was a heinous one: luckily it was discovered in time. The authorities were called together, and entreated to devise some plan of distinguishing the royal funnels from their "vulgar compeers."

We use the pronoun "their" in reference to the funnels, and not the authorities.

After immense efforts, and restless nights, the authorities hit upon an expedient.

This consisted in painting the royal funnels Saffron!

The honour of England was saved.

The royal funnels were distinguished from their "vulgar compeers."

We trust that a loyal public will mark their approbation of the course pursued, by appearing, as soon as possible, in saffron Joinvilles, saffron gloves, saffron waistcoats, and saffron shirts. The yellow jaundice will of course be the fashionable disease.

Lastly, let the place hitherto called Saffron Hill, be instantly demolished, and its present name be transferred to that part of the park known as Constitution Hill, and which appears to have been entitled so merely to annoy all persons of elevated principles and refined sentiments.

What is the meaning of the word *Constitution*? To an aristocratic mind, does it do ought but convey a most offensive idea of some Utopian system, in which the middle and lower classes are supposed to have a share. Preposterous! Constitution Hill!—pooh. Saffron Hill let it henceforth be, for in the words of our quotation, "Saffron's the only wear."



THE waste paper cases having been summarily disposed of, a "gent," who gave the name of Albert Smith, was put upon his trial, charged with having obtained money under false pretences. The prisoner at the bar was immediately recognised as an old offender, but nevertheless preserved an unblushing appearance to the last.

The first witness called was Critic A 34, who said he had known Smith as a bad (literary) character for a length of time. Remembered when Smith and some monkeys ascended from Cremorne Gardens in a balloon. Knew the *Natural Histories* by name as having appeared originally in *Bentley* and elsewhere: had not read them: knew better than that. Believed Smith had been paid for his *Natural Histories* twice over: he (Smith) was not the kind of man to write for reputation alone: did not believe he would get any if he did.

Critic L 52 had seen a work which the prisoner at the bar had manufactured, and which was called *A Pottle of Strawberries*. Had not read it, but had reviewed it: it was not necessary to read a book in order to review it; otherwise Smith's books would never have been reviewed at all. The public were led to believe that the *Pottle* contained sound fruit: found some which was fresh on the top, but all beneath was stale: did not consider Smith's fruit to be fit for preservation.

Cross-examined by Bill Smithers:—Was not a "fast man": did not frequent the Casino nor the Portland Rooms: had never been to the Cider Cellars, and only occasionally to Vauxhall Gardens. Did not respect Smith because he (Smith) had been heard to boast of his intimacy with some ballet-girls at a minor theatre. Could not answer Smithers' last question, as "rot," "Don't seem to care about it," and "stunning," were not expressions of which he understood the meaning.

His Honour the SHOWMAN said the case was very clear against the prisoner, not only as regarded the *Natural Histories*, but also as related to the *Peck of Potatoes*—he meant the *Pottle of Strawberries*. The two critics who had given their evidence were neither "fast men," nor writers of physiologies, and might consequently be believed on their oath. The attempt of Bill Smithers, the prisoner's counsel, to upset the evidence of the last witness was as silly as it was unsuccessful, and merely served to strengthen the case for the prosecution. He should sentence Smith to the severest penalty which the law would allow him to inflict. He therefore condemned him to read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or some other standard work, and in default of doing so to learn the Latin Declensions.

The prisoner, who appeared deeply affected by the severity of the sentence, was then removed to the school-room.

A "PRIOR" CLAIM.—John Forster, a most respectable literary man, was charged with having attempted the life of Oliver Goldsmith. A slight disturbance here arose in consequence of the interruption of a man named Prior, who claimed a perpetual interest in the said life, but order was speedily restored, when the SHOWMAN at once told Forster that it would be useless to acquit him, as he (Forster) had already acquitted himself admirably in the work which he had undertaken. Mr. Forster might consider himself at liberty in every sense of the word—not only to leave that tribunal without a stain on his character, but also to commence a new work with all the good wishes of the SHOWMAN.

Mr. Forster bowed courteously and retired.

WHAT DOES HE MEAN?

A gentleman in writing to the editor of a more than ordinary obscure publication concludes as follows:—"Next week I will answer the objections of—with permission of, Sir, Your obedient servant, French Flowers!" Now who can French Flowers be? Is French Flowers the editor of the obscure periodical in question, and if so, why does he correspond with himself? Or is French Flowers merely a correspondent of the editor of the obscure periodical, and if so, what is the meaning of his telling the editor that he will continue his correspondence with permission of himself? The only thing which French Flowers seems to permit himself is to write absurd letters in an absurd periodical.

UNWORTHY OF NOTICE.—An insane correspondent has written to us to inquire whether, during the late French insurrection, they dressed the wounds of the sufferers with plaster of Paris.

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.—We have just ascertained from an Irish friend, that the name of Meagher, the patriot and seditionist, is pronounced "Mar." If our Discharged Contributor had been aware of this we have no doubt that the worthy SHOWMAN would have been deluged with jokes, such as "an eye like Meagher's to threaten and command;" or, "It is a strong proof of the maternal affection of the Young Irishlanders, that they are very fond of their Meagher," &c., &c., &c.

A DRY SUBJECT.—On the fourth day of his recent incarceration, M. de Girardin was supplied with the *Spirit of Laws*. However much M. de Girardin may generally admire this, we believe that on the occasion in question he would greatly have preferred spirit of some other kind.

MONTE CHRISTO AND MACREADY.

At the time of the Monte Christo row, persons used to speculate much as to who the opposers of the French company really were. One of the most disagreeably prominent of the rioters was discovered to be an individual who was at the same time a very low comedian and a very serious comic singer. Another was a waiter at one of those dens of low iniquity called saloons. Besides these there were some thirty others, who made all sorts of disgusting noises in order to terrify the actors from the stage, and who were generally supposed to be gentlemen who represented happy peasantry at the minor theatres, at one shilling a night. The supporters of the French company, it will be remembered, consisted of the PUPPET-SHOW and all the respectable portion of the press, and of Mr. Macready and all decent and well-informed persons.

The cry raised by the gentry of the minor theatres and saloons was, that "Old Drury was being desecrated;" and all sorts of low people were called upon to "rally round British actors and the British drama." Another alleged reason for the opposition was, that Macready had been ill-treated in Paris. It is true that Macready asserted the reverse, but the happy peasantry knew much better, and would not alter their opinion on such slight grounds as his denial of the fact. Well, ten days since, Macready had a benefit at Drury Lane Theatre. Of course, all the respectable journals and intelligent individuals who had taken the part of the company of the *Théâtre Historique* against the rabid supernumeraries, were glad to testify their admiration of the greatest actor that England possesses in every possible manner. But how did the buffoons, waiters, and supernumeraries behave? They created an indecent disturbance amongst the congenial blockheads in the gallery, by way of reproving Mr. Macready—the only person who, during a long period of years, has succeeded in giving efficient representations of that drama which they affect to revere—for having contradicted the false assertion that he had met with illiberal treatment from the Parisians!

When we find such creatures hooting and howling from the shilling gallery, and expressing certain convictions in loud and low language, with regard to a subject upon which they are not capable of forming any opinion, we feel positively astonished that the more respectable or less disreputable portion of the buffoons, supernumeraries, and waiters at night-houses do not rise *en masse* to disclaim any participation in their feelings—if they can be said to possess any.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.



James—"DEAREST MARY! WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS BUSTIN 'ART?"

Cook (behind the scenes)—"OH! THE MIX. OH! THE OGRUS WILLAIN: IT WAS THE GOOD THINGS OF THE PANTRY HE WAS A COYTING OF, AND NOT ME."

TO SHAKSPERE-COMMENTATORS.

It is not perhaps generally known that on the occasion of his benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Macready introduced a new and striking passage in the play of Cardinal Wolsey, or Henry VIII., as Shakspeare ignorantly entitled it.

The passage we refer to was introduced in the council chamber scene of the first act. After the words—

"His will is most malignant, and it reaches
Beyond you to your friends—"

Mr. Macready advanced to the footlights, and in a strain rarely equalled continued thus:—

"But ere I go
Further in this same matter, let me say
A word or two to those assembled here.
Ladies and gentlemen, I crave a hearing:
Your gentle voices rise in angry strife,
And clam'rous shouts of 'turn him out,' 'police,'
And 'pitch him over,' seem to intimate
There's something which disturbs your temper much.
If, as methinks most rightly I conjecture,
This should arise from the poor paltry fact
That you are too much crowded—that you 're pack'd
Like negroes in a slave, list to me:
I here proclaim it openly through this house,
That he who hath no stomach to be squeezed,
Let him depart: the price shall be returned
Which he paid down on entering at the door,
And he be conveyed out by the police.
We would not play in that man's company
Who fears to die for Shakspeare—no, for us."

The applause which followed this truly sublime effort, was immense; but whether it was called forth by the prospect of the money being returned, or by true and sincere admiration for real poetry, we cannot with certainty determine. We are afraid the mean consideration first mentioned had something to do with it. We trust, however, that the emendators or editors of Shakspeare, two terms anything but synonymous, will not fail to introduce this "magnificent addition" in all future editions of the bard's works.

SONG OF THE PHYSICIAN.

AIR—"The Campbells are coming."

THE cholera's coming, hurra, hurra,
The cholera's coming, hurra, hurra;
The poor in dirt lying,
The rich in haste flying,
Will soon be a-dying, hurra, hurra.

Here's a cheer for Lord Morpeth, hurra, hurra,
A cheer for Lord Morpeth, hurra, hurra,
He kept back his measure,
For our and death's pleasure—
The fellow's a treasure, hurra, hurra.

Three cheers for the City, hurra, hurra,
Three cheers for the City, hurra, hurra;
From their heaps of filth, strewing
The streets, fever brewing,
Our profits accruing, hurra, hurra.

A NATURAL PROGRESSION.—We are sorry to say that there is now no hope of improvement from the Whigs. They were always very bad, and will soon become quite abandoned—by the country.

INSOLVENCY OF OUR DISCHARGED CONTRIBUTOR.—Our Discharged Contributor has been endeavouring to extort money from us under pretext that he was in a state of insolvency, and was so far reduced in pecuniary circumstances as to have serious thoughts of entering the Union; in which case our friend (whose name is John) observes that he would doubtless obtain the *sobriquet* of the "Union Jack." By way of giving an air of truthfulness to his tale, the SHOWMAN's Rejected ended his application with the remark that a meeting of his creditors had just taken place; and we have since ascertained that this was the only true portion of his account. Although the meeting in question was only a *rencontre* between a dun of the tailor species, and another of the bootmaker description, which occurred at a highly reputable "public" in Houndsditch.

NO ANSWER REQUIRED.—A medical student who, in the course of his life, has picked up a few words of Latin, has written to ask us whether a man who dies from eating crab may not be said to have been destroyed by cancer in the stomach.

A REPLY.—The foreign gentleman who wrote to the SHOWMAN concerning the "Manners and Customs" of England, is informed that the "Manners" (that is Lords John, George, and Charles) are very silly statesmen, and the "Customs," certain vexatious dues, composing an important branch of the revenue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER—DERBY—is requested to inform us where a private note can be sent to him.

A CONSTANT READER.—The Volumes of the PUPPET-SHOW will be half-yearly ones. Volume the First will end with No. 22.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vintrell Brothers and Co., Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBER 20.

LONDON, JULY 29, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

WHO'S TO DECIDE?



Carman—"WHY DON'T YOU DRINK BEER, AND GET FAT AND HEARTY LIKE ME?"

Mechanic—"WHY DON'T YOU DRINK GIN, AND GET THIN AND GENTEEL LIKE ME?"

CULPABLE NEGLECT.

A SHORT time since, the remains of Queen Mary of Gueldres, lately discovered in Trinity College Church, were re-interred in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood. The agent of the Duke of Hamilton acted (a most proper expression) as chief-mourner, while the right side of the coffin was taken by the Lord Provost. This is all very proper so far; but how is it that the Lord Chamberlain neglected to issue the usual order for "black silk, fringed or plain linen, fans, and tippetts," &c. The SHOWMAN hastens to supply the omission. As Mary of Gueldres, however, has been deceased some centuries, the following would perhaps be found sufficient:—

"Court mourning to commence on the 1st of August, to change on the 2nd, and terminate at two o'clock, P.M., of the latter day. Also a four hours' general mourning, to commence from nine o'clock, A.M., on the 1st of August."

A REMONSTRANCE WITH THE IRISH AGITATORS.

I.

YE blood-preaching bigotts that trouble the land,
Ye spouters of nonsense, so rabid and keen,
'Tis a spade, not a pike, that should gleam in the hand
Of the quick-witted peasant of Erin the green.
With your madness and folly you muddle his head,
Your words are pernicious, you lead him astray;
'Tis not blood that he wants, but a home and his bread—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

II.

You prate night and day about war for the right,
About swords to take vengeance for evils endured,
About harvests of Liberty gathered in fight,
And of social diseases by Anarchy cured.
'T would not answer your purpose to tell what you know,
That never, since earth turned its zones to the day,
Did permanent Freedom from massacre flow—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

III.

To teach him, poor fellow, that Liberty springs
From Knowledge and Industry, suits not your plan;
Your lofty ambition must soar upon wings,
And feed—a foul bird—upon carrion of man.
Were Peace over Erin, your power would expire;
Were Knowledge extended, your strength would decay;
It is Bloodshed you love, it is Strife you desire—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

IV.

To vanity, great and voracious as yours,
Peace, Knowledge, and Labour, no chances afford;
The patriot's trust is in Truth that endures,
But folly and wickedness trust to the sword.
What matter to you if the land should be strewed
With the corpses of myriads destroyed in the fray,
If you can but ride on the storm you have brewed?—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

V.

Cease to cram the poor peasant with furious dislikes,
Cease maxims of hatred and blood to instil,
Cease to marshal your dupes with their guns and their pikes,
And leave them to hammer, to weave, and to till;
Cease to vex and distract us from good to be done;—
True Freedom's no growth of a midsummer day,
The seeds have been sown, and the stalks have begun—
Get out of the sunshine—get out of the way!

THE GREAT LEGITIMIST AND MADAME CELESTE.

WE understand that Mr. Webster, with that consistency which he is known to possess, has hinted to Madame Céleste that his objections to the appearance of foreign *artistes* on the English stage, will not permit him to tolerate her continuing a member of the Adelphi company. It is also rumoured, that the matter has been compromised by Madame Céleste offering to drop the accent with which she gives that *piquant* effect to her pronunciation which the *épiciers* of the Strand affect to admire. This will of course oblige her to speak like other foreigners who have had the benefit of residing from ten to twenty years in England, and not like one who studiously avoids the pronunciation established by either country. Amongst other changes, we may expect to hear Madame Céleste pronounce the word "Mazourka" in the ordinary manner, and not "Massacre" as heretofore.

VICE-REGAL BLUNDER.—We understand that Clarendon sent a messenger to Lord John to ask what to do in the present state of affairs, alluding at the same time to the Habeas Corpus Act. The Premier replied testily, "Hang the Habeas Corpus Act!" Lord Clarendon accordingly *suspended* it.

VERY CLEAR.—A vessel has arrived from Canton with 140,000 Chinese insects. As there are some of all sorts, they cannot fail to throw a new light upon the *gnatural* history of the Celestial Empire.

AN EXPLANATION.—Our Discharged Contributor, having heard that his conduct is disapproved of, wants to know the nature of the charges likely to be made against him. We believe they consist of numerous "goes," crusts of bread and cheese, and onions; we have, however, sent his letter to the "public" round the corner.

TO PROTECTORS OF NATIVE TALENT.—If French actors of eminence ought not to be allowed to perform on an English stage, should an American player of no celebrity be tolerated?

If the British public, which, as every one knows, is "generous" and "enlightened," be willing to waive the question of birth with regard to the American, is it a proof of the latter's good taste to be the foremost in a riot directed against other foreign actors?

Is not Cowell an American?

PRINCIPAL PARTS OF SPEECH.—The Lips, Tongue, and Palate.

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—Phipps's Rooms.

Phipps In the name of Fortune, my dear fellow, what is the matter?

Bagsman. Oh! Phipps! I shall never recover it (*throws himself into a chair*). My wife—oh! Arabella—Arabella!

Phipps. Has anything happened to her?—Is she dead?

Bagsman. Worse than that—worse than that. I had been down North for our house, as you know, and came back this morning. On crossing the threshold of my once happy home, about half-an-hour since, the first thing I learned was that Arabella had run off with Chouser, of Gingham, Poplin, & Co., to America!

Phipps. Gracious powers!

Bagsman. Oh, Phipps! my peace of mind—my tranquillity—my—my—is gone for ever. To think that she—Arabella—the wife of my bosom—whom I so loved—so cherished—oh! I feel it—my affections are blighted—are withered—I—she—you can't understand my feelings—I am a broken—a ruined man!

Phipps. Come, cheer up, cheer up. Do not give way in this manner. Her conduct shows she was not worthy of your love; and, therefore, after all, you have no such great cause to grieve—

Bagsman (*grasping his hand with convulsive energy*). Oh! but I have.—They have taken all the plate, and every shilling they could lay their hands on, with them



TO HYPOCHONDRIACS AND OTHERS.

PEOPLE very often talk of making away with themselves; but they generally never put their project into execution.

There are various grounds for this.

The merchant who is beggared by the bursting of some railway bubble, in which he has not only embarked all his own capital but that of the widow and the orphan, who had confided to him their little all, finds it immoral. The man of the world, palled and "used up," thinks it too much trouble: while the more numerous class do not possess the necessary courage.

Now, for all such, there is a royal—we mean, a municipal road to suicide still left.

They have only to embark regularly on board one of the numerous river steamers, but more especially the one called the *Fire-King*, and they may reckon pretty surely of being hurled into eternity before the conclusion of the season.

The other day, one thousand persons were huddled together on board the *Fire-King*. This gave rise, of course, to a pretty dangerous state of things, sufficient to satisfy the most determined hypochondriac, more especially when, in addition to this, the *Fire-King*, instead of being a new vessel, as is generally supposed, is a very old one, registered "in the days that we went gipsying, a long time ago," under the name of the *Prince George*. As it will be seen, the proprietors of the *Fire-King* were in the right path; but they determined not to stop half-way, and accordingly, a little below Greenwich, the thousand passengers were anything but agreeably surprised by a dense volume of cinders, flames, and smoke being vomited from the engine-room, as from a mimic *Ætna*.

On inquiry it was found that the stoker was drunk, and the vessel on fire. An attempt was made to get her alongside the shore, but this not being successful, the passengers had to be landed by boats, ten or twelve crowding into a cockle-shell calculated to contain three or four.

On a gentleman, who apparently was not one of those tired of life, presenting himself to make a complaint on the subject before the Lord Mayor, that estimable and intelligent functionary informed him that the City could do nothing in the matter, and that "no effectual remedy was likely to be administered until imperatively called for by the voice of some awful calamity."

We can fancy the illustrious Laurie, the sapient Moon, and the celebrated Lawrence, devoured by their desire to assign some limit to steam-boat cargoes.

But to do this, they must first have an "awful calamity."

Will one hundred or an hundred and fifty killed, wounded, and maimed for life, be sufficient? Or will these models of legislative wisdom not feel justified in interfering before the whole thousand usually composing the cargo of the *Fire-King* have been blown to atoms at one fell swoop?

The SHOWMAN cannot but admire the tender respect for the liberty of the subject shown by the Civic authorities.

A poor decrepid old man, worn out with misery and suffering, is sent to prison and hard labour, after having first had to undergo the more revolting punishment of Magisterial badgering, for attempting to put an end to an existence which has become a burden too great to be borne; but, of course, no one has the right to prevent the proprietors of the *Fire-King* from overloading their vessel, because, although some horrible calamity may be the result, it is not proved that it inevitably will be.

The SHOWMAN, however, would like to know whether the Corporation would not cease to be quite so scrupulous, if the *Fire-King* were employed to cater for the Mansion House, or Guildhall.

If, instead of one thousand human beings, it brought one thousand pine-apples;

Or the same number of turtles, destined for Aldermanic consumption;

The SHOWMAN is of opinion that very stringent measures would soon be taken, at the risk even of going a little beyond the law, in order that the drunkenness of the stoker, or the overcrowding or craziness of the vessel, might not endanger the safety of the precious freight.



VERY CERTAIN.

Among the charges likely to be made against the members of the Irish clubs, should they persist in their project of rebellion, the most prominent will be charges of military.

THE WHIG COLOSSUS.

A young Whig complains that Lord John Russell "bestrides" his party "like a Colossus," as Shakspeare says, and demands a reason for it. He ought to know that certain animals are given to sneaking along with their "tail" between their legs.

"WHY OUR THEATRES ARE NOT SUPPORTED."

Because Albert Smith's pieces are acted in them.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

As the potato crop promises to be a good one, the Irish clubs have determined to rise in rebellion. Another blight would, therefore, be a blessing.

GOOD NEWS.

We had thought the Albert hat had been taken off in every possible manner. Luckily, we were wrong. It will shortly be taken off the heads of the military.

A RISING BARRISTER.

Ernest Jones is becoming quite an adept in the practical effects of the law. Since he has taken to picking oakum, he is never without an example of them at his fingers' end.

RIVAL MOUNTEBANKS.

There is a great similarity between the aquatic tournaments at Cremorne and the performances at St. Stephen's. In both cases the combatants at first come forward very fiercely with their motions, get into hot or cold water, as the case may be, splash about a little, and then extricate themselves as well as they can.

CHILDISH REMINISCENCE.

At Mr. Mitchell's benefit the other day, Carlotta Grisi and Perrot danced a *pas de deux*. During the performance of it we could not help thinking of "Beauty and the Beast."

TOO MUCH TO BE BORNE.

A retired corporal has declined joining the Whittington Club, as he has no wish to undergo the tortures of the "Cat."

PADDY WHACK.

The *Times* informs us that Mr. Michael Doheny has returned from the north equipped in a showy military costume, and mounted on a chestnut charger, at the head of his club. We think the club would have been much better at the head of Mr. Michael Doheny.

THE USE OF SIR C. NAPIER.

Many sensible people complain that no benefit is derived from the cruise of the Squadron of Evolution. Surely they must forget the benefit derived from its crews by the bum-boat women.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

Colonel Sibthorpe is most outrageous in his attacks on the Treasury benches. Lord John says that though the Colonel may act as he likes with regard to benches, he would do well to care somewhat more about forms.

BEYOND A DOUBT.

The other night, Hudson offered to produce full particulars of his election expenses, with all the bills receipted. With his great wealth, there is nothing extraordinary in this: what he would find much more difficult would be in a new Parliament to produce himself re-seated as well as his bills.



EDITOR'S BOX.

THE proverb which informs us that "it never rains but it pours," has never been more forcibly illustrated than within the last month.

Some time since, Her Majesty, to the great astonishment of every one, announced her intention of honouring the Haymarket Theatre with her presence; and hardly had people had time to recover from their astonishment, ere she proceeded in state to Drury Lane, and even named a day for a visit to the Lyceum.

The commotion excited in every native metropolitan green-room was immense; the quantity of loyalty consumed there, in an incredibly short space of time, was tremendous. The managers of the Pavilion, the Marylebone, and the Victoria Theatres, as well as of the Bower Saloon, had already made preparations for the honour which they had no doubt Her Majesty meant to confer upon them, when their young hopes were suddenly nipped in the bud.

At the eleventh hour Her Majesty changed her resolution, and did not go to the Lyceum. Why was this? Was it because it struck her that she had already done enough for the British drama, and that she felt some compunctions for having so long neglected her usual places of amusement? The SHOWMAN thinks this is very likely, and he is borne out in his opinion by the fact of Her Majesty proceeding in state, a day or two after, to the Italian Opera.

Great preparations had been made by the lessees, Messrs. Delafield and Webster, in honour of the occasion. A magnificent box, in the form of a tent, had been erected in the centre of the house, so that Her Majesty, after having first commanded the performance, subsequently commanded a full view of every part of the theatre: she of course listened intently to the opera.


The different artistes sang magnificently, but as to how they looked, or how they acted, the SHOWMAN has no very distinct idea, as, with every other loyal subject, he naturally sat with his face turned away from the stage, and towards the grand attraction of the evening, Her Majesty. He shall, therefore, defer writing a more detailed account of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* until some occasion when his loyalty will allow him to patronize his usual position.

THE PANGS OF EDITORSHIP.—The public little imagine all that the SHOWMAN has to go through during the performance of his duties. No later than last week, a lunatic sent him a letter, stating himself to be a young man desirous of getting on in the world, and very anxious to be informed whether it was at all probable that Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the great railroad carriers, who undertake to forward things of any description to all parts of the kingdom, would, if applied to on the subject, forward his interests to his satisfaction!

PLUNDERING THE PUBLIC.—The door-keeper of the Court of Chancery has £3,218 per annum, it appears, for doing nothing. He is said to hold this by Parliamentary "usage," but we think that it is by very bad "usage" of the public.

CONVALESCENCE OF OUR D. C.—We were very sorry when this disagreeable individual was restored to health. In one respect, he continues as bad as ever he was, and this is, in his want of respect for the nerves of every one around him. On going out after his recovery, he came down to the PUPPET-SHOW Office, and completely incapacitated our worthy publisher, Mr. Dover, from any further exertion for the rest of the day, by first observing, "Here I am, like a prize-fighter the first time he has a set-to after a defeat—getting a-bout again," immediately adding, "Why did the Claspers and Coombes at the regatta resemble a red herring I had for my breakfast this morning?" When he saw Mr. Dover would not degrade himself by answering, our "D. C." continued, "Why, because they had a hard row (roe), to be sure."

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER VII.—A DAY WITH
THE THAMES YACHT CLUB.


SAILING match between the vessels of the gallant Thames Yacht Club has been proclaimed, and furthermore, that fast and favourite steamer the *Periwinkle*, Captain John Smith, has been hired to accompany the match, "for members and their friends only." Being in the latter lucky category, we embark at the Adelaide Wharf and steam boldly down the Pool. The gallant *Periwinkle* is gay


with bunting, and so is her captain in his Sunday jacket. All flags of all nations, and many others of no nation at all, flutter aloft. A shady awning stretches over the quarter-deck, and from its centre, all fluttering with ribbons, dangles the golden butterboat destined to be the prize of the day. In the forecabin, Mr. Adams's quadrille band bang away at a merry polka. On the paddle-boxes, cluster an assembly of sporting and nautical gents: the talk of the former is of handicapping yachts, and the propriety of allowing a minute or three-quarters of a minute per ton; that of the latter appertains to balloon gibs, and the spread of canvas in a gaff-topsail. The members of the club are magnificent in blue coats and big brass anchor buttons;



they usually sport cigar-cases and telescopes; and if the weather turn at all gloomy, they assume rough monkey-jackets with the air of old hard-a-weather salts, who are used to hardships. But the quarter-deck is the most brilliant portion of the *Periwinkle*, for there congregate the fair friends of the Thames Yacht Club—charming ladies, whom it is profanity to bring within a quarter of a mile of a tar-barrel. The most gallant members of the club do the honours, and the golden butterboat is perpetually the centre of a circle of happy smiling faces.

And now Greenwich looms a-head, and we see the line of yachts lying moored with their heads up-stream, their white canvas ready for hoisting, and their crews assembled, halyards in hand, in dark clusters round the mast. Presently the Commodore says to the Captain, "Now, then, Smith, fire the first gun," upon which a two-and-a-half ounce is discharged by the stoker with a red-hot pair of tongs, and everybody gets on the paddle-box to see the start. This is a sample of the conversation: "Four to one on the Inscrutable—Who sails the Mystic?—Done—Have a go in at a sweep—Yes, at the Harwich

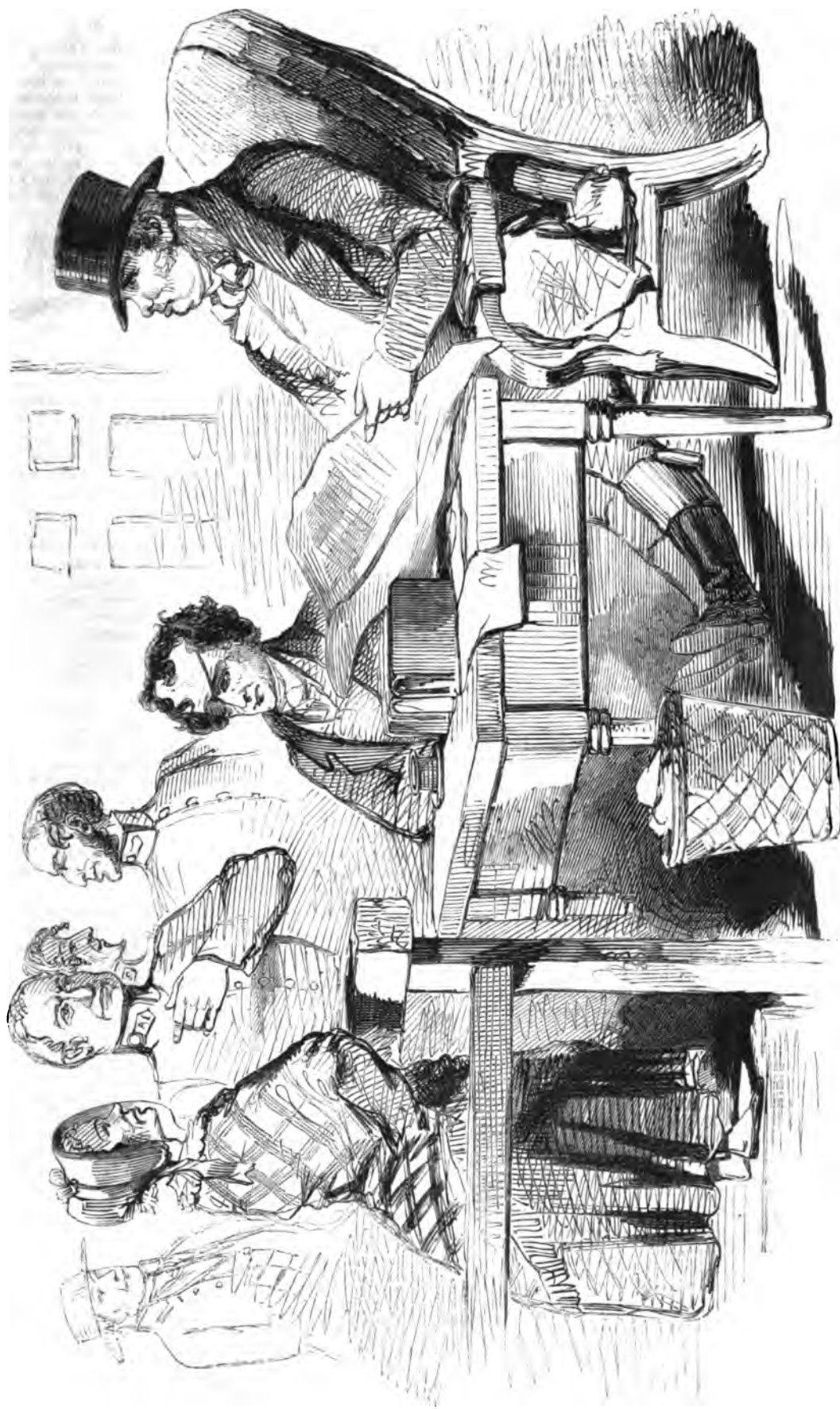
Regatta—balloon jib—light airs—five to one—long odds—sweet weatherly boat—Tomkins sails her—Now, then, look out, Smith!—Aye, aye, my lord—Fire the second gun—Stand by there—Bet you two to one the Inscrutable has her gaff-topsail hoisted first. BANG—there they go—bravo—bravo, Mystic!—I said so—clap on—that's it—peak and throat, my boys—Hooray, Keep-it-dark has got her jib home—there they go—a beautiful start—Inscrutable's into Secreay—they're foul—two to one on Mystic—that's it—there goes Keep-it-dark, first by Jove, clear of the ruck—Move her a-bee-id—I said so—Mystic's second—No, Tom Tit is—see now, opening the collier—Curse that barge—Keep-it-dark's the leading boat—Who sails Tom Tit?—Jones—Easy a-bee-id—Hard a-sta-a-rboard—never saw a better start—did you?—never—and now let's have some brandy-and-water."



And so the yachts file off in a white line down towards Blackwall, and the *Periwinkle* follows. Perhaps the breeze is light, and only cat's-paws of ruffling wind move in patches over the quiet water. Now the Tom Tit will be drifting log-like with the tide, her white sails unstirred; while the Mystic, with her wide-spread canvas, just hollowed by a faint puff, moves stealthily through the river, gliding gently by hulking barges, and tiers of anchored colliers, and anon rocking gracefully on the surge of a passing steamer. Then the fitful breath will leave her, and in a moment you see the canvas of the Tom Tit first quiver, then fill out, and then impel that yacht merrily along, to droop ere she has glided a scant half-mile, and to be reflected, mirror-like, on the unruffled surface. And so the game goes on. We pass Woolwich and its big arsenals, and ship-building sheds, and the quaint church of Erith is seen among the trees. Down through the mid-reaches we go slowly, sultrily. Now the yachts are drifting, anon they move a-head and then lag again. Each leads as each has the breeze, and the *Periwinkle* paddles on at half-quarter speed, and the nautical gents get smoking cigars, and telling nautical stories, stretched in the sun on the paddle-box; and many sensible people ensconce themselves in the open cabins and eat and drink manfully; and intellectual people who wish to improve their minds read the *Times*; and those who wish to improve and amuse their minds at the same time read the PUPPET-SHOW.

Thus Gravesend is passed, and we are looking out for the buoy with the flag, round which the yachts go, when the afternoon breeze begins to come up, cool and rustling from the sea. There, the yachts catch it one after the other; it is roughening the water, and even the brown-barked canvas of barges feel the impulse. It will rise with the tide too. So the *Periwinkle* has wakened up, and we get on the paddle-boxes again. The Tom Tit leads—bravo! little boat—there she goes, lying down to it and snoring through the white frothing water. 'T will be a good match, after all; there's a wind in the black cloud lying out there over the green flats of Essex. There go the other boats too, with a curl of foaming water at their sharp wedge-like bows, and their canvas swelling rigidly out, and the weather-rigging as tight as fiddle-strings. But the Tom Tit leads—bravo, Jones, beautifully steered—hug the wind, my boy—you can just weather the buoy—here you come, the three leeward streaks of your deck in the water, the bright copper glancing in the sun, the canvas pulling and riving as though it would tear the very mast out of the keel. So; stand by, for'ard, to fire!—Aye, aye, sir!—Out watches gentlemen, mark the minute he's round. Here he is—one—two—three—BANG!—beautifully done—up goes

WHOLESALE DESERTION.



Policeman Hume—Please, yer Worship, i' other night, as I was on my beat at St. Stephens, this here woman, Russell, deliberately abandoned a whole family of little ones. I know'd they were hers, 'cause one had Navigation-laws wrote on—
as the woman—I was a good deal more abandoned than her children, has a very good situation; but I shall use all my influence with her mistress to get her discharged.

the helm—pay off your main-sheet—so, and away she scuds on an even keel before the wind. The Mystic is round two minutes and a half after her; the Keep-it-dark three minutes forty-one seconds; the Inscrutable—but, pshaw, it will be all in to-morrow's papers—let's think of dinner.

Or lunch, rather. Everything is cold but the stewards, and the cabin of the Periwinkle is a small edition of the London Tavern; it is rather a scramble to be sure, but there are charms in a scramble, when champagne corks are flying, and a dozen of men are bawling "A glass of wine with you, my boy," and when the successful scrambler, who has his eyes and his wits and his elbows about him, can reap, as the reward of his scrambling, three or four liver wings of three or four fowls—it's a greedy notion, but never mind that—and a fair portion of lobster-salad, and champagne and sherry unlimited. After this ceremonial you will, probably, come on deck and light your cigar. Some weak brandy-and-water cold is not unadvisable, and, making out a snug berth for yourself on the windward paddle-box, you can compose your mind for contemplative enjoyment, watch the yachts cracking merrily by, look lazily along the green quiet shores, and curiously scrutinize the clumsy collier brigs, and the anchored barges in the stream, and the smart fishing smacks, and the thousand coasters, and the stately merchantman tugged upwards or downwards as her voyage has ended or is to begin, and the bright glancing forms of the crowded Gravesend steamers. So Woolwich and Blackwall are passed, and still we are carrying the breeze merrily up the river, and the Tom Tit is the leading boat. Barring accidents now, there is no question about the future proprietor of the golden butterboat.

The river is crowded with small craft, and men on anchored barges cheer and wave their fan-tails. The yachts off the Hospital are one blaze of bunting; the stream is thick with wherries; and bank, and terrace, and roof, and tavern window on shore, are crowded with staring people. See, there is the winning buoy, the counterpart of that round which the yachts swung off Coal-house Point, and here comes the gallant Titmouse. Stand by with the gun there, for'ard!—Aye, aye, sir!—Ain't she a beauty—so sweetly handled too—Here she is—What's o'clock, did you say?—BANG. Hurrah! Mr. Jones of the Tom Tit owns the golden butterboat. And the people on shore and on the river raise a mighty cheer, and the Tom Tits—stalwart fellows, the name of their smart cutter stuck in yellow letters on the blue ribbons of their straw hats—echo back the acclamation, and Mr. Adams and his band burst into "Rule Britannia;" and when one by one the other yachts have come up, they are each saluted with a cheer and a bang, and a few bars of Rule Britannia, and then their owners come on board the Periwinkle, and there is a great hustling to get to the quarter-deck, and the Commodore mounts on a camp-stool and makes a speech about the amusement of the day, and the gallantry of the craft of the Thames Yacht Club, and their excellent performance then, as at all times, and presents the envied butterboat to the happy owner of the Tom Tit, who fills it with champagne and hands it round to the company, who in turn drink the wine, give three cheers—the first for the Tom Tit, the second for the butterboat, and the third for the wooden walls of old England! And so ends the match.



TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—A veteran actor, alluding to Mr. Macready's practice of burking all the characters in a drama, except his own, writes to us, that next time he plays Hamlet he will probably "give up the Ghost!"

THE CLASSICAL MANIA.

THERE is a kind of mania spreading at present among literary men, in favour of writing verses in the same metre as the classical writers of antiquity. This has given rise to some hexecrable hexameters (as a Cockney would say), and also to the indignation of the SHOWMAN, who would prefer to see gentlemen writing in a metre adapted to the genius of their language—if, by the way, there can be said to be any in it. Professor Longfellow has been offending against our feelings on this subject in some very long lines. What would he think if, instead of a proper castigation of public characters in good old English slanders, we were to go on as follows:—

Is there a man who cares a dump for the bluster of Fussell?
Or for the drops of gall that ooze from the lips of D'Israeli?
Or for the trail of slime that Feargus scatters behind him?

and so on.

If this mania go on unchecked, we shall be having all our nursery rhymes, Ethiopian ballads, and so forth, turned out of their native metre and turned into hexameters. Who would recognise an old friend—Lucy Neale, the "yellow gal"—in such a dress (by no means a handsome one) as this:—

Long ago I was born in the plains of the bright Alabama;
Neale was my master's name; he had a beautiful maiden;
Lucy Neale she was called, with features prettily yellow.

Yet this is the point that gentlemen will arrive at if suffered to go any further. Give them length of line enough, and, as the proverb says, they will certainly hang themselves.

A FRAGMENT FROM A NEW ROSCIAD.

WHEN the gay curtain, like a cloud, away
Rolls to the roof, to let you see the play,
A growl, sepulchral, chills your blood to zero.
"Is that a dog?" "God bless you—it's the hero!"
In the same note he plays all Shakspeare round,
From Romeo sighing to King Lear disrowned;
With the same look receives his youngest daughter,
Or, fierce in Richard, rushes on to slaughter.
If studied manners, and laborious art,
Could serve for genius, impulse, and the heart,
This mechanician foremost would be seen,
Less like a puppet—nearer to a Kean;
But vainly to such heights a man aspires,
With wings—not heavenly—but worked with wires.

UNMERITED PUNISHMENT.—We perceive that Drury Lane is to be opened for the legitimate drama "by command of Her Majesty." What have the loyal Fast Men done to deserve this?

A COINCIDENCE.—It will be recollected that the names of the Chartists leaders who were transported some few years ago for the parts taken by them in the Monmouth riots were Williams, Jones, and Frost. The other day, Government succeeded in capturing another Williams and Jones; and there is no doubt that somewhere about Christmas next they'll meet with another Frost.

NAIVE QUMBY.—A correspondent, who signs himself a "repentant criminal," and whom the SHOWMAN shrewdly suspects to be the same individual that is constantly sending the Chancellor of the Exchequer halves of five-pound notes, wishes to be informed whether Holloway's Ointment, which, according to the advertisement, has miraculously cured a bad breast of seven years' standing, could be used with any chance of success in the case of a bad conscience.

EPIGRAM.

"A company of Sappers and Miners have erected a tent above the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose, it is said, of surveying the City."—Daily Papers.

SAID one friend to another, "'Tis very strange, brother—
A very strange thing, not to say an abuse,
At the top of God's shrine to place things not divine,
And the holy Church put to a secular use."

"'Tis the way of the world, and anathemas hurled
At the doers," he answered, "would be but a loss;
For, although 'tis a crime, 'tis not the first time
The profession of War has surmounted the Cross."

LUNACY OF OUR D. C.

THE lunacy of our Discharged Contributor has, of course, been suspected by our readers for some time past. His mind had been wandering for many weeks, and at last it has been lost altogether. We congratulate our mad friend on his good luck in having got rid of it. Yesterday a commission of lunacy was instituted at the Gray's Inn Coffeehouse, and, in consequence of his harmless nature, the Discharged Contributor was allowed to appear and give personal evidence of his sanity, or, as it turned out, of his insanity. During the examination of witnesses, he enjoyed the advice of his friend Mark Lemon, who appeared to sympathize with him most deeply. The fact of being seen to talk with Mark, however, went much against the victim. The principal evidence against the D. C. was that of his nurse, who appeared vastly affected. It was as follows:—

Mrs. Grog said she knew the victim. Had heard him make puns.—(*Sensation.*) Remembered with horror a remark which he (the D. C.) had made last Saturday. He had sent her out to buy the *Sun* newspaper and a loaf of new bread, and, upon her return, had placed the loaf under the newspaper, in order that he might have an opportunity of saying that, after all, there *was* something new under the *Sun*!

The D. C.'s articles in the *PUPPET-SHOW* were then put in as evidence, and read amid the tears of the court.

This was the end of the case for the promoters of the inquiry, and was in every sense conclusive.

The D. C. rose to defend himself, and commenced by observing that Gray's Inn was a locality which reminded him of all sorts of things. How many illustrious men, from Nebuchadnezzar, who might be truly said to be a Gray's Inn (grazing) man—

The Commissioner here rose, and said that, after this decided proof, there was no need to go any further into the case. He accordingly directed that the prisoner should at once be taken in a cab to Bethlehem Hos pital.

THE FAITHLESS PEELER.

[DEFILED FROM THE "LORD OF BURLEIGH," FOR THE ESPECIAL INDIGNATION OF THE "SLOW CONTRIBUTOR" TO THE "MUSICAL WORLD."]

SKULKING slyly down the area,
He to her his mind doth tell,
"I feel somewhat dry, my Mary,
And some beer would be as well."
She replies, by way of feeler,
"La, who'd thought of seeing thee?"
He is but a smart young Peeler,
And a maid-of-all-work she.
He to lips that do not falter,
Raises up the half-pint mug;
Vows his love will never alter—
Eying hard the empty jug.
"I can pick that bone of pheasant,
Little care I for a knife—
Love it makes our duty pleasant,
Luncheon love I dear as life."
He across the kitchen going,
Sees two lordly bottles stand;
"India pale" within them glowing,
And he grasps one in each hand.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"I could pop these in my trowsers'
Pocket, and no one might tell."
This he doth, by her attended,
And they lovingly converse
Of the toothsome things that tended
To bind close his heart to hers.
Leg of pork, with sauce of apple,
Fowl and bacon, and broad beans;
Cold roast beef, with which he'd grapple
Sooner than with warmed-up greens.
What she gives him makes her dearer,
Such she hopes to be the case;

Hopes that his beat will be near her,
Should she ever change her place.
Oh, but he doth love her truly;
He shall have a cup of tea—
She will bring it to him duly,
Some time after half-past three.
And her heart rejoices greatly
When her Peeler she discerns,
Past the small boys pacing stately,
While they mimic him by turns.
Thinks he looks far more majestic
Than he ever looked before—
Fears he winked at the domestic
Higher up at Number Four;
Hears him speak in gentle murmur,
Knows he's answering her call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer
Leading past the garden wall.
All at once the colour flushes
His false face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame he blushes,
While she vows she's "been took in."
Then, unable to conceal her
Love, she murmurs, "Oh, that he
Were once more that faithful Peeler,
Which did win my heart from me."
He but begged she'd no more bore him,
When she falls flat at his side;
Gathered soon a crowd before him,
While to lift her up he tried;
And one came to raise her bonnet,
And he looked at him and said,
"Bring a chair, and place her on it,
For I fear she's hurt her head."
Home they took her, and, next morning,
By her mistress she's addressed,
"Mary, you have a month's warning—
This time, mind, I'm not in jest."

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG SURVEYORS.

If 30½ square yards make a *perch*, how many will make a *trench*?

If 40 perches make one *rood*, how many will make one *polite*?

TERRIFIC PERPETRATION.—A sucking Tory of our acquaintance, in speaking of the violent section of the French Republicans, accounts for their existence by saying, that they were so ashamed of the Revolution—that they turned quite *red*!

EARNEST JONES USEFUL AT LAST.—We perceive by the papers, that our friend Jones has been employed in picking oakum since his incarceration. As oakum is an article used in filling up seams (on the decks of vessels), Jones may thus be said to be occupied in an employment congenial to that of his gallant colleague Cuffey. We may add, that as the seams, when stuffed with oakum, are afterwards filled with tar, our patriot is still likely, as before, to bring matters to a very pretty pitch. He has certainly no right to complain of Government, for as he has long wished to have a finger in the affairs of the country, he has now been gratified by being allowed to have a finger—in its oakum.

A PLEDGE REDEEMED.—Any one who visits the Haymarket Theatre at present, cannot fail to be struck with the very great difference between the persons who now frequent the boxes of that establishment and those who did so a little time since. The announcement in the bills of the "Entire Adelphi Company at the Haymarket" is as scrupulously true of the audience as of the actors.

Lord Clarendon, who is very confident in regard to the approaching Irish insurrection, says the policemen's *batons* will put down the Dublin *clubs*.

HINT TO A CONTEMPORARY.—The publication of the *Morning Herald* commenced yesterday at six o'clock, and terminated at five minutes past.

AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF A STREET CAB.



AN author who lived sometimes by his pen—at other times by cajoling friends and strangers out of cash or credit—at all times in a state of fear of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, their officers and assistants—and six months or more of every year within the precincts of Her Majesty's Bench, had, at the period to which our anecdote refers, so large a number of "ca's" out against him planted in all directions, that for the security of his person he changed his lodgings and his name regularly every week, and never ventured abroad except in a cab, with the blinds drawn completely down.

Spite of all these precautions, however, one Solomon Levy, an active assistant to the illustrious Sloman, foraged out that our hero

occasionally visited a certain printing-office in his capacity of editor of a weekly newspaper; and one Saturday morning Levy went thither in the hope of renewing an intimacy that had been close and profitable. On his arrival he at once ventured boldly into the dark dirty room that formed the printer's warehouse, calculating on perhaps effecting a surprise, but he merely found a smutty-faced little printer's devil who was left in charge.

"Ma poy," says Levy, "isn't Mr. Rumcovy here?"

"I don't know," replies the unsuspecting youth; "I'll go an see."

With this he whips through a door in the darkest corner of the warehouse, followed on tip-toes by the cunning Levy, who hears him announce to some one in an inner office, "A gentleman wants to see you, sir."

At these words Levy darts forward through the doorway of the room in question, and on entering the apartment is amazed to find therein no one but the little imp aforesaid, who informs him, quite unnecessarily by the way, that Mr. Rumcovy is not there.

But when Levy notices a hat and a half-finished leader on the table, a walking-stick that was familiar to him standing in a corner, and an overturned chair or two on the floor, and hears the click of a key turning in the lock of a door on the opposite side of the room, he feels no reasonable doubt in his own mind but that his customer has mizzled and resolved himself into a *do*.

Retracing his steps, he finds himself in the street again, and observes for the first time a cab standing a few doors off, with the driver kicking up his heels on the pavement. A ray of hope lights up his Israelitish eyes.

"Are you awaytin for a gent at the printer's?" says Levy to the cabman.

"S" replies the man.

"He'll p'out presnly," says the Jew; "I'm goin westerd wiv him, s' I'll git inside."

And inside Levy gets accordingly.

The cabman fastens the door after him, and Levy thereupon draws down the blind, and commences peeping through the small square of glass at the back of the vehicle.

After some minutes have elapsed the little printer's devil makes his appearance at the door of the printing-office: his roguish eyes glance quickly up and down the street two or three times, and he retires.

Next appears the unmistakable face and figure of Mr. Rumcovy: he first peeps round the door-post to the right and to the left, and then fairly pokes his head outside the premises.

Finding the coast clear, he hurries up to the cab.

"Quick! open the door!" says he. And the next moment one leg is thrust forward into the vehicle.

"Drive to —"

"Sloman and Sons, Chancery Lane," interrupts the Jew, exhibiting to the astonished author a piece of parchment, commencing "Middlesex, to wit," &c., and ending with something about a sheriff, the meaning of which, alas! his victim knew too well.

"Wot, the spungin house?" gasped the cabman, whose heart sunk, as daylight broke in upon him, and disclosed the trick that deprived him for a time of an excellent fare, and that same excellent fare of his liberty.



A SHEPHERD IN THE FIELDS.

A SHEPHERD ON THE STAGE.

SAY NOT OUR MINISTRY.—A FRAGMENT.

AIR—"Say not our dancing days."

SAY not our Ministry ought to be past—
Whig statesmen always hold place to the last.
Can you persuade me Bright the demure,
Though he abuse us, himself is more pure?
Say not our Ministry ought to be past—
Whig statesmen always hold place to the last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHANOCLES is thanked for his communication.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
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An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 8, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vitzelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBER 21.

LONDON, AUGUST 5, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

CREDULITY.



M.P. (reading) . . . "I am therefore so free as to remind you of the kind offer you made at the election to do me any service. I should feel much obliged by your showing my son a little about Town, and taking him to the Opera. He wishes very much to go to Lord John Russell's, and Cremorne Gardens," &c., &c.

TRIBUTE TO BRITISH TALENT.—We hear a great deal of the diabolical manner in which the unfortunate negroes are packed together in the slave-ships. A gentleman who gave his evidence on this subject before the House of Commons, declared that it was impossible for human ingenuity to cram more people into an equal space. Here, however, he was mistaken. It is with honest pride we inform the public that England excels the rest of the world in this as well as every other science. The Brazilian merchants have sent over five agents of great experience in the slave trade to study the superior mode of loading practised on board our river steamers.

AN OMISSION SUPPLIED.—A Correspondent of the *Times* says, that "the result of an attentive perusal of the public journals is the discovery that six of the leading Chartist names are Duffy, Cuffey, Ruffey, Looney, Mooney, and Rooney." In order to put the finishing touch to this ingenious observation, the writer should have added his own name—Spooney.

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

I.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly, over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

II.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from Despair.
I would fly, I would fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sun-light, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

III.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I would fly, I would fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

IV.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of Earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth.
I would fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the courtiers at their feet.

V.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "*Liberty*,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I would fly, I would fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong, on my world-wide way,
And making all the Earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

ADAMS AND JUSTICE.

WE perceive from the newspapers that Mr. Sergeant Adams lately sentenced a ruffian to pay a fine of one shilling for having knocked down a ship's ladder on which a stranger was standing, and by which he (the stranger, and not, unfortunately, the ruffian) was precipitated from a height of fourteen feet at the imminent risk of his life. The wretch was let off with this absurdly small punishment "because he had been ordered to do so by his master!" We suppose, then, that if we were to knock Mr. Sergeant Adams down, and tell our servant to cut his throat, the domestic (imagining him to be unsuccessful in his attempt) would be fined about eighteenpence! However, be this as it may, Adams must not be allowed to estimate other persons' lives by the value of his own, or we shall soon have intending murderers let off scot free.

OMINOUS.—Lord John Russell, in commencing a speech last week in the House of Commons, said, "I shall take an early opportunity of moving—" It is said that His Lordship was here interrupted by a faint "hear, hear," from Sir Robert Peel.—*Our own Parliamentary Report.*

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—When General Cavaignac assumed the sole command in Paris, order was quickly restored. This, we suppose, was on the principle that "unity is strength."

A MISAPPLICATION OF TERMS.—When the bill for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act was brought into the House by Lord John Russell, Mr. Feargus O'Connor alluded to it as "a motion of a very irregular character." This expression would have been more applicable if Feargus himself had been the promoter of the measure.

BAD IN EVERY RESPECT.—A correspondent commences a long and stupid letter to us with the words, "with respect to the Game Laws—" We cannot attend to his epistle, as we have no respect for them whatever.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—The opponents of the Window Tax designate it as a tax upon light. The worst of it is, that although a light tax, it is at the same time exceedingly heavy.

UNFOUNDED PANIC.—A friend of ours, who has been spending a great deal of money, and avoiding his creditors at Boulogne, was last week induced to fly to Brussels in consequence of hearing that the *collar* was coming, and would probably take him off.

SINCERITY.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE.—A sumptuously furnished saloon in Scrip's mansion.

Pestle. . . . I could not believe it was the same until I saw you. I had often heard of the great William Scrip, Esq., M.P.—your fame has extended even down to our remote part of the country—but I never thought it could be my old chum. You've left me behind rather—

Scrip (*dignified*). Mere chance, Pestle, mere chance. If Fate had willed it, you might have been the wealthy railroad director, and I—the—

Pestle. Out with it—the poor over-worked—ill-paid Welsh doctor; but never mind—what does it matter so long as our hearts are in the right place. (*Looking round*) There is a difference, though, between this apartment and the garret we occupied together—

Scrip (*uneasily*). Yes—

Pestle. But I must be off—I suppose you, too, have something to do—

Scrip. Yes, a Committee in the House—but come and see me soon again—I do not name any particular day, because, of course, you are always welcome—however my prospects may be altered, my sentiments remain the same—whenever you like to come, you have only to send up your name—

Pestle. I'll be sure to call then; good-bye.

Scrip. Good-bye.

[*Exit Pestle.*]

(*Scrip rings. Enter Servant.*)

Scrip. When that gentleman calls, remember I am never at home



THE CHARTIST PRISONERS.

WE don't suppose that even the Whigs, or the bigots—even Hawes or Sibthorpe, will be inclined to accuse the PUPPET-SHOW of a leaning towards the Chartists. On the contrary, everybody will remember that no journal was more prominent in castigating their leaders, in condemning their rebellious suggestions, ridiculing their farcical absurdities, and exposing their lying boasts. Yet although we may level at them our sarcasm, we can still say a serious word in their behalf. These men are now undergoing their punishment; but let them have the punishment of men. This, the amiable Whigs deny them, and they are kept locked up—treated like burglars, and fed like beasts.

Into the narrow recesses of a Whig heart no ray of light can penetrate to warm or illumine; but we address ourselves to the English public, and ask them whether they will not protest against the treatment of these unfortunate men? Let Russell have his food handed to him with ordinary decency; and when we remember that he has sinned, let it be remembered also that he is an Englishman.

Political offences have always been treated as distinct from social ones. We opine that nobody supposes that a man who calls a minister a humbug ought to be punished in the same way as one who steals a purse.

When Sir Francis Burdett became a favourite of the people, and a prisoner in the Tower (which naturally followed under a base system of government), he was treated courteously; so was Leigh Hunt, when imprisoned for calling a certain monarchical debauchee what everybody knew—and what the vilest of his mob of unprincipled courtiers could not deny him to be. Oakum picking formed no portion of the punishment of Hunt or Burdett.

Yet these instances belong to a Tory period—the modern and shameful exception occurs during a "Liberal" one! How strange that Whigs always are worse than their predecessors, just as a more rickety offspring comes after a diseased parent! Unfortunate England is the shuttlecock between the two battledoors of party, and falls to the ground every now and then, when one or other of the players gets tired, or unable to knock it about.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF LOYALTY.—It is a usual thing for persons in a state of enthusiasm to wave their handkerchiefs and scarves; when wound up to an extraordinary pitch they have even been known to wave their bed or window curtains to celebrate the passage of some pageant—the Lord Mayor's Show, or the celebrated Madame Wharton-Godiva procession, for instance—but all these demonstrations fade into utter insignificance before that of our M.P.'s at Lord John's proposal to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act; they actually waived the forms of the House of Commons.

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.—Drury Lane is called a "patent" theatre. This, we suppose, is because it is never open.

NOT BAD FOR A TORY.—A sucking Tory of our acquaintance, mentioned in our last publication, has been at us again with his absurd observations. He says now, that Mr. Hume is like a potato with the disease, i.e., "radically" affected!



AN IRISH SAMPSON.

Mr. Meagher intends, it appears, to destroy the whole of the forty-five thousand soldiers at present in Ireland. We do not believe this can be accomplished by mere talk, although there is certainly one instance on record of ten thousand men having been slain by the jaw-bone of an ass!

NO GREAT LOSS.

Lord George Bentinck says that since the passing of the Ministerial Sugar Bill he has lost his peace of mind. This is unfortunate, as the piece which he originally possessed was very small!

HUMOUR FOR HUME.

Mr. Hume has always denied that the Tories had any sense of economy. He must, however, admit that they often show a great economy of sense.

TWO DIFFERENT THINGS.

We have heard that Charles Cochrane is going to stand at the next election. We are afraid, however, that he is not very likely to sit.

A GROSS LIBEL.

The instant Cavaignac became famous, the Irish asserted that he was "descended" from the Kavanaghs. What an awful "come down" for a great man!

AN "OUGHT" AND A CIPHER.

Albert Smith, in *Gavarni in London*, says—

"About the Schleswig-Holstein row,
My notions are not clear."

His head ought to be quite "clear," considering that there's nothing in it.

A FORLORN HOPE.

In his rabid speeches against the "Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill," Colonel Sibthorpe is continually saying that he will take the sense of the house. Why does not he? There is very little to take, but still it would be of service to him.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Sir G. Grey declared that he should take effective measures against the authors of the Irish hoax. This is a dangerous precedent. If all the authors of false reports are to be punished, what will become of chairmen of committees of the House of Commons who "report progress?"

YOUNG IRELAND.

Though some people deny that the Irish rebels have any modesty, we expect that they will fight "shy."

PERFECTLY EXPLAINED.

Parliament seems determined not to repeal the tax on newspapers. We can readily understand that honourable members do not feel the impost on anything that contains intelligence.

STRANGE ANOMALY.

It is a melancholy fact that although Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speeches are very long, the House regards them very little.

A HARD MATTER.

It is a strange, and what is worse, a true circumstance, that while taxation presses hardly on the poorer classes, it hardly presses on the richer ones.

A Young Irelander has asserted that Ireland is republican to her very core. We fancy that there is a *corps* or two which may be called hers, as they were sent over by Government for her especial benefit, which are not quite so republican as the Young Irelanders might desire.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Mr. WEBSTER is a very unlucky man. After losing eight thousand pounds in supporting the legitimate drama and the Hungarian brothers, native talent and the Ethiopian serenaders, he is trying to regain a portion of it by bringing the Adelphi company to perform, by way of a novelty, at the Haymarket Theatre. Now we all know that Mr. Webster is just the sort of manager who thinks of the public in the first place, and then, if he have any solicitude left, that small portion may, perchance, be bestowed upon himself. Knowing this to be the case, we, of course, felt convinced—although, we grieve to say, we had at first our slight suspicions—that the public would be allowed to enjoy the performances at the Haymarket for the same sums which they had been in the habit of paying for them when played at the Adelphi Theatre. Were it otherwise the injustice would be obvious. Wright is not less entertaining, nor Paul Bedford less ridiculous, nor Céleste less affected, nor Miss Woolgar less talented, at one theatre than at another; consequently they are equally valuable to the public, whether at the Haymarket or at the Adelphi. Mr. Webster was, doubtless, of the same opinion as ourselves, but unfortunately there was a clause in his lease which prevented him from charging less sums for admission than those which were usually taken during the representations of the Haymarket company. The newspapers have said so, and consequently it must be true. Mr. Webster was unable to behave with that liberality to the public for which he is so conspicuous, and which he would, had it been possible, have taken so much pleasure in exercising; and now, the only way in which he can console himself for the loss of what appeared at first an excellent opportunity of testifying his generosity, will be by allowing the Haymarket troupe (if he will allow us to use an odious and illegitimate French word) to perform at the Adelphi Theatre at Adelphi prices—provided always that there be no clause in the lease of that theatre which will prevent him from playing legitimacy at the low charges usually received for domestic dramas and farces.

However, Mr. Webster has lost sight of the means by which he might have displayed not his liberality but certainly his honesty—no mean quality after all—to that large body which he so kindly patronizes, viz., the British public. In the newspapers it is usual, at the end of the theatrical advertisements, to insert the prices of admission. Mr. Webster somehow or other forgot this, which we merely say was very neglectful on his part, and gives his enemies an opportunity of asserting that he did not wish to deceive those who imagined that Adelphi and not Haymarket prices were to be charged for Adelphi performances. But besides this, he in some strange manner omitted to have the charges notified in the bills posted about the streets; and we remember having looked over a host of programmes in a coffee-house, in which our much respected Webster appeared to be the only manager who had forgotten to give information about the amount of money which was requisite in order to enter his theatre. Of course Mr. Webster pays the Adelphi performers the same salaries as those received by their brethren of the Haymarket.

The discovery of the clause in the lease was undoubtedly a misfortune for Webster, but he must not sink under it, and neglect even such a trifle as the one which we have alluded to.

We perceive, since writing the above, that Mr. Webster has inserted at the end of his advertisements the words "prices as usual." This is another mistake, as it is calculated to make persons believe that the charges are those usually taken at the Adelphi.

UTTER DEPRAVITY.—If the gentleman who brought the following humdrum conundrum to our office in a wheelbarrow will call, he will find a horsewhipping for him:—

Q. Why is the insect that blights the potato plant like a large potato belonging to a celebrated Persian poet?

A. Because it's a Hafiz'-vast-tator! (*Aphis vastator*.)

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.



No. 1.—ROSHERVILLE.



SUPPOSE St. James's Park, the Green Park, the Regent's Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Surrey Gardens, Vauxhall, and Cremorne, to be all lumped together, the aggregate would be to London very much what Rosherville is to Gravesend. That brackish bathing-place may be indeed defined as consisting of shilling teas, Windmill Hill, shrimps, Springhead, lodgings, water-cresses, ordinaries at 2 o'clock, accommodation

for parties bringing their own provisions, Cockneys upon a marine tour, and last, not least, Rosherville.

Concerning the origin of the name of this attractive place of river-side resort, nothing satisfactory is known; a circumstance attributable to the fact that nobody we ever heard of has thought it worth his while to make any inquiries. Rumours there are of the place having once been the property of an eminent bacon merchant, who christened it Rasher—since corrupted to Rosherville—but this supposition is at the best doubtful. We have in vain, upon this head, consulted an extremely erudite and profound, though not scarce work, entitled an *Illustrated Guide to the Botanical Gardens at Rosherville*, and are, consequently, of opinion, that as the discriminating author says nothing upon the subject, all information respecting it is enveloped in the mists of antiquity.

Passing, then, with a hop, step, and jump, from this part of the subject, we proceed to describe some of the most attractive features of the Gardens as they exist in our own time. Having duly paid his sixpence at the entry, the visitor will have the option of selecting one from a multitude of gravel walks, which go serpentine along, amid a profusion of small statues, more or less useless, and diminutive caves, composed each of half a hundred-weight of flint stones, at the entrance of which sit solemnly bedraggled eagles, a sight which leads certain ill-informed persons to imagine that the golden eagle (*aurea aquila*) is a native of Rosherville, and first shipped the shell in an eyrie perched in some dizzy left of the terrific precipices, seen rising in sullen majesty over the banquetting-hall in the distance. Proceeding onwards, in the direction of the Italian garden—so called, for precisely the same reason (whatever it may be) that a certain piece of hardware is called an Italian run—the visitor will be awfully startled at the sight which will present itself when he arrives on the terrace,

from which may be caught a distant view of the archery ground. Amid the targets, drawn up opposite the toxophilites, the horror-struck gazer will perceive three human beings, with extended arms, transfixed with numberless arrows. His first impression will probably be that so severe is the distress felt in certain parts of the country that unhappy individuals can be found who, for a small daily sum, consent to make themselves butts for the inexperienced in archery. For the honour of humanity, we rejoice to say the supposition is unfounded; a closer inspection will convince the philanthropist that the apparently human targets are composed of straw and canvas. While in this part of the grounds it would be inexcusable to omit some mention of the jolly forrester, in his doublet of Lincoln green, and mediæval boots and hat, who twangs his bow, and sends the cloth-yard shaft glancing by the greenwood tree. In answer to our anxious inquiries as to whether he did not live on venison pasty, sleep on the greensward, under a trysting oak, swear by St. George for Merry England, wind his bugle-call to summon his comrades, "merry men all," from brake and fell, and lastly, whether he was not an outlawed man and a clerk of St. Nicholas—we regret to say that the archer merely requested us to "shut up, for heworn't a-goin' to stand any of that 'ere chaff." Thus baffled by the grim marksman, we wended our way towards the feudal tower which crowns the terrific precipice overlooking the wilderness. The architecture of this stronghold may be described as suburban Gothic, and from the massive thickness of its walls, upwards of two inches, the structure would certainly resist any train of artillery likely to be brought to bear against it.

A legend—invented by ourselves—attributes the foundation of the tower to the first Baron Nathan, who landed here from the Holy Land, after having, during one of the brief truces between the Christian and the



Paynim, danced the egg hornpipe before Saladin, at St. Jean d'Acre. We have some thoughts of writing a novel in three volumes—à la James, of course—upon the subject, entitling it,

THE FIRST OF THE NATHANS;
Or, THE ROMAUNT OF ROSHERVILLE.

The opening might be managed somewhat in this fashion:—

"The evening sun of the first of July, 1106, was declining in the west, and bringing to a close a hot summer's day, when two travellers might be descried urging

A CONSCIENTIOUS DEBTOR.



SCENE—A Paris Police Court.

Magistrate—"A SUM OF SEVENTY LOUIS D'OR WAS FOUND UPON YOU. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR HAVING "CH A SUM?"

Red Republican—"I WAS GOING TO MY TAILOR'S, TO SETTLE MY ACCOUNT

their jaded steeds along the pleasant marshes which skirt the Kentish shore of the river Thames.

"The elder of the twain, who bestrode a powerful Flemish charger, was a man whose iron frame and vast proportions proved that—&c. &c. &c. &c.

"The younger traveller was a mere stripling, whose slight form, &c. &c. &c.—chestnut locks, &c. &c. &c.—smooth and downy cheek, unbronzed by the sun of Palestine, &c. &c. &c.

"The travellers rode for some time in perfect silence, which was at length broken by the deep-toned voice of the veteran warrior.

"Ha! *ventre St. Dieu*—'gad so—my merry men all. Beshrew this splintered lance! Nay, marry, an' thou wilt—have at thee!"

"So saying, the cavalier, raising himself in his heavy demi-pique saddle, and wielding the chevron of his gauntlets, plunged the rowels of his spurs deep into the reeking flanks of his charger, and, making the animal perform a demi-volte, discharged a terrific blow at—&c. &c. &c. &c.

* * * * *

"Bending over the fallen stripling, the knight carefully undid the rivets of his banneret; and unloosing the gorge of his plated battle-axe, &c. &c. &c.—started upwards with a sudden exclamation of, &c. &c. &c. As the seeming youth, &c. &c. &c.—stood revealed, &c. &c. &c.—a page no longer, &c. &c. &c.—but the love-lorn Lancian de Fitz-Gauntlette, the only daughter of Sir Bevis de Fitz-Gauntlette of Ratcliffe Highways"—&c. &c. &c.

This is the style of thing which goes down as a mediæval romance, and which, continued through three volumes, would produce a work which the *Asineum* would probably characterize as "a brilliant novel—in James' happiest vein—and fully equal to any of his previous works."

We are, however, forgetting Rosherville: so, only stopping to observe that a fine historical scene might be introduced in the work in question, of Baron Nathan making his captive dance the Fetter Horrippe; and lingering but for a moment to cast from the summit of the tower a glance at the "wilderness" below—a terrific waste of forest, crag, lake, and fall, of nearly half-an-acre—we wend our downward way to the banquetting-hall—a magnificent Gothic structure, from which Barry took his design for the House of Lords. Here the visitor, as he sits pleasantly peering away at the substantial joint, may feed his eye upon the painted glories of the Gothic Hall—upon wreathed and fluted pillars, and deep orgives, and mouldings, and architraves, and all the rest of it; while his mind, hopping from shield to shield and quartering, wanders away back to the picturesque mediæval times, when Baron Nathan's galleys floated on the river, and Baron Nathan himself, perched upon the topmost tower of his donjon keeps looked over the pleasant fields of Kent in the hope of despoiling, and afterwards of pillaging, the pilgrims of Geoffrey Chaucer, on their way to Canterbury—a gorgeous dream of bye-gone times; which will be only interrupted by the voice of the waiter insinuating in your ear, "Now, sir, if you're quite done with the joint."

Disgusted with this interruption, the visitor will probably wander forth into the "Pleasure Lawn"—order his glass of brandy-and-water and cigar—plant himself in a rural seat within sight of the eagle's nest, "to which he can ascend by a flight of rude steps"—a peculiarity which we have not observed as regards several eagles' nests we saw last autumn in the Alps, and which we therefore presume must have been eagles of an inferior kind—and there sip and puff alternately, regardless of the flight of time: a state of mind which, in the abstract, signifies very little, but which, as connected with the departure of the last boat up the river, he will find, when he has missed it, to be of some small importance. However, let him not grumble—the Rosherville Pier Hotel stands invitingly open, and the first boat starts next morning—at an absurdly early hour.

A word in earnest: Rosherville Gardens form a very cheap and very pleasant lounge for a summer's day.

PRIZES EXTRAORDINARY.

THE SHOWMAN is about to establish a distribution of prizes, in imitation of the system which gives industrious labourers two guineas—or, if anything, less—for the labours of an entire life. The following have been already decided upon:—

To the contributor who, in the course of five years, writes only fifteen libels—A complete set of the PUPPET-SHOW and a silver medal, with the motto,

"Satire should, like a polished razor keen," &c.

To the contributor who does not keep the printer's boy waiting more than nine hours at a time for copy—A dinner at Blackwall and a sovereign for pocket-money, besides a gold medal, with the motto, "*Festina lente*."

To the contributor who has never tried to draw more than three months' salary in advance—A certificate of good conduct, with the motto, "*Crescit amor munani quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*."

To the contributor who has succeeded in getting three months' salary in advance—A check on Coutts & Co. to any amount (unsigned), with the motto, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

LUMLEY'S OFFICIALS AGAIN!

TOWARDS the close of a London season every one begins to vote everything dull; the charms of novelty is worn off, and people are absolutely dying of *ennui*. At such a period the man who steps forward to relieve the London monotony which reigns triumphant, deserves well of his suffering fellow-creatures, and the SHOWMAN consequently notices with unfeigned admiration the noble conduct of the box-office officials at Her Majesty's Theatre.

These great-minded individuals, knowing that "variety is charming," determined to use their knowledge in alleviating the depression of spirits under which London society is now labouring, and accordingly resolved to adopt a novel course with regard to those persons who come to them for places, and instead of giving them civility for their money, to regale them with a little abuse, and the refusal to give them the tickets they had paid for.

But, from the times of Aristides to the present day, great men have always been abused for the good they have done, and accordingly we find an individual who signs himself "M," in a letter in the *Times* of July 27, base enough to complain of Mr. Lumley's officials for having broken the monotony of his life, and roused him into a state of astonishment by offering him tickets for Tuesday instead of those for Thursday (the best night of the week he it remembered), for which he had paid. Lest, however, the public might imagine that "M" had the shadow of right on his side, it is as well to mention that the authorities, after abusing him as a blunderer, offered him a ticket for the Saturday; and because "M" chose to think that even this was not "the ticket," and declined it, he was told by Mr. Lumley's officials that he should have none at all, and moreover that he should never have any tickets again.

Only one thing can console the SHOWMAN for "M's" ingratitude: and that is, that the gentleman of the box-office are no more to be moved by it, than they were some time ago by the puny indignation of some other contemptible individual, at not obtaining a box for which he had paid £12 12s. No—the Opera box-office officials are and always have been consistent; and if it is true that "practice makes perfect," they must by this time have reached a degree of excellence, which few people can flatter themselves with attaining; they must be far superior to the situations they fill, and consequently the sooner they are removed the better.

NOT BAD FOR THE UNWASHER.—The Chartists say that although they object to the means adopted by the Whig Government, they will be very well pleased with its end.

THE WHITTINGTONS AGAIN.—The above ambitious individuals have come to a determination that "omnibuses are low—and street cabs deuced vulgar." The SHOWMAN advises them to patronize assiduously the superannuated corporal whom they have engaged to give them lessons in fencing. The SHOWMAN does not do this from any wish to incite them to a duel, which he knows they hold to be an immoral—and dangerous—relic of a barbarous age, but because he thinks it the only means by which they will ever be enabled to get "a good carriage of their own."

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.*

SCENE—*The Showman's Study. On the table the Satires of Dryden, Churchill, Chatterton, Boileau, Pope, &c., and Toddy and Regalias, &c.* TIME—*Evening.*

SHOWMAN. Now comes the hour when nature goes to rest,
Pigs to the sty and goslings to the nest,
To the dark heather flies the painted grouse,
Donkeys to sheds, but Russell to the House!
Why should this being such exception keep—
Go there to humbug when beasts go to sleep?
Why give us, when the peasant seeks his straw,
A booby's speeches and a tyrant's law?—
Draw the rich fluid from your portly butt,
And, at the same time, crack your joke and nut.

FRIEND. Night is the proper time for what is foul,
Night is the empire of the sombre owl,
At night, though lions sleep, still jackals howl!
At night, you find all cabbages exposed,
But the fair buds of fairest flowers are closed.
When darkness comes, its dreariness they shun,
And only ope to greet the rising sun.
And shall not, then, Lord John his course pursue,
Quite undisturbed by justice or by you?
From useless virtue, friend, your mind exempt,
And, for your hatred, substitute contempt.

SHOWMAN. When Bills and corn-crops both together fail,
When paupers seek for shelter in a jail,
When the Reform that Englishmen hold dear
Meets as opponents but a lie or sneer;
Cold as a corpse were he who did not hate
The worms that foul at once, and hurt the state—
As insects on the trees in Eastern clime
Hurt by their bite, and dirty with their slime.

FRIEND. But, do you think that any of this horde
(Who dare draw salaries, but not the sword)—
Think you they care one farthing for your frown,
Or, while they're up, that love of them is down?
Do those who spurn a nation care for one?
Shrink those from torches who don't fear the sun?
If England's hatred ministers can bear,
What matter if a journal lash or spare?

SHOWMAN. Fate has wove rotten threads in each Whig woof;
List to their bray—

FRIEND. But, friend, beware their hoof!
Statesmen who owe to threatening mobs position,†
Are very strict indeed about sedition!

* DIALOGUE THE FIRST appeared in the 16th No. of the PUPPET-SHOW.

† Vide newspapers of 1831-32.

THE GREAT LEGITIMATE.—Mr. Webster is always puffing what he calls the "legitimate drama." He does this with so little talent, that we may safely affirm that each puff is a blow.

INSOLVENCY OF THE *Times*.—Great fears have been lately entertained for the solvency of the *Times*. This, however, is not extraordinary, for every one who reads the Irish news in that paper may discover that its accounts have been lately much overdrawn.

Q. When is a resident student at Bartholomew's Hospital not in London?

A. When he's in beering straits.—(*From the Literary Remains of Our Discharged and Insane Contributor.*)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—During the debate on the Army Estimates, the Secretary at War was questioned concerning the custom of the different Colonels acting as so many military Moseses, and supplying the uniforms of their respective regiments. We should say the Colonels did not gain much by this practice, unless they made considerably more out of their regiments than we can out of the explanation of the Hon. F. Maule.

MOSELEY AND TYPHUS FEVER.

DR. WILLIS MOSELEY, the advertiser on nervous diseases, has been summoned as the owner of ten houses, inhabited by poor persons, "who are living in a most filthy state in consequence of their not being provided with proper conveniences." Fever had arisen from the accumulation of filth, and the medical gentleman who examined the premises stated that, owing to their nauseous condition, it was with some difficulty and danger that he did so. We have occasionally heard of a doctor and an undertaker playing into each other's hands, but this is the first instance which we remember of the functions of poisoner and physician being united in the same person. It is unfortunate that Dr. Willis Moseley did not adopt the trade of glazier instead of the profession which he at present practises; he might then have broken windows for the sake of mending them, and would not have enjoyed the opportunity of ruining constitutions which he may be unable to repair.

AN IGNORANT LIBELLER.

"Of such Nightingales' songs beware."

THE SHOWMAN is not the sort of file that is likely to be injured by the bite of a viper; nevertheless, he objects to the attacks of reptiles upon principle, as, even when they have not the power to inflict the scratch which their venom would otherwise cause to rankle, their mere presence is repulsive. Although the impotence of the slimy creature may render the poison innocuous, it continues at the same time to disgust and defile. The SHOWMAN, for these reasons, will turn aside from his course for one instant, to crush the nasty little animal which has been lately spitting at him from the safe hiding-place which it has found in the columns of a contemptible periodical. Let us pull the creature out of its hole, and strangle it.

To drop metaphor: one Nightingale, a bookseller at Liverpool, having (owing to the intelligence of the inhabitants) very little business to transact, has been employing himself in writing letters under the signature of J. H. N., which were intended to put an end to the PUPPET-SHOW, but which merely serve to prove that J. H. N. is ignorant of English grammar, for which we pity him; that he affects an acquaintance with the Latin language, without knowing anything about it, for which we cannot excuse him; and that he is addicted to lying, for which we will expose him. Nightingale must have his wings clipped at once!

Why, then, does Nightingale quote Latin? He must not imagine that because men of education occasionally do so, that it is at all incumbent upon him to follow their example. Did Nightingale never read the fable of the frog and the bull? Again, if Nightingale must imitate his betters—which up to a certain point we admit is laudable—why make use of the very commonest of all common quotations; and, moreover, why quote it wrong? If Nightingale is so ignorant of hexameters (he can look the word out in the dictionary) as to imagine that "*Facilis descensus Est Averni*" (original Nightingale!) can form part of a line, he had better "*revocare gradum*" as soon as possible. Nightingale, trying to be facetious, spells the word "rather" thus, "*ragther*." This is not very witty!

Nightingale, when he went to school (if he ever did, which we scarcely believe), was not taught the use of adverbs; otherwise he would not have babbled about the SHOWMAN "writing funny." He would probably have said "funnily."

Nightingale pretends that although he understands our cuts generally, their meaning is not "obvious to the meanest capacity." This is a contradiction in itself, otherwise how is it that Nightingale can comprehend them? He enforces this absurdity by "take my word for it." Of course we would not take such a man's word for anything.

In another part of his epistle, Nightingale raves about "the sayings uppermost in our minds." However, poor Nightingale cannot be expected to know what the mind is!

Listen again to the voice of the Nightingale: he shall soon sing very small! "These attacks of yours were *supposed* by yourself to be intended to put down low, presumptuous, and blackguard persons." There's a confusion of ideas. We "call a spade, a spade;" but should we not be performing a work of supererogation in describing Nightingale by an obnoxious word of one syllable?

Nightingale, after another false Latin quotation, tells a few falsehoods relative to the sale of the PUPPET-SHOW, talk about prisons like an old *habitué*, and concludes by an allusion to the congenial pot-house.



HYDE PARK OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

PEOPLE are aware that by a process technically known as "chemical combination," certain bodies which, when separate, are most harmless, become, when united, most deadly or most dangerous.

But although this fact is generally known in relation to the physical world, how few have ever thought of its holding good in regard to the moral one! Yet such is

the case. With his usual frankness, the SHOWMAN, however, owns that this had escaped even his penetrating glance, until his attention was drawn to it by the Royal Ranger of Hyde Park. Which shows, among other things, that a man, who is most intelligent on most matters, may be very stupid in one particular thing, and—*vice versa*.

A certain number of Free Watermen had the privilege accorded them, some time ago, of letting out boats upon that large puddle clept the Serpentine.

These ignorant persons had already congratulated themselves on the harvest they were likely to make from the holiday folk who visit the park on a Sunday, when they were informed that they must not think of such a thing, all aquatic amusement on that day being strictly prohibited, as a heinous crime.

The Free Watermen were rather at a loss to understand the grounds of this prohibition, when that Faraday of Morals, the ranger, stepped in to their assistance.

This pioneer of psychological science informed them that he had certainly heard that rowing was allowed upon the Thames on the Sunday—that, in fact, more galleys, wherries, funnies, skiffs, and out-riggers were to be seen pulling about in all directions on that day than on any other; but that this only confirmed him all the more in his determination to allow nothing of the kind on the Serpentine.

That he did this on the principle of chemical combination applied to morals.

That as sulphur, harmless, comparatively speaking, when compounded with treacle, was deadly when combined with saltpetre and one or two other ingredients, so "pulling," which in conjunction with the Thames was merely a popular amusement productive of more or less perspiration, according to the constitution and exertion of the puller, was in conjunction with the waters—he meant the mud—of the Serpentine, a mortal sin, making the eighth in the catalogue of those known more especially as deadly.

As may be easily imagined the astonishment of the Free Watermen was literally "stunning." That they have not been able to refute the learned ranger's arguments is very plain, as the anti-Sunday boating regulations are still in vigour.

How lucky that the park is under the rule of a man of science. Had not this been the case, the noble equestrians who canter along Rotten Row, or their amiable and aristocratic wives and little ones who roll along the opposite bank in their luxurious carriages, would be liable to have their feelings shocked at seeing the sanctity of the Lord's day desecrated by a number of nautical plebeians.

It is true that the horses and equipages of the said noble equestrians, and their aristocratic wives and little ones, occupy a host of grooms, coachmen, stable-boys, and powdered and large-calved flunkies on the day in question; but neither this fact, nor that of the dinners afterwards, employing an equal number of cooks and cookings, can be looked upon as any crime—these are matters which come under a completely different "combination."

SPREAD OF REVOLUTIONARY OPINIONS.—The last result and best proof of the dissemination of dangerous principles among the lower orders was exhibited at the Putney Regatta, when a boatman remarked at nightfall, on seeing a steamer,

"It is the hour, when from the bows
The boaky stoker's voice is heard!"

He was going on to parody *Parisina*, but one of the bystanders gave him in charge of a policeman.

THE CHARTIST COURT CIRCULAR.

His Majesty King Earnest Jones picked oakum yesterday for two hours in the forenoon.

His Majesty subsequently had an interview with his jailor.

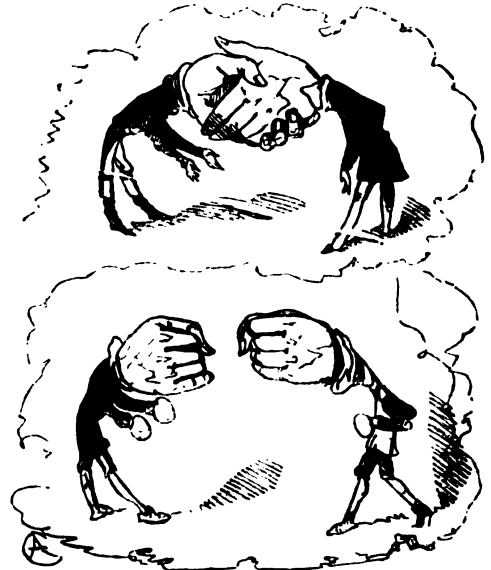
Their Royal Highnesses Fussell and Looney took tread-mill exercise in the afternoon.

His Highness Fussell, at a later period of the day, was invested with the national prison uniform.

We are informed that His Majesty Jones has graciously postponed the revolution for the present.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—A correspondent has written to ask us if we can give him any information as to Mr. Hudson's crest, &c. We cannot, although we have no doubt that the ancestors of the aristocratic plebeian were always accustomed to bare arms.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE RASCALS.—In case of an insurrection breaking out in Ireland before the apprehension of the leading traitors, these will in all probability be sabred. This, however, will be no very great change, for they have been sordid (=worded) during their whole lives.



UNION AND REPEAL.

THE LEADEN KING.—We hear that young Hudson is very desirous of entering the army. His father is at present hesitating whether to make him a stoker or a dragoon; and, in the meanwhile, attempts to console his rebellious offspring, by telling him in the most unfeeling manner that, whether or not he obtains a commission, he will always be "a son of ma's (Mars)!"

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
Half-year, or 26 Numbers . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOWEN.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOWEN, of No. 106 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Viretelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOWEN at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBER 22.

LONDON, AUGUST 12, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

MORE PATRIOTS.—How strange it is, that, although the Irish members now in London are always abusing each other, one never hears of their being "called out," except by Mr. Hemp at the Sheriff's Court!

A COMPARISON.—The quarrelsome Irish rebels are like their diseased potatoes—they won't "agree" with you.

DESPAIR.—We have heard from a person present at the engagement on Boulagh Common, that the reason Smith O'Brien gave for retreating into the Widow Cormack's cabbage-garden, after being, as he terms it, so ruthlessly betrayed by his followers, was that he thought it the only place left in which he was at all likely to find a heart.

PUN BY A GOOSE OF A TAILOR.—Our tailor remarks on the change of dress in the army, that Government is perpetually harassing its soldiers by an attack on their "skirts!"

AN EXPRESSIVE DEFINITION.—After the defeat at Boulagh Common, the Young Irelanders attempted to correspond by bonfires lighted on the neighbouring hills: the troops, however, soon interfered, and put out the said fires. This may not improperly be termed a most *signal* defeat.



WEBSTER, THE GREAT LEGITIMIST.

OUR DISTORTING GLASS. No. VI.

THERE was a time when people looked upon Pythagoras as a clever impostor, and regarded his theory of the transmigration of souls merely as an ingenious fiction. Mr. Webster, however, has done much to stagger people's incredulity. Nothing—but their conviction of the absurdity of such an idea—deters them from believing that the soul of Shakspeare at present animates the body of Mr. Webster. The truth of the matter appears to be, that Mr. Webster has advocated Shakspeare's cause so long that he has at last completely identified himself with him; so much so, indeed, as to be often puzzled to separate his own interests from those of the bard, which accounts for the well known fact of his continually confounding the two. But although Mr. Webster is an uncompromising worshipper of Legitimacy, he entertains no narrow-minded prejudices on the subject—a fact sufficiently

PARLIAMENTARY PANIC.—It is almost impossible to describe the consternation into which the Honourable Members were lately thrown by Mr. Bright's announcement that the mere offering a sandwich or a glass of ale to a hungry elector amounted to a case of bribery and corruption. So frightened indeed were several lest the fact of their having often given dinner-parties, at which some of their constituents, who were also their personal friends, had been present, that they resolved to renounce such a course for the future, and not even to ask them to partake of the simplest dish, lest by so doing they themselves might be dished as well as the viands.

A MAN OF SENSE.—Charles Albert has sent to borrow a train of Artillery from the French Government: a proof that he prefers the *cannon aid* of the French to the cannonade of the Austrians.

RUSSELL'S LAST SONG AT ST. STEPHEN'S.—"There's a good time coming boys"—(*aside*) the end of the Session.

PHILOLOGICAL.—An odd friend of ours has been studying languages for some years with the view of being ultimately enabled to *translate* a Bishop!

proved by his introducing an Ascending Orchestra, the Ethiopian Serenaders, and the Hungarian Singers, to a British public. Some idea of Mr. Webster's enthusiasm for High Art may be formed from his declaration, that he actually seeks the crown of martyrdom in its defence, and that since all foreign competition has been unable to ruin the Haymarket and Adelphi, he has come to a determination to "do up" both theatres himself.

A SELF-EVIDENT PROPOSITION.—Young Martin and his other comrades of the *Garde Mobile* who were decorated for pre-eminently distinguishing themselves in the revolution of June, have been admitted pupils of the military school of *St. Cyr*: in due course of time they will receive commissions in the army. By holding out such a recommendation as this, the Government may be pretty sure of the "*sincere*" co-operation of the gallant *Mobiles*.

SAFE PREDICTIONS.

I.

WHENE'ER you hear a patriot spouting
Of vice assured, of virtue doubting
Worth, talent, honesty denying,
He may be had for timely buying—
His price is self.

II.

Whene'er you see a widow weeping
And still in flagrant notice keeping
Aye talking of her dear departed;
She will not languish broken-hearted—
She'll wed again.

III.

Whene'er a rich man vows to lend you
Well knowing while he would befriend you,
You may be sure, should Fate capricious
Your rich, good friend, grown avaricious,
Will "cut you dead."

IV.

Whene'er a statesman, Whig or Tory,
Of serving country for the glory
Needing no Sovereign to regard him;
And be convinced that to reward him
He wants a place.

V.

Whene'er an author shows you meekly
And says all critics, daily, weekly,
And praise it far beyond its merits—
He ranks himself with choicest spirits,
And bursts with pride.

VI.

Whene'er a critic o'er his duties
Affirms all faults, and speaks of beauties
Hunts for small flaws with keenest pleasure
The man's a donkey; take his measure;
And let him bray.

VII.

Whene'er a woman vows to love you
Makes protestations that would prove you
Swears that no other love shall win her,
Believe her not: the charming sinner
Will break her word.

VIII.

When'er you let a head-ache teach you
That love of drink might well impeach you
When only prompt to hear th' adviser
Trust not the thought that you are wiser—
You'll guzzle still.

IX.

And if this rhymers in his lyric
With voice ill-natured and satiric
Believe him not; he owns her splendour,
And merely struggles to defend her
From false pretence.

CIVIC WIT.—The Lord Mayor facetiously remarked in the case of the "Fire-King," that there was no occasion for his interference, as the crew would in all probability get a blowing-up without it.

A "SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES"—Hanging Meagher and Smith O'Brien.

A COUNTER IRRITANT—An impertinent shop-man.



EMIGRATION.

THAT something must be done to relieve the rapidly increasing distress of this country, is very certain. A great many plans have been proposed; but none seem to the SHOWMAN so desirable as that of emigration under the auspices of Government.

But emigration, like everything else, costs money, and we all know that Government, after paying all its friends and supporters their various pensions and sinecures, has not even sufficient left to cover the expenditure.

Certain hot-headed philanthropists reply that emigration would cost very little—almost next to nothing—if some of our ships of war were used to transport the emigrants. Aye—if they were; but they are not, and never will be.

The supporters of this proposition say that it would be much preferable to employ our men-of-war in this way than to let them lie, and rot, for years together in the harbour at Malta and elsewhere.

These enthusiasts forget that our Jack Tars are as susceptible of tender emotions as any other class of Englishmen, and that on their arrival at a foreign station they lose no time in forming tender connections which it would be cruel in Government to break off. Besides, our officers enter the navy to gain glory by fighting for their country—and ultimately their half-pay—and not to save a parcel of poor starving peasants from death.

But leaving these reasons out of consideration altogether, we must tell these same philanthropists that were they not totally ignorant of naval matters, they would have known at once that their project was ridiculous. Had we sent out all our superfluous men-of-war to Canada or the Cape, where should we have found one to cruise about the Channel for Louis Philippe, or another to bring over Mehemet Ali, or a third to fetch King Leopold, or a fourth to go to Ostende for the Prince of Prussia, or a fifth to wait at Naples, as it has been doing for some time, in order to serve as a sort of warehouse for the royal furniture, or a stable for the royal horses?

As for the example of America sending her ships-of-war to alleviate the misery of a suffering people, we should indeed expect to see Anarchy trampling on our glorious Constitution—and should deserve it should do so, were we to take example by a set of levelling democrats. Thank goodness, we are not so lost to shame as all that!

We must choose between princes and emigrants; our choice cannot be doubtful even for a single moment.



NO SUCH LUCK.

It is expected that the mortality will be very great at St. Stephen's on the breaking out of the cholera, as it is known to be most fatal in corrupt places.

CHURCH PREFERMENTS.

Real turtle to mock, a bishoprick to a deanery, fine linen to sackcloth, and sucking pigs to, sucking proselytes.

TOO BAD.

An ill-natured comic writer, on hearing that Government had presented Mr. A' Beckett with a Commission, observed that it was a Commission of Lunacy!

POLITICAL RUMOUR.

It is said that if Lord John Russell experiences much opposition before the close of the session, he is quite prepared to meet it with resignation.

EPIGRAM ON A "NOBLE" AUTHOR.

When we peruse thy notes on Pepys' book,
We cannot brook thy bray, my Lord Braybrooke!

CHANGES IN THE REBEL ARMY DRESS.

SMITH O'BRIEN—A fool's cap with bells; coat without any "tail;" white feather, and green overalls.

THE ONLY REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

Feargus O'Connor is always prating about the common *weal*, of which he imagines himself to be the centre. What is the centre of a wheel but a *knave*?

THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Smith O'Brien brags that he is a stranger to fear. Nevertheless, we hope very soon to hear of his "apprehension."

'A GOOD REASON.

Every one is wondering why the police carry about a weapon strongly resembling a saw. It is of course to show that they are armed to the teeth.

WHEN TAKEN TO BE WELL SHAKEN.

The newspaper editors seem to have mistaken Smith O'Brien for a dose of medicine: they have been taking him regularly three times a day.

A GOOD GUESS.

The Emperor of Austria refuses to leave Innsbruck under the pretext of ill-health. We believe his only indisposition is one to return to Vienna.

THE TRUE INTERPRETATION.

An Italian newspaper, wishing to defend the conduct of the King of Naples, says, among other things, "His Majesty is always the first in performing a good deed." Right—supposing *performing* to be used in the same sense as *acting*.

SUPERFLUOUS.

It was some time since reported that Smith O'Brien had hidden in the collieries. He might have saved himself the trouble, as Government would in any case have hauled him over the coals.

SELF-VICTIMIZED.

If there be any truth in reports of Dr. Southwood Smith and others, as to the fatal influence of noxious stanches, the Young Irelanders will all perish from the cholera, for they are at present in the very worst odour.



THE SHOWMAN has often wondered at managers' impudence in calling their theatres places of amusement, when, what with bad pieces and bad actors, they ought rather to be entitled places of no amusement at all. Formerly theatres used to be famous for enlivening and cheering-up the spectators, but at present any one who is foolish enough to frequent them is reduced to such a low state that, though he may have been the most merry dog in existence, he soon becomes a helpless hypochondriac: he would as soon think of flying as of cracking a joke; the only thing he is at all likely to crack is his jaw—from excessive yawning.

There is, however, no rule without an exception, and the Surrey Theatre is a new proof of the truth of this assertion. Acting on the proverb, *Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera*, Mr. Kerschner, the spirited lessee, instead of prating about foreign competition, brings out new and interesting pieces, and old and well-known favourites. For some time past Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam have been delighting a Surrey audience, and certainly Mr. Kerschner must be highly gratified at the result. The SHOWMAN advises any person desirous of improving himself in drawing, to apply instantly for instruction to Mr. Buckstone, for if the latter can only draw all other objects as well as he draws houses, he surpasses even Raffaele himself. A natural consequence of this is that the public treat the Surrey as a mother does her spoilt child, and cram it to an extent which is hardly credible. By the way, speaking of children, any one who visits this theatre must have been struck by the number of children—mostly infants in arms—always to be seen there. This is an extraordinary fact which the SHOWMAN purposes investigating at the first opportunity.

Another fact, quite as striking in the present day, is, that Mr. Kerschner gives us Lyceum pieces and Lyceum actors at Surrey prices, and does not imitate the example of Mr. Webster, who takes three shillings for a piece viewed from the pit of the Haymarket, which piece only costs two when beheld from that of the Adelphi.

CONUNDRUM.

Q. Why is a desert like the expenditure of Royalty?

A. Because it is a boundless waste.

POLITICAL EXAMINATIONS.

IN order that the honourable gentlemen of St. Stephen's may perform their duties in a more creditable and statesmanlike manner, the SHOWMAN undertakes for the future to give the junior members instruction in the science of political economy. Were he at present to propound the simplest questions to them, he would most probably receive such answers as the following:—

Q. What do you understand by the balance of trade?

A. The length of time you can stand on your tradesman's books without tumbling.

Q. Define the meaning of the word "capital."

A. Anything good, viz., whitebait, turtle, or a front seat at the Opera.

Q. What are your ideas of "fixed capital"?

A. If I were in a lucrative government situation I should consider myself an excellent definition.

Q. What is labour?

A. Sitting on a railway committee, or listening to the speeches of Chisholm Anstey.

Q. Is man of a progressive nature?

A. Occasionally; but more particularly when involved in debt.

Q. Why so?

A. Because he's off to Boulogne.

Q. Is absenteeism injurious to a country as regards the spending of income?

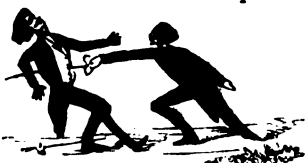
A. Shouldn't wonder! but what's the odds as long as you're happy?

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.

No. II.—VAUXHALL.



THE public gardens of England afford a vast field to the comic writer, from which he may dig up ideas, glean information, and gather all sorts of fruit. A few weeks, since, attracted by the announcement of a masquerade



FAMING HIM THROUGH.

and the prospect of a free admission, we went to Vauxhall in a cab and a state of great excitement, and were so



STRIKING HIM AT FIRST SIGHT.

struck by several peculiarities which presented themselves, that we immediately determined to afford the public an opportunity of taking part in our feelings.

The principal feature in the entertainments at Vauxhall is Juba: as such at least he is put forth—or rather put first—by the proprietors. Out of compliment to Dickens, this extraordinary nigger is called “Boz’s Juba,” in consequence, we believe, of the popular writer having said a good word for him in his *American Notes*: on this principle we could not mention the Industrious Fleas as being clever without having those talented little animals puffed all over London as being under the overwhelming patronage of the *SHOWMAN*. Juba’s talent consists in walking round the stage with an air of satisfaction and with his toes turned in; in jumping backwards in a less graceful manner than we should have conceived possible; and in shaking his thighs like a man afflicted with palsy. He makes a terrible clatter with his feet, not owing so much to activity on his part as to stupidity on the part of his boot-maker, who has furnished him with a pair of clumsy Wellingtons sufficiently large for the feet and legs of all the Ethiopians in London: besides this, he sometimes moves about the stage on his knees, as if he was praying to be endowed with intelligence, and had unlimited credit with his tailor. As a last resource, he falls back on the floor.

The Circus affords plenty of amusement. For our own part, our fondness for this species of entertainment nearly proved fatal to us. We remember very little about



the circumstance, but our artist, who was present, has taken what he calls a faithful representation of the oc-

currence. Nevertheless, we do not believe that he has done us justice as far as the portrait is concerned. During the unlucky catastrophe all we saw was sawdust, and, as it is a sore subject, we propose soaring at once to another.

On recovering our senses, we tossed up with a couple of real friends as to which should go to hear Sharpe’s riddles. Fate was adverse to us, and we lost.

The concert at Vauxhall is like Evans’s without the Welsh-rabbits. Besides Mr. Sharpe’s commandments, there are many enigmas connected with the musical entertainments which it is quite impossible to explain. To begin with, why is there any concert at all, when no one seems to like it? Then, again, why do not the singers clear their throats before they commence singing? or, if their “organs” are naturally husky, why are they allowed to sing at all? However, let us return to Sharpe, who is always amusing and perfectly lively, in spite of the heavy disadvantages, in the shape of his fellow-singers, which he has to labour under.

Mr. Sharpe’s riddles belong principally to the old Joe Miller school, but are occasionally redeemed by something in the PUPPET-SHOW style. The following, which are fair average specimens of the class, were made by a young man who accompanied us home from the gardens. We publish them in consideration of his having paid for the cab:—

Q. What oil ought always to be used in railway lamps?

A. Train oil.

Q. Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return-ticket?

A. To let you pass through.

Q. Why ought Mr. S. Jones to be capable of talking chaff for ever?

A. Because his voice is always husky.

We intend getting up a subscription in order to present Mr. Sharpe with a copy of *Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary*: he will then understand that there is no more reason in speaking of *Hector*, *Agrippa*, and *Cæsar*, as “three Roman generals,” than in describing the late imaginary rebellion in the sister isle as “a French revolution in Ireland,” as we actually heard it called.

Our Discharged Contributor was present during the dancing, and amused himself by tripping-up the danseuses at every opportunity, for the sake of exclaiming “pick up the bits” which, in his state of mind, he considered witty. When again we saw him he was labouring (like a horse—or, rather, an ass) under the influence of champagne. We understood that he was imitating Juba, and he behaved so ridiculously that he may actually be said to have surpassed him. When we addressed him (for, in spite of his conduct, we are still on speaking terms with him), he assured us that if he were not Our Discharged Contributor he would be Juba!

We have very little to say about the fireworks or the ten thousand million additional lamps, as these subjects have been rendered vulgar by the common-place remarks of the illiterate buffoons of the *Punch* office. We may, however, be allowed to borrow a simile—the only thing which we ever do borrow—from Tom Paine and the pyrotechnic display, which will enable us to express our opinion of those estimable young men who are tempted to “stand”



A MARVELLOUS CURE.



Nurse Clarendon—"ALL OF A SUDDEN, SIR, HE BROKE OUT, RASH LIKE, ALL OVER, AND WENT ON IN A SHOCKING MANNER—IT WAS QUITE AWFUL TO HEAR HIM. HE SAID HE'D MURDER ME, AND YOU, AND I DON'T KNOW WHO ELSE; BUT HE'S BEEN MUCH BETTER SINCE I PUT ON THE STRAIT-JACKET, AS YOU TOLD ME."

Doctor Russell—"AH! I KNEW THAT WOULD QUIET HIM."

suppers, and the jokes of their unfeeling friends, by every girl who can dance without stumbling and beg without shame: of these it may be truly said, that they "go up like rockets (to the supper-room), and come down (with the money) like sticks." We cannot condescend to criticise mere eatables, which sometimes cannot be devoured, nor drinkables, which it may be impossible to swallow. We can, however, state as a general rule, that the chickens are tender, and the champagne tolerable. The prices of provisions vary according to the fancy of the waiter and the stand-no-nonsense propensities of the visitor. It is quite certain that the attendants do not consider themselves bound to demand the same sums from the quiet and sober comic writer as from the reckless and dissipated plebeian.

The dancing at Vauxhall is, of course, the principal attraction on a masquerade night, but even on other evenings it is the principal inducement to many of the *habitués*, some few of whom have attained such a proficiency in the art of waltzing as to be capable of performing their gyrations down the middle of Fleet Street, without the smallest likelihood of being grazed by an omnibus wheel, or upset by a mud cart. The orchestra is not quite so good as it might be made by a little attention from the conductor; at present it plays the polkas too slowly, although we must admit that it makes up for this by the too great rapidity with which the waltzes are executed.

Strong excitement generally commences to show itself before the fourteenth quadrille. The first stage is that in which the sufferer attempts to dance the polka to waltz music: when he endeavours to waltz to the air of a polka, his case may be looked upon as a confirmed one. Providence and the original proprietors appear to have planted a number of trees in the middle of the platform on which dancing takes place; these trees would be perfectly bootless, were it not that they serve as finishers to the elevated devotees of Terpsichore, who, after a certain period, fly towards them as the moth does to the candle. The effect can be more pleasantly conceived than experienced.



A BOOTLESS TREE.

The last object we saw in the Gardens—and a miserable object he appeared—was our Discharged Contributor going to sleep, with his head in a punch-bowl, after having quarrelled with the waiter about a penny-farthing, and made a ridiculous and contemptible joke about "splitting a hare," which he had for supper, and was unable to pay for.



THE LAST MAN.

ODIOUS REMARK.—Considering the length of the present session, no Englishman need complain of being kept on "short Commons!"

THE CLASSICAL MANIA AGAIN.

THE SHOWMAN had occasion, of late, to comment on the number of instances in which gentlemen resort to "foreign lines," instead of the native ones which are suited to our language. This investment decidedly injures our native interest. THE SHOWMAN has had forwarded to him a poem in Sapphics and Adonics—obviously imitated from Canning—which he inserts, warning the author, however, that he cannot admit any of the same sort after this.

TO THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Poor King of Munster, whether are you going?
Hid in the grass, or weeping by the hay-cock,
Where are your subjects,—vanquished by their beer, or
By the policemen?

Think you it were not better you had lived still,
Dull, but yet safe, in famous Dublin city?
Better the smoke of threepenny Havannahs
Than of the musket.

Better to sport your figure in the "Phoenix,"
Than fore a "park" of terrible artillery;
Better the balls that roll on a green table,
Than thirty-pounders!

OPERA UPROAR.

M. versus L.

LAST week we did ourselves the pleasure of calling attention to a letter relating to the (mis)management of the box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre, and which showed that a Mr. M. had purchased two tickets for a Thursday; that, on sending for them, it was asserted they were for a Tuesday, the messenger being, at the same time, insulted; and that, on going himself to the theatre, he was told that they were for a Saturday, that he was talking nonsense, that he should have no further information on the subject, and that he might think himself lucky to get his tickets at all. We agree with the impudent man who made the last observation. We should think ourselves "very lucky" if, after paying a dishonest tradesman for certain articles, we could afterwards manage to get half of them supplied: but we are, nevertheless, astounded at the official's unblushing audacity in openly informing Mr. M. of the kind of person with whom he had to deal! Mr. M. subsequently ventured to complain to higher authorities ("high," in this case, meaning "corrupt," as when applied to venison, &c.), and was informed that he had been "only too well treated." What, then, must be the treatment vouchsafed to other persons? Mr. Lumley's man says that the conduct pursued towards Mr. M. is nothing compared to that which other persons receive, just as Lady Mary Wortley Montague exclaimed, upon being informed that her hands were dirty, "Oh, that's nothing; you should only see my feet!"

Since the publication of Mr. M.'s letter, some one, under the signature of L., and who, we believe, is Lumley, has written to the *Times*—not to contradict any one of the facts adduced against the box-office people, either as regards their insolence, their threats, their prevarication, or their fraud—but simply to say that Jenny Lind is very attractive, and that "dukes and ducal *douceurs* compete for favour against dancing masters and drysaltera, although dry of *douceurs*." (Attend to the astoundingly absurd and asinine alliteration!) Mr. Lumley (we think L. stands for Lumley) goes on to state, that "titled heads of families must, if they would retain any reputation in the country, have heard Jenny Lind before leaving town;" and then indulges in some twaddle about "enthusiastic amateurs who come per rail three or four hundred miles to be enwrapped in unrivalled," &c., and (he does not add this) will probably be insulted, bullied, and cheated, and then told that they, in their turns, are very lucky if they get any tickets at all.

It is worthy of note that Lumley's letter (facetiously called a "reply") was not inserted in the *Times* as an "[Advertisement]"!!!

A SAPIENT CRITIC.—A writer in some journal says, that as "ninety-six rehearsals of the *Huguenots* were really required in Paris," therefore "it is a gross insult to the illustrious Meyerbeer to produce this stupendous work (at Covent Garden) with only one." As nothing could excel the manner in which the *Huguenots* was performed at the Royal Italian Opera, we cannot understand the force of the grumbling gentleman's argument. We suppose that the feeling of injustice is akin to that which he must have felt at school when it "really required" ninety-six repetitions to impress upon his memory a fact which another boy would have remembered by means of one.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—After all, the *Poses Plastiques* cannot be very popular in London: for it must be admitted that in every case they are *barely* tolerated.

RATHER WEAK.—An ill-informed correspondent tells us that the first man who "came out strong" was Achilles upon being pulled out of the river Styx.

Q. How would a young man look when asked to carve a goose for the first time?

A. As if he could 'nt help it.

YOUNG ENGLAND AND GRENA GREEN.

MR. SHOWMAN,

"Most epic poets plunge in *medias res*,"

and so shall I—though, like Albert Smith,

"I'm not a poet,
And I know it"

Now I have told you what I am not, I will inform you what I am.

I am, at this present moment, confoundingly savage. I am, besides, in my twenty-third year, in Brighton, and intending to come to town in a few days.

So much for my moral character. Now for the cause of my writing.

Seldom reading any paper save the *PUPPET-SHOW* and *Bell's Life*, it was by mere chance that I saw that some one or other—I don't recollect his name—never do recollect names; it's slow, and reduces man to the level of a commercial directory—that some one or other has introduced a measure into Parliament, which will, among other things, do away with marriages at Gretna Green.

Now, this is what I call coming it rather too strong. I'm not factiously inclined. I was enrolled as a special, and walked without a murmur up and down the streets of the great metropolis as indefatigably as a maid-of-all-work in search of a place. I never attended any meeting against the so-called "gagging bill," nor deprecated the suspension of the *habeas corpus*; but there is a limit to everything, and I therefore say to Ministers, beware, and respect the liberties of the subject—under consideration.

On coming of age, I had ten thousand pounds—ten thousand bright, yellow, little canaries, as I may classically term them; but, being naturally of a kind disposition, I immediately set about giving the poor captives their liberty. How they flew in all directions! In short, I've very few left. This, however, did not make me uneasy. I had still enough to carry me on for fourteen months longer, and then I was to elope with an heiress—a perfect angel—with three thousand a year—who'll be one-and-twenty next October twelvemonth, when suddenly all hopes of procuring myself, by my exertions, an honourable independence are blighted by this nefarious project of prohibiting all marriages at Gretna.

I have spoken to several of my acquaintance who had views similar to my own, and I can assure you there is but one feeling on the matter—a feeling of virtuous indignation and deep-rooted contempt for the man who would thus deprive us of one of our dearest rights. Now, **MR. SHOWMAN**, what I want you to do is to prevent the passing of this nefarious measure, or at all events to prevail on Government to grant some indemnification to those gentlemen who are injured by it. Did I know that elopement would be abolished when I chalked out my plans? Certainly not; and therefore Government is as much bound to indemnify me for the loss I shall sustain, as it was to indemnify the planters for the emancipation of their negroes. At any rate, if Government will give us no indemnification, it could at least suspend the working of the Act until all matches at present agreed on shall have taken place.

In all this, you see, I say nothing of my feelings. I leave them out of the question altogether.

I still hope that I shall never live to see the day when, to parody Goldsmith's famous line—

"The blacksmith's occupation's gone;"

but, if I do, I am very sure I shall take such measures, with other injured individuals like myself, as will make ministers bitterly repent having infringed upon the freedom of Englishmen,
I remain yours ever,

A VICTIM.

I can't enclose my "pasteboard," because, writing this at the reading-rooms where I saw the paper, I have got none about me; but I subjoin my name and address. If ever you like to drop in upon me, I shall be happy to do the civil.



The Social Parliament. Act First.

THIS is an "act" of the member for Cockaigne, intended to show the defective state of society, but showing nothing but the defective state of the author's understanding. There is the same old stuff about Evening Parties, which he had long used up before he became the "Discharged Contributor" of *Punch*. However, though old, in bad taste, and evincing no literary knowledge, it is not without a certain smartness, which will sustain the author's reputation as the *buffo* of the middle classes. The **SHOWMAN**, however, confidently predicts that this "act," like most of its prototypes of St. Stephen's, will eventually be circulated by that class of tradesmen represented by the pleasant-looking individual in the right-hand compartment of "Our Court of Review."

ANSWERING AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

Curious Correspondent. How does a ghost get in at a door?

Ourselves (in disgust). By a skeleton-key, we suppose!

A BARBARIAN.—Mr. Webster has a great antipathy to the performances of foreign singers on the English stage. We wonder whether he has sufficient bad taste to object to the appearance of Anna Thillon.

A SENSIBLE REASON.—One of our contributors has declined sending in any "jokes" (as he calls them) for the present number, because he feels that he is "at his wit's end."

A HINT.—We have had an expedition to the North Pole, an expedition to China, an expedition to Africa; in fact, expeditions are quite the rage. Why will not the judges, together with the authorities at Somerset House and the other public offices, follow the prevailing fashion, and also patronise a little expedition?

THE INVISIBLE STATUE.—Many absurd complaints have been made by ignorant busybodies about the regularity of Trafalgar Square being destroyed by the empty state of one of the pedestals. The **SHOWMAN** begs to inform these human moles, that the pedestal is purposely left in its present condition. At a meeting convened for the purpose of erecting on the pedestal in question a monument in honour of a certain high and mighty individual, the **SHOWMAN**, impressed with feelings of the deepest respect and the most rigid economy, proposed that Nothing should be put upon it, as being the most exact possible representation of the noble and distinguished personage aforesaid. The proposition was carried unanimously, and the likeness has been pronounced by competent judges to be most striking.

FRIGHTFUL ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE SHOWMAN.

SOME demon has had the satisfaction of torturing us for several days, by means of a postage stamp and an awful conundrum, which we subjoin, in order to get its weight off our minds.

Q. Why is Prince Albert incapable of everything?

A. Because he is a *not-able* person.

We have not appended any of the usual marks of admiration to this wicked joke, as we felt the impossibility of giving a sufficient number of them. We think there is only one person living who would have dared to send us the above. The **D. C.** had better beware! "If from the profoundest contempt we should ever rise into anger, he will soon find," &c., &c.

INTERESTED MOTIVES.



Policeman.—"If you'll give me your address, Sir, I'll assist you home."

Old Gent (sarcastically).—"Oh no, thank you, Mr. Blue-bottle; you'd only be disappointed when you get there. I don't keep a cook, Sir, and I finished the cold meat to-day for dinner."

A VULGAR ERROR.—People are in the habit of supposing that the difference between a living and a dumb waiter is that while the former can fetch anything, the latter can fetch nothing. This is a mistake. The other day we ourselves saw a dumb waiter, which was knocked down at a sale, fetch £2 4s. 6d.

REGRET.—A FRAGMENT.

SCENE—*Sir George Spread's dining-room. The ladies have just retired. Sir G. Spread, Captain Holster, and several other gentlemen, are seated round the table at their wine.*

Captain Holster. . . . Now, Spread, my boy, that the aw—aw—women are gone—what on earth did your—what d'ye call him—butler, Napkin, mean by—aw—aw—coming and fetching you out with such a terrified look—as we were going to sit down to dinner?

Sir G. Spread. Why, the fact is—Sir William Prosy—you know Prosy—the Member for Bribebridge?

Captain Holster. Aw—yes—I often dine at his house—he's got a—aw—aw—confounded pretty wife.

Sir G. Spread. He had gone into my study there, before you came in, to refer to some Parliamentary Reports, when, as Napkin informs me, on turning to enter this room he fell down in a fit of apoplexy.

Captain Holster. Horrid! It's lucky the ladies did not guess the reason of your're being called away—because—aw—aw—it would have spoiled their dinners.

Sir G. Spread. I found poor Prosy lying on the floor, bleeding profusely. He was much cut about the temples, having fallen among the champagne bottles which had been temporarily placed there—

Captain Holster. Aw—that accounts—I heard something go on pop—pop—ing at a tremendous rate. I thought it was Napkin making pineapple punch—

Sir G. Spread. I knelt down and tried to raise him; but life was already extinct.

Captain Holster. Aw—aw—poor fellow—aw—aw—it's very shocking. I regret it sincerely, I'm sure; but, aw—aw—upon my honour I do think he might have chosen some other place. Aw—it's a cursed pity he fell among the champagne—

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

While the Police were lately searching for arms in a house in Tipperary, they found a copy of verses, which pleasantly illustrate the kindly feeling prevalent against the "Saxon:" they are entitled—

THE IRISHMAN'S SERENADE TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Songs and ballads, though they be but little things,
Yet do show the temper of the times."

SELDEN.

"I hope that no Irish lady's hand is too delicate for the culinary operation of casting bullets."

MR. MITCHELL.

Take—"Row gently here, my gondolier."

Oh, beauteous are the dames who bless
Fair Erin's favoured isle;
What summer warmth in their caress,
What sunshine in their smile;
How soft and white their lily hands,
Such ne'er were meant for slaves—
So quickly run thy bullets, love,
To slay the Saxon knaves!

At even sweetly trills their voice
In lay of days long past,
When Brian wore the crown of gold—
Alas! too bright to last.
The English hounds have spoiled our land,
Our glory's long since dead—
Then from thy topmost casement cast
Thy Broadwood on their head.

Hydrocyanic acid, love!
Is easy to procure,
On Dublin quay the chemists' shops
Have plenty, I am sure;
Oh, mix it in the Saxons' "dhrink,"
And when their thirst they slake,
'Twill send their howling souls post-haste
To Pluto's burning lake.

DEPLORABLE INSANITY.—We know a gentleman who at the present moment positively believes that perhaps one honest feeling might be found in some of the Irish agitators.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—When a man breaks down, his establishment, by a remarkable coincidence, breaks up.

THE ARMING MOVEMENT.

IN spite of the vigilance of the SHOWMAN, the arming movement continues with great alacrity. One private gentleman was recently seized in Edinburgh, with a double-barrelled Manton and a case of powder in his possession. Large quantities of arms are being constantly sent to the Highlands, where the insurrectionary movement is to begin. The 12th of August is believed to be the day fixed, and a ferocious attack to be begun—on the grouse.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
Half-year, or 26 Numbers . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, and 3, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Viscally Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBER 23.

LONDON, AUGUST 19, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

THE ESTIMATES.

"HONOURABLE MEMBERS" were employed all last week in voting away the public money, so that there was more fun, more idleness, more absurdity, and more sleep in the House than usual. The little amusements on these occasions remind one of the dancing of certain barbarous tribes round the victims they are immolating. Poor John Bull bleeds as fast as Seneca in the warm bath, and Russell smiles, D'Israeli jokes, and Sibthorpe makes the exhibition complete by downright buffoonery. If a sensible member—such as Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Hume—makes a practicable objection to a preposterous increase, up jumps some stupid and enthusiastic gentleman, and taunts him with wishing to diminish the national glory; as if the national glory depended upon expending fifty times more than is necessary for all rational purposes! We have thousands spent in steamers that can't carry guns, and frigates that won't sail, because these large

sums of money were at the disposal of incompetent persons; whereas, if the charges had been rigidly supervised, no such disgraceful blundering could have taken place.

The most curious phenomenon in the debate was not so much the buffoonery, perhaps, as the sleeping in the House, which is now becoming a kind of furnished lodging for indolent senators to pass the night in. While about the estimates, why did not some one propose a sum for beds and blankets, that members might, at all events, sleep comfortably and respectably? There might be tent-beds for hardy young representatives, hammocks for captains in the navy, and even cradles for those gentlemen—and there are more than one—who have reached their second, perhaps their third, childhood.

We admit the strong temptation to sleep caused by the generality of speeches; but let honourable gentlemen be men, and exert themselves. If Virgil's *Palinurus* had had strong coffee, he need not have tumbled overboard in his sleep; and cannot coffee be procured at Bellamy's?

THE RIVAL OPERAS.



SOME one or other once remarked that the Opera was a place where people went to see the music, and hear each other talk. The establishment of a second Operahouse has rendered this remark untrue: at present the audience of the Royal Italian go to hear the Opera, and can see no merit whatever in the *ballet*; while at Her Majesty's Theatre the *habitués* are composed of those who enjoy each other's conversation during the musical performances, and regard the *ballet* alone as a source of actual entertainment. The opera-glass will now be insufficient for our *dilettanti*, and at the Covent Garden establishment must



be replaced by some acoustic invention of a refined and delicate nature, as an instrument of seeing would evidently be a "glass too much" at a place where hearing is the only object. It may be said that our illustration embodies all the criticisms, positive and comparative—they are never very superlative—that were ever written upon the rival Operas.

GREEN (MR.)—It is reported that a well-known aeronaut will endeavour next session to introduce a Bill about something or other into Parliament, in hopes that he will be enabled to obtain the Royal Assent.

OUR GRAND REVIEW.

THE SHOWMAN, emulating the example given at war-like Chatham, recently reviewed his Contributors, on the lawn in front of his villa. The operations began by a charge executed by the Heavy Slashers, who stormed and cut up a dull volume with great effect. The Light Jokers next took the field, and fired off a volley of puns with admirable regularity; after which they marched off, the band playing a popular parody. The great guns, or artillery, then took up a commanding position, and opened fire on a national abuse. Some smart rifle-practice at a stuffed figure, labelled Feargus O'Connor, followed. After the proceedings were over, the SHOWMAN rode on his hobby round the columns, and expressed himself much satisfied with their general appearance and efficiency. The gallant fellows then bivouacked in the garden, and partook of a *déjeuner au fromage et half-and-half*, which had been prepared for them.

"THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL."

I.

WHAT need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it—
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call,—
"Your claims divide—the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!"

II.

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbour.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

III.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus-tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds Plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough,
A step to independence.
Oh, hasten, then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in lands beside,
There's a room enough for all!

IV.

In this fair region, ~~for avenge~~,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we, through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime Australia's clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide—the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.—Seeing that a number of our soldiers are at Kilkenny, we presume that they will soon know all about the "Kilkenny cats," of which so much has been said.

"A FINISHING WRITING MASTER"—A man who teaches you to sign an accommodation bill.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING.—We understand that ministers are endeavouring to arrange a meeting of a totally novel character. In short, there are rumours abroad that great efforts are being made to induce the Revenue to meet the Expenditure. For our part, we believe the meeting will be of a hostile character, as the two parties have never been known to agree.

[Advertisement.]

TO BUTCHERS, CHEESEMONGERS, AND OTHERS.—To be sold, a considerable quantity of waste paper, being old copies of the *Irish Tribune* and *Felon* newspapers, and of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, for which there is no more use.
Apply, stating real name and address, to G. W. F. VILLIERS, The Castle, Dublin.



THE ARMED POLICE.

THERE is a "curious felicity" in blundering about the present Government. They not only do bad things, but do them at the worst moment. They make themselves ridiculous just when everybody is in the humour to laugh.

When most people had arrived at the conclusion that truncheons were dangerous weapons to trust to a brutal and ignorant body—with a natural turn for perjury, too—down come the Whigs and give them swords in addition. They forgot the old proverb about trusting weapons to persons of a certain class of intellect; and now you see the Peelers swaggering at night with all the airs of heavy dragons, doubtlessly doubly imposing in the sight of the servant maids, the only class of the community for whose interests they care one dump.

But this is not all. The swords given them are serrated—or, in plain language, made like saws—that the wounds inflicted may be more dreadful. The instrument used by army sappers for cutting down trees, the model "force" is to have for cutting down Englishmen. The police are to have saws to cut down the British oak.

Perhaps the most amusing thing in the affair is, that the police are armed in this preposterous manner just when the fate of the Irish rebels proves the total superfluity of anything of the sort. Does any sane man imagine that the poor wretches of Chartists are formidable enough to require these tremendous preparations? And who does not see, that arming a civil, as one would a military body is a dangerous innovation—unnatural in its nature, and disgusting by its cruelty? Surely Government must believe that the people are their natural enemies, since they take such precautions against them!

It is quite natural to suppose that the younger members of the body of Peelers—the top-sawyers, as we suppose we must now call them—will feel anxious to try the temper of their metal, and the courage of the populace. We shall have a Don Quixote A 21, or an Amadis de Gaul B 52, sallying out in search of adventures, in Clapham or Camden Town, and proclaiming themselves the recognised champions of cooks in distress, or housemaids in imprisonment.

The spectacle of this armament will in the meantime inflame the indignation of the lower orders—But perhaps Government will hail that, as tending to give them a chance of further intrusion on our political rights!



A SMALL ORDER.

The Conservatives make a great many long and loud speeches about their anxiety to preserve order. The order which they are most desirous of maintaining is, as everybody knows, the exclusive one to which they belong.

VERY ABSURD.

Some ridiculous person says that Albert Smith's wit is refined. We, of course, deny this assertion, although we will at the same time admit that it is *strained*.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

The Irish rebels, finding pikes and scythes useless, determined to try a "mine" against Government, and hid themselves there accordingly.

VERY ILL-NATURED.

Last week some "monster in human form" had the cruelty to affix a paper to the door of the Whittington Club, with these words upon it—"A Goose Club held here."

SELF-EVIDENT.

It has been said that, in spite of their attractions, there is no chance of the juvenile company filling the *Strand* theatre. How can they, being so small?

IMPOSSIBLE.

During the recent debate on an alteration in the Poor Law, some one talked about taking the feeling of the House on the subject. Judging from the very little displayed, we must say that this would be an extremely difficult matter.

QUITE EXPLAINED.

We hear that G. W. M. N. O. P. Q. Reynolds, in order to judge of low life, buys all his provisions at the most vulgar haunts. This does not surprise us; we have long known him to be an author who deals in commonplace.

FRIGHTFUL DESTITUTION.

Feargus O'Connor prides himself upon his self-possession. This is very little property to boast of.

A LAUGHABLE FACT.

The Conservatives affect to despise Mr. H. Berkeley's victory on the subject of vote by ballot, and say they laugh at it:—true; at the wrong side of their mouths.

CRACKING A JOKE.

No wonder that there is a "split" among the rebels, considering that they were always "cracked!"

AN AFFECTING JOKE.

Albert Smith's friends complain that some articles which the *SHOWMAN* has published against him have affected his reputation. We can assure them that his is a reputation which we do not "affect" at all.

AN IMPROVEMENT.

The Conservatives, who accuse the Chartist's of being mean and dirty in all their actions, will be delighted to hear that, according to the last financial report, the admirers of Cuffey are "cleaned out" at last.

UNJUST ACCUSATION.

Feargus O'Connor has often been accused of a great want of honesty. This, however, is unjust, for how can he want that for which he has no use?

THE "CANCAN" IN HIGH LIFE.

ONE of our contemporaries talks a world of nonsense about a *pas de caractère*, that is, a *pas* of a very bad character, danced at the St. James's Theatre by M. Lévassor and Mlle. Durand. This dance, which our friend describes as "nothing more nor less than the fashionable (!) *cancan*," was introduced after several others, and is said to have "obtained the palm;" and, in fact, it obtained both palms, for the audience applauded it in the most noisy manner. Such an exhibition would not be tolerated for an instant at the Casino or the plebeian Cremorne, and would most certainly involve the exit of the bold executant with great haste and a tall policeman. But they order these things better at the French Theatre, where the dancers are allowed the fullest liberty of action (some persons would call it license). The aristocratic audience are, moreover, positively delighted whenever one of the *artistes* attains any sort of perfection in his indecency, and their gratification is partaken of and re-echoed by the equivocal portion of the press. Witness the rapture of the obscene journal from which we quote, and which states, that "no one can equal M. Lévassor in such exhibitions; he was enthusiastically applauded and encored!" We admire, though we cannot respect, the appreciation which the writer evinces for what he calls the "fashionable *cancan*;" at the same time, would it not be better for him not to acquaint the public with his depraved tastes, but rather to indulge them quietly in the obscurity for which he is so well fitted? By all means let him enjoy, in a select social circle, that dance which he designates as "fashionable," but which, although fashionable amongst the persons with whom he associates, and in the haunts which he frequents, has not yet been introduced into decent life. If, however, he has lost respectability by his low tastes and habits, can he not, at all events as a writer for the press, endeavour to keep up the semblance of it? With regard to Mr. Mitchell, admirable manager as he is, we think he may find the introduction of this *pas* to be a step in the wrong direction.

A SHAKSPERIAN INCIDENT.

Her "bustle" dropping, quoth Ophelia fair,
"Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!"

A FINE ANTIQUE.—An opinion has hitherto prevailed that Old Parr was the oldest man that ever lived since the days of the patriarchs. This is, however, passionately contested by the immortal Widdicombe, who declares that he is much older, being able to remember the days when Mother Earth was only a little girl, and Father Time a chubby urchin in a short jacket and pinafore.

A BACK SETTLEMENT—Paying arrears.

CAUTION TO OBSTINATE PEOPLE.—It is folly to refuse to defer to any one on the ground that procrastination is a sin, and that you ought never to "defer to tomorrow," etc.

DONKEYS AND DRIVERS.

By a curious coincidence, just as the shooting season is beginning, the London and North Western Company are taking measures which are likely to result in a considerable number of passengers being bagged. They have been quarrelling with their drivers, sacking some of the best and, as it would appear, appointing drunken ones in their room, or rather in their engines. A beggar on horseback the proverb says, will ride to the devil; and if this be so we think a drunken beggar on an engine is likely to get there rather before him. We cannot fancy anything more exciting to a man of fast habits, than going out on the loose in engine 991, and it is doubtless capital fun to drink half-and-half with a stoker at 70 miles an hour but whether the same view is likely to be taken by a respectable company of persons in the train, momentarily expecting to be turned "inside out," is at least doubtful.

The dispute arose from an apprehension on the part of the drivers that their salary was to be reduced, by a pitiful act of economy which would save a few pounds at the expense of the public safety. For our part, we consider Railway Directors, as a general rule, capable of any thing. We hope that the public voice will frighten these harpies away from their gold, and leave it for just an liberal distribution.

THE FUNNIOLOGY OF THE THAMES.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE EXCURSION BOATS.



THE pleasant summer days have come, and the sun shines hot on London streets, then the excursionists start into lively being, and dead wall and hoarding are eloquent with their placards.

NOTICE.

EXCURSION TO GRAVESEND AND THE NORE,

SAILING ROUND HER MAJESTY'S FLEET AT SHEERNESS.

The announcement being embellished by a striking portrait of a steamer—supposed to be the excursion boat—under all sail and steam; the marine view in question presenting the phenomenon of the canvas blowing in one direction, while the smoke from the funnel is proceeding another. Such placards as this everywhere tempt the smoke-dried artizan into a day's fresh air and pleasure. Sometimes excursions are got up for the benefit of wonderfully civil captains, and stewards favourably known for their attentions to voyagers during the perils of water passages to Gravesend and the Nore. The principal excursions of the season, however, are generally got up by benefit clubs and social philanthropic societies. Now, a steamer is hired by the "Convivial Company of Happy Hedgehogs;" again, the select society of the "Social Villagers"—the villagers in question being probably the inhabitants of grimy alleys and back lanes, and shabby little bricken streets in the suburbs—are the voyagers who set out from London Bridge intent upon a sniff of sea water. The teetotallers have doleful excursions under the patronage of eminent dissenting ministers, whom nobody ever heard of; and philanthropic associations for providing spectacles and cotton umbrellas for the aged heathen get up mild voyages to Herne Bay and back. Occasionally you see steamers proceeding down the river laden with whole charity schools—the boys, with their muffin caps and leathers, ranged in a line from stem to stern on the starboard side of the boat; the girls, with their little white skull-caps and grey cloaks and black stockings, occupying a similarly extended position to larboard. The beadle, who appears newly painted and gilded for the occasion, is resplendent on the quarter-deck, and the two or three heavy men, dressed in black, with dangling watch chains and softly folded white neckerchiefs, dusty with snuff, are the leading respectable inhabitants of the district, who pat the good boys on the head, and make thundering speeches to the children when they have a scholastic blow-out of rolls, weak tea, and water-cresses.

More jolly are the excursions of "Little Old Hoxton Provident Coal-scuttle Manufacturers," or the "United Lodge of Brotherly Small-tooth Comb Cutters," or the "Honourable Order of Children in the Wood"—all of whom make an annual voyage to Herne Bay and back, staying there two hours; that is to say, about long enough to walk from the sea to the land end of the pier and back again. The steamer which conveys these social excursionists leaves London Bridge a perfect flutter of colours, and the "first-rate quadrille band," stationed on the forecastle, "interpret," as the musical critics say, a polka with singularly drummy energy. Sweeping adown the winding reaches of the stream, the gallant young Coal-scuttle Manufacturers, Small-tooth Comb Cutters, and Children in the Wood, point out to the females of their species the lions of the river, and, aided by the penny steam-boat guide, inform them in what year before the Christian era the first stone of the East India Docks was laid by Julius Cæsar. Meantime, the elderly gents of the professions in question swig away at bottled stout, and their ladies produce ham sandwiches from their reticules, and oranges and apples, of a high temperature, from their pockets. The

stewards of the excursion, each embellished with a bunch of blue ribbons at their button-holes, are in the meantime



privately closeted in the stewards' pantry, counting tickets and plunging into elaborate calculations, the which are not forwarded by copious draughts of cold brandy-and-water. Perhaps a stiffish easterly breeze is blowing, and accordingly, as the river beyond the Nore begins to widen out into the blue sea, the boat begins to dance gaily to every ridge of foam-crowned water which comes tumbling onwards, and great is the tribulation and dismay thereby spread amongst the excursionists. No fewer than ninety-seven young ladies, who have been expecting to be sea-sick every ten minutes since they left London Bridge, are taken poorly in rapid succession. Three stewards, with pale countenances, curse the infatuation of their brethren which overruled their (the stewards') proposition for—instead of the Herne Bay trip—a dinner at Highbury Barn; and nineteen gallant young Coal-scuttle Manufacturers, Small-tooth Comb Makers, or Children in the Wood, who have stated to as many ladies that, although they were rather in the habit of spending their time on the ocean, they never could make out what sea-sickness meant, are committed to the care of the steward in a lamentable and awe-inspiring condition. The captain is besieged by a bevy of elderly ladies, entreating to be informed "when we shall get there." A good many secretly calculate whether they have money enough to return home by land; while the band, which has gradually fallen off one by one, as the sea gets rougher, finds itself at length reduced to a squeamish piccolo and a trombone very pallid about the gills. But the wind probably falls with the tide—the sea goes down with both of them. The land air at Herne Bay has done wonders, and, during the first part of the return voyage at least, everybody are as merry as kittens: the band playing polkas as before—the young gents and gentesses dancing to the enlivening strains—the old gents and gentesses very cosey over their gin-and-water; a state of things which generally lasts up to a little above Gravesend, when, so far as our observation has ever gone, all excursionists may be divided into two categories—those who are tired and sulky, and those who are, strictly and mathematically speaking, not sober.

However, take it all in all, the excursion has gone off not so badly; and let us hope that it has had beneficial effects, as connected with the common purses of the social and philanthropic societies with whose names we have taken so much liberty.





WILL O' THE WISP AND THE KING OF MUNSTER.

Gazette Extraordinary!

[A PARAGRAPH, which first appeared, we believe, in the *John Bull*, has been going the round of the newspapers, stating that a new journal, devoted chiefly to continental politics, is about to be issued under the auspices of editors no less illustrious and abominable than M. Guizot and Prince Metternich, respectively. It is called *La Comète Politique, Gazette des Légitimes*.

By good fortune and the aid of a quick-witted friend, we are in possession of a copy of the first number, which is at present very privately circulated among English ministers and foreigners of distinction. It is written in French, and occasionally in German. The following is a *verbatim* translation.]

LA COMÈTE POLITIQUE, GAZETTE DES LÉGITIMES.

OUR PRINCIPLES.

BELIEVING, as we do, that the noble institution of aristocracies, and the higher orders in general, is not an artificial distinction, but one intended by Imperial Nature as the best means of carrying on her serene government, we have stepped forward, boldly pointing the toe, at this important crisis of the world's affairs, to demonstrate that it is only by natural men like us that the common people of great countries can be saved from impending destruction. Though we profess ourselves to be in a state of nature, we do not intend to say that we are denuded or deficient (albeit our recent losses in clothes and money are extremely heavy), but that we are in the highest state of nature which civilization can possibly produce, and therefore, best prepared to stand at the helm of civilized communities in danger of shipwreck. We say this openly, sternly, and quite *gratuitously*; but, if we fully carry out our designs, we shall naturally hope to make a little something.

France.

The affairs of this unfortunate country continue in just that precarious condition which must be expected from the temporary downfall of the old established system of monarchy, and of the directing counsels of a great minister. One set of revolutionary quacks—having no legitimate quack-diploma—has succeeded, and must continue to succeed another at the national table, varied with hot side-dishes of barricade-fights and *entre-mêlés* of military dictatorships, to the unceasing surprise of everybody except the conductors of *La Comète Politique*. There will not be—there cannot be—any permanent peace in this impetuous country, till some representative of legitimate royalty be restored, and a certain person be “sent for.”

Italy.

FERRARA.—The advance of 25,000 Piedmontese under General Bava, added to the touch-and-go position of the Austrian army at that time, was quite a sufficient excuse for the precipitate retreat of the Austrian general, Prince Lichten-swine, even though he left behind him all his soldiers' baggage, half their arms, all his officers' effects, all the ammunition-stores, and one of his own chased gold snuff-brush forks.

VERONA.—The patriot-sycophant king, Charles Albert, in his recent defeat by the Austrians on the heights overlooking Verona and the plain of Villa Franca, took flight to meet a fresh plucking of his borrowed hero-plumes at Goito, and thence across the river Oglio. He announced his intention of retreating to Cremona—not on a recruiting party, but in order to recruit his spirits at a small “evening party” by a tune on one of the finest violins in the town.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—The brilliant preparations of the King of Naples for the invasion of Sicily has caused all hearts to beat, every mind to be in a fever, every hand to be in the pocket, and every eye to be wide awake. The tax levied for the purpose, though it fall rather heavily on the king's devoted subjects, ought never to be resisted in the disgraceful way we are obliged to hear of, since it is required by a prince to whom an excellent English poet, named Shakspeare, has lately written an ode, we are informed, beginning with “Thou art the best of cut-throats!”

COLONEL SIBTHORPE AND LINCOLN.—Colonel Sibthorpe says, that Lincoln—so celebrated for its liberality—has ever been ready to “stand” anything reasonable, but that Parliament was pushing matters a little too far when it ordered the town “to stand part of the schedule of the Corrupt Practices Bill.”

Prussia.

The King of Prussia seems really to have consented to be styled “King of the *Prussians*”—as if the people were everything, and the King (who is the Land-lord by divine right) nothing! When and where will all this madness stop?

Austria.

VIENNA.—Count Doublehoof having communicated to the Diet the intelligence of the recent successes of General Radetzki over King Charles Albert, and explained that the prospect of leaving the bones of the Austrian army to whiten the fields of Italy, was now changed to the probability of the whitening and fertilizing process being effected by bones indigenous to the land, a vote of outrageous thanks to the General was instantly passed. A golden pipe-bowl is being made as a present for him, with a figure in relief upon it, of the Emperor of Austria, standing on his heel, and crying “Cui bono?” or “Buy bones, O!”

PRESBURG.—Only one thing can equal *crimen lesi magistratûs*, and that is, the crime of caricaturing ministers. The figure of a certain princely diplomatist has lately been represented on the walls of Presburg, in the act of running away with a budget under his arm, and exclaiming, “*Jede Constitution erfordert Bewegung* (every constitution requires motion). A day may yet come when that same personage will not only run back himself, but make others run backwards.

Spain.

M. le Duc de Sotomayor, minister of foreign affairs, has begged the Council to obtain his release from this post, his left leg (which he showed to the Council) being even larger than his post—and far more tender—from the gout. He was appointed Spanish Ambassador in Paris, instead. Whereupon his had leg instantly came to its proper size, the gouty part (or padding) flying away, as we see things in a pantomime.

Great Britain.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

The Lords and Squires of either House—
Anxious—excited—full of nous—
Speak not their thoughts—on shooting grouse.

DUBLIN.—The King of Munster, who led the rear of the rebellion in Ireland, is now a prisoner in Dublin Castle. He will, no doubt, lose his crown; but the English are a merciful people, so that it is not likely they will shed his whisky.

A CHRONICLE.

Lord Hardinge, who conquered the Sikhs,
Is sent over bog-lands and dykes,
To conquer the threats of the Poles.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. The Duke of Iron-conc is greatly thanked. His advice shall be attended to.

Cantab.—Prince Metternich is a Doctor of the University of Oxford. The degree was presented on the close of the philanthropic treaty of the Quadruple Alliance.

The “ “ Club must pay us in advance.

Lord Palm “ “ alarm is thanked, but we cannot yet get enough steam up to enable our machine to execute so large an order.

Mother Place.—Yes; shadow-know we're out. We also know it too well.

Soft Soap and Palm-Oil.—Many thanks; but we have enough to go on with, at present.

London: Printed and published (for Private Subscribers only) at *La Comète Politique Office*, Fato Square, Pimlico, for the Proprietors, Prince Clement Scaldhart Wolman Metternich, and Peter Simon Snuffout Greese-o, of Brompton Square.

THE SNARLING PHILANTHROPISTS.—The *People's Journal* and *Howitt's* ditto, having quarrelled in the moment of prosperity, have become reconciled to each other in the day of failure and disgrace. Let them not, however, suppose that in their case two negatives can make an affirmative, or such a union constitute strength.

A SMALL DONATION.—A mannikin company, exclusively composed of children, has just made its appearance at the Strand Theatre—that dramatic refuge for the destitute. We know that the drama has received no great support lately; but it would seem now that its supporters are to be less than ever—for if a man is known by the company he keeps, the manager of this establishment must have been very “short” indeed when he entered into such a speculation.

A MATTER OF OPINION.—We cannot agree with a “Constant Reader” in believing that Mr. Anstey must, in private life, have a taste for being imposed on, simply because in Parliament he continually “prefers the most extravagant charges.”

THE REBEL UNIFORM.—Now that Government have caught it—we mean the green goose—nothing remains but to give it a good dressing.

COMPLIMENT TO A GREAT MAN.—We believe it was Alderman Lawrence who said of Roger Bacon, that he was unquestionably the original “learned pig.”

SMITHFIELD AND TREASON.

MR. SHOWMAN.—At a time like the present, when every man of the least sense must see the desperate condition into which revolutionary doctrines have plunged almost every country in Europe, I should have thought that Englishmen would have clung more fondly than ever to the venerable institutions of their country.

Such, I am sorry to say, is not the case. A most rabid attack has again been made upon Smithfield!

Let Ministers beware. A feather thrown up in the air shows which way the wind blows. Treason is not confined to Ireland alone.

People are horrified when they hear the name of M. Proudhon mentioned; but let me tell you that M. Proudhon is not half so bad as those advocates of so-called liberal principles who cry out for the abolition of Smithfield.

M. Proudhon, at least, accords capitalists and others three hundred years ere he would do away with property; but the Smithfield abolitionists would not even allow a twelvemonth before proceeding to their act of spoliation.

Let us see on what these abolitionists ground their recent outcry. It appears that a few days since an infuriated ogre gored a gentleman in one of the streets near Lincoln's Inn. What does that prove? Anything unfavourable to the practice of driving cattle through the streets? Quite the reverse. A case of this kind now and then has a beneficial effect, showing, by its unfrequent occurrence, how well the cattle are generally driven, and making the Londoners appreciate, more than they otherwise would be able to do, the skill and dexterity of the drovers.

Supposing, however, that men entertain so little respect for the sacred rights of property, have they no reverence for the memory of their fathers?

In Smithfield did their fathers, and their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers buy and sell before them; and any attempt to do away with Smithfield is a direct insult to their memory, and ought to be put down with as much contempt as was formerly the project to transfer the seat of government from Rome to Veise.

If people are afraid of cattle, let them stay at home on market-days; or, as Sir G. Grey has already commenced putting the police on a different footing than formerly, let him extend his improvements, and mount a few of the most praiseworthy, furnishing them at the same time with the *lasso*, or noose, by which buffaloes and wild horses are snared in the plains of the New World. By this means we should have a most effective body of men, who would always be ready to secure any poor animal which might happen to run a little wild. This new force might also be advantageously employed in singling out and catching the ringleaders in any public disturbance.

Having thus given an impartial view of the matter, I shall conclude by again warning Ministers to consider ere they permit one of the most venerable institutions in our country to be attacked with impunity. In Ireland they have acted well. Let them pursue the same course, and take against the detractors of Smithfield similar measures to those adopted against the rebels of the *United Irishman* and *Felon*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
A SMITHFIELD PROPRIETOR.

THE SHOWMAN AND FRIEND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

SCENE—*The Showman's Study. Table spread as usual.*

SHOWMAN. I'm sick at once of politics and laws,
Of Russell speaking—Kelly picking flaws;
D'Israeli's darts fall feebl'er every shot;
Prout's gone to Cork, and Feargus gone to pot.
In Tamworth's shades slow wanders mighty Peel.
You've taught me letters—teach me now to feel.
Like the old monarch of the eastern nation,
Nothing that's new will do, but a sensation.

FRIEND. The King of Munster.

SHOWMAN. What! bestow a line,
Except a hemp one, on him? throw to swine
The pearls of wit, or waste upon a hind
Shafts that by heaven were for kings designed?
I would not stoop to pity or to hate
A coward's failure or a rebel's fate,
A wretch who crawled, like serpents, on the ground,
When in their blood his comrades fell around—
Who thought a brave man's life just worth a pound!

FRIEND. What, then, of letters?

SHOWMAN. Shall I waste my time
On Ainsworth's twaddle or on Patmore's rhyme?
Such writing donkeys gallop by the mile,
But nothing ever greets us from Carlyle,
While Cockney scribblers scribble on and feed,
Daring to write although they never read.

FRIEND. The scene is painful, draw the curtain down;
Give port to me, and pity to the town.

THE POLITIC ECONOMISTS.—Certain members, whose notions of political economy consist in not treating their voters during the period of an election, wish in the shabbiest possible manner to make an instance of ordinary liberality a crime—one, by-the-by, of which they are not very likely to be guilty. These gentlemen profess to “stand upon integrity,” and this expression is certainly very applicable to those who do not mind trampling honesty under foot.

A MIS-STATEMENT.—Immediately after the alteration in the Corn Laws, the Protectionists began prating about “this unhappy country.” We really do not think that their native land is in such misery as they affect to believe, although we are aware that since the success of the Anti-Corn-Law League the Protectionists have been living in a wretched state.

GLORIOUS NEWS.—We lately understood that our ignorant rulers were beginning to show some signs of improvement, as they have been gaining a great deal of information. This at first sight looked well, but on inquiry we found the boasted information was all derived from Government spies.

LEGERDEMAIN.—A “subscriber,” who states that he lives in very good circumstances and Regent Street, writes to us in a very indignant strain, to complain that the celebrated M. Houdin, the conjuror—with whom our correspondent states he was on very intimate terms up to last Monday—refused to shake hands with him in the presence of a large company. We never interfere in private affairs, and shall therefore summarily dismiss the matter, merely observing that we see nothing extraordinary in the fact of Mr. Houdin's practising a little *slight*-of-hand.

HOPELESS INFATUATION.—An unfortunate friend of ours wrote some time since to ask our opinion of a certain hair-dye, warranted to change even the most outrageous red (our friend's colour) into a beautiful auburn or a raven black. Knowing that the liquid in question had also—and that not unfrequently—a tendency to produce a sky-blue, we advised our correspondent to have nothing to do with it. After having obtained our advice, he immediately determined on not following it; he declared that any state of things was better than the present one, and therefore, in the words of Richard III., he had made up his mind to “stand the hazard of the dye.”

A RAILWAY "SLEEPER."



Old Gentleman. "HOLLOA, THERE, GUARD!—GUARD! HOW FAR ARE WE FROM COVENTRY?"
Guard. "THIRTY MILES, SIR: WE PASSED IT AN HOUR AGO."

THE "HUE AND CRY."

We have recently been much grieved to see the unfeeling minuteness with which Government have been describing the rebels in Ireland in the *Hue and Cry*. If a gentleman who is fond of a "turn-up" happens, characteristically, to have one in his nose, surely there is no reason for describing that nose as "cocked," when the expression "very *retroussé*," would have effectually answered the object! Might not they also state that a rebel had an unfortunate eruption on his face, instead of registering "small-pox" in his description? Condemn a man's principles if you like, but spare his pimples; seize his weapons, but be merciful to his mug! Besides, this comes with a very bad grace from a Government whose members certainly have no personal attractions to boast of, as the following description which we have drawn up will show. It was a task of considerable difficulty, as all the Ministry are "more easily imagined than described."

"JOHN RUSSELL.—Occupation, an unfortunate Premier; age, about forty-five (?); height, four feet, two inches; dark; black wiry hair; death's-head expression; small whiskers; not very well dressed.

"GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK HOWARD, *alias* MORPETH.—Occupation, a cleaner-out of dirty cities (except London); height, five feet ten inches; a vacant expression of countenance; thick lips; gooseberry eyes; wears a yellow coat, red waistcoat, and pink and white trousers."

We intended to follow this up with the remaining members of Her Majesty's Government, but really the task was so disheartening that we were compelled to abandon it.

TREASONABLE COMMUNICATION.—We have received a communication, commencing—"What is the difference between Her Majesty and Prince Albert?" We beg to inform the unprincipled writer of this effusion, who does not fear to intrude in so disgusting a manner on the privacy of the royal *ménage*, that there is not, nor ever has been, any difference between Her Majesty and her illustrious Consort; on the contrary, their union has always been famous for the absence of anything of the kind.

THE LAY OF THE CAPTIVE.

In his dungeon sits O'Brien, all dishevelled is his hair,
 Long his beard, and long the time, too, since a razor
 has been there.

Suddenly upon its hinges slowly turns the door, and see
 'Tis his jailor, who has brought him in, as usual, his tea.

"Jailor," says O'Brien, "listen while my sorrows I
 unfold;
 Thou art faithful—trusty—art thou also proof against
 my gold?"

"Yes, I am," replied the jailor, in a manner short and
 terse,
 Knowing at the time he did so empty was O'Brien's
 purse.

"Very well," returns O'Brien, "much I joy that thou art
 true,
 Though that with the present subject has not got the
 least to do.

I'd not fly—by me your tortures, racks, and thumb-screws
 are defied,
 Seeing that I know for certain they will never be applied.

But there's one thing which alarms me, and weighs down
 my heart with care—

'Tis I may be used to puff off Rowland's oil for the hair:

That some paragraph beginning—"Capture of the
 Rebel Chief,

And describing my appearance, worn by fatigue and grief,

Suddenly should end with—"but his visage, spite of
 this, we're sure,

Would have still retained its freshness, had he used our
 Kalydor.

And his hair, which hung disordered, from anxiety and
 toil,

Certainly would not have done so, had he patronised
 our Oil."

This, O jailor, is the sorrow which pursues me night and
 day:

That Young Ireland's insurrection's doomed to finish in
 this way—

That I should have staked existence—had Detectives on
 my trace—

Only to behold my name used an advertisement to
 grace."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER is informed that Mr. Albert Smith is the Member for
 Cockaigne mentioned in "Our Court of Review" of last week.

A letter for *Delta* is left at the Office.

In the waste-paper basket—Hood the Younger, Tag-mutton,
 W. H. T., Munster, &c., &c., &c.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsmen. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 13 Numbers . . . 2s. 6d.
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The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVER.

An Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW is also published in Monthly Parts, and the same may be obtained by order of every Bookseller in the Kingdom. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4, each consisting of Five Numbers, stitched in an Ornamental Wrapper, are now ready, price Sixpence each.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVER, of No. 106 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Vintners Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVER at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBER 24.

LONDON, AUGUST 26, 1848.

ONE PENNY.

PAT IN A FIX.



"I'M TO GO WID YOU, AM I? FAITH AND YOU SEE NOTHIN' SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING ABOUT ME, SURE!"

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.—A contemporary, speaking of Mr. J. Martin's trial, observes, that on the announcement of the verdict considerable sensation was manifested by the spectators, but that the prisoner "remained unmoved." How can that be, when he was immediately conveyed from the dock?

NAUTICAL.—The *Times*, in speaking of the Chartists, calls upon society to "put down such knots of ruffians." We were glad to see that the police had been arresting them on Wednesday last, at the rate of half-a-dozen knots an hour.

CONSISTENT.—Such is Mr. Spooner's horror of Roman Catholicism, that he can never be prevailed upon to partake of a leg of mutton because it contains a *Pope's eye*.

THE DEVIL AND THE POTATOES.

AN IRISH BALLAD.

AIR—"The Deil came fiddlin' through the town."

I.

THE Irish soil swarmed thick with toads
And reptiles holding revel,
But good St. Patrick drove them out,
And sore surprised the Devil.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "St. Patrick dear,
You think you're wondrous clever;
But I'll send you plagues far worse than these,
And bother you for ever."

II.

The ripe grain grew in Irish fields
As thus they held their parley—
Each plain and river-bank was fair
With corn, and rye, and barley;
St. Patrick thought no harm could come
To land thus favoured highly,
But the Devil knew more tricks than he,
And took his measures slyly.

III.

He taught the people to distil
The corn to burning liquor;
It fired their eyes—it baked their brains—
It made their blood run thicker.
"Ha! ha!" said he, "St. Patrick dear,
You've cleared the land of vermin;
But if my plague's not worse than yours,
I leave you to determine."

IV.

St. Patrick wept for very shame
To see that frantic nation;
They drank, they swore, they fought, they slew,
For fun or desperation;
Their vices ripened into crimes—
The Devil laughed at *that* trick,
And clapped his hands in furious joy,
And sniggered at St. Patrick.

V.

At last the Saint plucked up his heart,
And sought a man to aid him,
Found Father Matthew in his church,
And laboured to persuade him:—
"Go forth," said he, "o'er all the land—
We'll catch the devil winking—
And teach the people, for my sake,
The wickedness of drinking."

VI.

The Father did as he was bid—
His mission prospered rarely,
And all the world confessed with joy
He beat the devil fairly.
But Satan laughed, and laughed outright—
"No doubt you're mighty clever,
But, faith, I know a better trick
To give you work for ever.

VII.

"I've failed," thought he, "in way of drink,
The game's not worth repeating—
The next shall be a surer move;
I'll curse them in their eating.
To make a nation bold and strong,
Industrious, nothing fearing,
The best of food is corn and beef—
I'll banish them from Erin.

VIII.

"For food to please the idle taste—
For lazy loons to feed on—
To keep existence warm enough
For slattern wives to breed on—
To fill the land with pitiless swarms
At most prolific rate, oh—
I want no aid of beef or corn—
I'll do with the Potato."

IX.

He thought: he did: the evil spread,
The root found favour daily;
Where corn grew ripe, where mutton fed,
Its green stalks flourished gaily.
The peasant led a lazy life,
And each man with his neighbour
Went fighting feuds, and smoking pipes,
And hating sturdy labour.

X.

The Devil laughed, as well he might,
To know his plot succeeding,
And poor St. Patrick wept and groaned,
And struck his bosom bleeding.
Let's hope he'll find the means ere long
To teach all Macs and great O's,
To cheat the Devil once for all,
And do without Potatoes.

CONUNDRUM FOR THE CHARTISTS.

Q. Why is a low Chartist in a low tavern unlike (for this time only) a goose?

A. Because he never gets *trussed*.

A FAST MAN—Smith O'Brien in prison.

A GOOD PHYSIOGNOMIST.—The *Times* correspondent (evidently a facial magician) announces that Mr. Donoghue's face exhibits "large puckered seams and harsh lines." This is not unlikely, as he has seemed in a pucker for some time, and the lines he has written have been harsh enough.

PROPHETIC.—The reason why Lord John Russell is a Finality man arises from a conviction that his political career will soon reach its end.

A GREAT DESIDERATUM.—A new method of silvering glass has lately been discovered, by which means the reflection is rendered more correct. The fluid is so subtle that the papers announce it will penetrate anything. If it would but penetrate the minds of King Hudson or Colonel Sibthorpe, that great desideratum of the poet—

"Would that the gods some gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us"—

might probably be achieved.

BRAYO, BALZAC!—One of our *collaborateurs* (M. de Balzac) says, that although the Chartists afford plenty of opportunities for satire, they are, after all, *de très mauvais sujets*.

[Advertisement.]

CHALLENGE.—As Young D'Israeli, otherwise known as the Buckinghamshire Pet, has been coming it rather strong regarding the set-to he lately had with Palmerston, *alias* the Parliamentary Dodger, he is hereby informed that the latter is still willing to make a match with him for any sum from £10 up to £500. Man and Money ready any time between this and the end of the present session, at Johnny Russell's, of the Queen's Arms, Downing Street.



DUCAL INSOLVENCY.

The "Snobs of England" have been thrown, during the last week, into a state of profound and very stupid melancholy. The Duke of Buckingham—a real live Duke, with strawberry leaves, ignorance, and contempt for the people, complete—has actually been sold up for the benefit of his creditors! What next? If once this vulgar habit of considering mere honest tradesmen's claims spreads among the aristocracy, there must obviously be an end of the constitution. We shall be beaten by the French, and the British Lion may retire to Wombwell's.

But seriously, how strange it is, that the man who owes a million meets with more sympathy than the debtor of a hundred! Ten thousand Smiths, quite as honest and intelligent as this Duke, have withered into pauperism unregretted; but he must be wept over. Tomkins's piano goes to the broker amidst the derision of the neighbours; but Grenville's candelabra are considered as sacred as the chalice in a church. The follies of the ruined but aristocratic spendthrift get the sympathy of the servile snob.

How very much this Duke is to be regretted! He has only owed a million of money for a length of years. How much he is to be honoured! He has performed an act of common honesty, and his Order look round upon England, and claim her admiration of the unheard-of phenomenon.

It is dreadful to reflect what straits he is reduced to. He is held up for public pity as a ruined man; he is doomed to rough out life on £20,000 a-year, as the *Daily News* tells us in an article, the writer of which, by the way, is guilty, in another paragraph, of the indescribable asininity of calling the plate at Stowe, *bijouterie*!

The Duke is blamed for inducing his son—a youth of the ripe age of twenty-five—to cut off the entail. Of course, it would have been much better if the family had stuck to dishonesty and the law of entail, in the eyes of those snobs who would have a thousand tradesmen sacrificed that a generation of dukes might exist on their ruins, as the yew trees flourish from the nourishment of the dead carcasses beneath.

As Newton discovered gravity from the fall of a rotten apple, so we discover, in the fall of the Duke of Buckingham, the principle that will pull down aristocracy. It is a vanity that leads to extravagance; a want of principle that leads to staving off debts; a selfishness that impels to the consideration of family pride, in preference to private honour.

Let the disgrace of this man be the warning of others. The caterpillar of debt is devouring the strawberry leaf of dukedom. No false sympathy with the barbarous ancestry of any man will induce the English to forgive his dishonesty. It is a terrible degradation, my lords, but you must pay!



MENTAL AND BODILY.

Mr. Meagher's personal appearance is described as being more of the "swell" than of the gentleman. We have always looked upon him as the frog in the fable.

AN OLD PROVERB.

Some people think that as "the rebel Leyne" is only a silly enthusiast, he will be sent to the treadmill. Very likely! for it is a long *lane* that never has a turning.

USEFUL IN ITS WAY.

It has become a question with many—Is Ireland worth keeping? The SHOWMAN thinks so, for he always makes game of it.

MILITARY PROMOTION.

Cavaignac intends to make peace with England the groundwork of his foreign policy—thereby raising himself to "General Satisfaction."

MAKING A "HANDEL" OF HIM.

On the return of the Emperor of Austria to Vienna, he was escorted to St. Stephen's Cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was sung. To bepraise so imbecile a monarch, the *tedium* was no doubt very imposing.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

The ruffianly Chartists are always prating about their love for the public. We believe that the only "public" which they have the least regard for is some "Green Dragon," or "Yellow Ape," in Bermondsey.

TOO EVIDENT.

We hear that Mr. Albert Smith declares he would, on no account whatever, contribute to the PUPPET-SHOW. We can assure him that if he did it would not make one wit's difference to us!

THE OLD PLEA AGAIN.

Whether Smith O'Brien be sane or insane is at present a matter of doubt; but, as puffing tradesmen invariably announce, "one trial will prove the fact."

THE PIPING TIME OF PEACE.

One of the points in the Chartists' plan was to extinguish the gas. Unfortunately for them, however, instead of the gas pipes, it was their own which were put out.

AMBITIOUS TO THE LAST.

Smith O'Brien rolled over among the cabbages in Widow Cormack's garden; because, standing so small a chance of the kingship of Munster, his insanity prompted him to aspire to the dukedom of *Somerset*.

A ROARER BORE-ALIS.

When we learn that the salutes cost £50 a-day to the country, can we doubt that this roaring of cannon is a thundering shame?

THE COUNCIL OF NICE.

The Corporation of London declare that they won't be "nice" about opposing the sanitary movement. No fear of that; they're always nasty in their operations.

A GOOD HIDING-PLACE.

We understand that numerous Chartists, now skulking about London, are seeking in vain for a place of safety from the detective force. Why don't they try the Strand Theatre?

MORPETH—AND MUD.

SOME time since, a meeting was held to consider the state of the Serpentine, the waters of which were said to be about "as clear as mud." This was satisfactorily—we mean satisfactorily for those who did not bathe in it—proved to be the case; and it was established beyond doubt, that any one having a "dip" in the Serpentine was likely to receive a very unpleasant dye. The condition of the river may be explained in the words, "Wash and ye shall be dirty;" and it is a well-known fact, that in the vicinity of Brompton the most insulting speech that can be made to a man who is not remarkable for personal cleanliness, is, "You've been bathing in the Serpentine!" The state of this river certainly requires attention, and we were in hopes that Lord Morpeth would have entered into it before now: but such is not the case; and we will, therefore, endeavour to give our readers some idea of the Serpentine as it is in a lyric—which, by-the-bye, we are informed, resembles "Flow on, thou shining river:"—

Flow on, thou dirty river;
If thou couldst reach the sea,
What lots of mud thou 'dst give her,
Which now must float on thee!
I tell thee thus: If thou wert mine,
The current of thy stream should be
So clear, that each one's face should shine,
Where now but dirt we see.

But as thou 'lt ne'er get thither,
Lord M. should heed thy prayer,
Or else his plan will wither
For purifying our air.
I tell him thus: When summer's o'er,
The atmosphere shall brimful be
Of noxious gas, that's kept in store
By that foul stuff on thee.

"THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE"—Reading it.

THE SHOWMAN's "Commissioner" happening to ask a Tipperary "boy" what he thought of the rebellion, Pat replied, "Faith, yer honor, 'tis the best thrade a-goin', since the Government offer 'rewards for traitors!'"

A NECESSARY CONSEQUENCE.—A short time since, a friend of ours afflicted us with a wretched pun which he informed us he had taken from the *Man in the Moon*. This at once accounted for its being very *far-fetched*.

AN INDUSTRIOUS LIBELLER.—An ill-natured acquaintance suggests that Michel Chevalier, the talented writer on industrial resources, might be appropriately called a *Chevalier d'industrie*.

CONUNDRUM BY OUR D. C.

Q. What bird most resembles a worshipper of Bacchus?
A. A grey plover (grape lover) !!! *ad infinitum*.

MEAGHER OF THE HANDCUFF.

It is rather characteristic of the Irish-patriot character that Meagher, the man who spouted more nonsense, howled more sedition, and invoked the God of Battles more loudly than any of his *confrères*, should have been the first to beg his life from the "bloody Saxon." We thought that the "Butcher-General of all Ireland" was to have been addressed by Meagher the victor, not Meagher the suppliant; but the case is different, and the hero has now been obliged to offer up a prayer to a Government which he hopes will, by a strange anomaly, be at the same time generous and sparing. If Meagher had been successful, and had had his full swing—and we use the word without any allusion to what might almost be called his *suspending* fate—he would have been by no means "meagre of the sword." The Government, however, will have but little claim to the epithet of liberal if they do not grant so small a boon as the life of Mr. Meagher. We suppose that the unfortunate man will have to emigrate at the national expense, and when supported in one of our colonies by government funds, he will be in his proper position, for he is just the kind of person to be kept at a distance.

REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING PLACES.

By an Habitué of all of them.

No. IV.—THE CHESHIRE CHEESE, AND OTHER CHOP-HOUSES.



CRITIC on Dining Places soon discovers that his capability of forming a right opinion on any one of them depends much upon external—by which, after all, we mean internal—circumstances. For instance, at the Albion one can dine either with or without an appetite; at the French *restaurants* such a thing is a decided disadvantage, unless intended to be retained for ever; but at the

chop-houses, not only a gigantic appetite, but positive, or rather superlative hunger, is requisite in order to come up to the scratch in a proper manner, provided always the visitor be not a city clerk or a reporter on the *Sun* newspaper.

The class of chop-houses of which we are treating does not include coffee houses where cheese can be obtained, but such places as the "Cock," and, above all, the "Cheshire Cheese," which are chiefly characterized by a substitution on the floor of sawdust for carpet, and on the tables of steel forks for silver ones. Moreover, the waiters obstinately refuse to allow potatoes to be peeled previously to being served up, and altogether a *régime* is in force which would not be tolerated for one instant west of Temple Bar. When the writer of the present article comes forward as a candidate at the next general election, his cry will be "Reform for our chop-houses;" instead of "Repel the Union," he will adopt for his motto, "Peel our potatoes;" and the Government, instead of being called upon to "redress our grievances," shall be invited to "dress our salads."

Of the "Cock" we shall say but little, as, although it is always crowing about its stout, which for the rest is very good, it has not yet attained a sufficient degree of civilization to admit pale ale on the premises. If the reader wishes to see a waiter horrified, let him go to the "Cock" and ask for a glass of pale ale. It would produce less effect were he to call for a bowl of prussic acid.

After a contest of some years, Mr. Dollamore, the worthy proprietor of the Cheshire Cheese, yielded to the popular clamour for bitter beer. One concession begets another, and the importation of sherry-cobblers was soon afterwards demanded and obtained. Encouraged by these successes, we have already commenced an agitation which shall not cease until the steel-forks are abolished; and we have made a solemn vow to "die on the floor of the house" unless the sawdust which covers it, to say nothing of other abuses, be speedily swept away.

We have also ulterior intentions of causing the English language to be spoken at the establishment in question.

The first time we ever entered it, a youth, whom we at the time believed to be insane, nearly frightened our wits out by screaming at the top of his voice, "Cook, a single mut," "A single kid." "Two muts down together, and one kid to follow, thoroughly done." We soon discovered that there was a



FRIGHTENING OUR WITS OUT.

peculiar language spoken at the Cheshire Cheese, and

we accordingly looked for a dictionary or an interpreter, when an old gentleman, who had been in the habit of dining there every day, except Sunday, during forty-nine years, informed us, with a look of unmitigated contempt, that "mut" was the "Cheese" for a mutton-chop, and that "kid" was translatable into English by the word "kidney."



TWO KIDS TO FOLLOW.

The Cheshire Cheese is governed by a waitocracy. The proprietor, who is two or three hosts in himself, seldom interferes, except by coming into one of the rooms, and bowing at random to any of the visitors who may happen to be looking his way. But the waiters are tyrants. Nothing can be done except by their express permission; and their indignation at the *SHOWMAN*'s having published this article without their leave will be of that terrible nature which, in the somewhat vague language of the penny-a-liner, can be more easily imagined than depicted. However, they are occasionally merciful; and that venerable old waitocrat William has been even known to descend to a species of favouritism which permits him to carry newspapers under his coat for the especial gratification of those who happen, for the moment, to be basking in the sunshine of his favour. But there is one limit at which he pauses and resumes his wonted austerity. William would not, for any earthly consideration, allow a paper to be carried up stairs into the smoking-room. He would feel that, after giving up that point, he might as well abolish the custom of handing bread on the point of the fork, as if to a bear on the top of a pole; and when the right of choice as to crust and crumb is once allowed to the visitor, instead of the selection being left to the waiter, as at present, poor old William will die, and have his portrait hung over the mantelpiece, as has been the fate of other waiters before him.



CHOP-TALKER.

We imagine that at one time political feeling ran very high among the Cheshire Cheesites; for at present the habitual visitors separate themselves into two distinct bodies, and occupy two distinct rooms, one of which is adapted to the use of Whigs, while the other is suitable to the accommodation of Tories. Of course, the expressions "Liberal" and "Conservative" are far too "new-fangled" for the persons of whom we are speaking. In this room you may read the *Globe* and the *Advertiser* (the *Daily News* will not be taken in until it has been established a dozen years); in that, you may grow sleepy over the *Herald*, or delighted with the *Chronicle*, which, by-the-by, was, some months ago, formally removed from the apartment where it had been seen daily for a tolerably large fraction of a century into the one in which it is at present visible. Some of its ancient readers were observed to shed tears on the occasion.

Our readers will be able to form some opinion of the love for the antique possessed by the Cheshire Cheesites when we inform them that the latter read the jokes in *Punch*; and they will further be enabled to arrive at some idea of the injury which their absurd prejudices cause them, when we say that their pet establishment is one of the few that does not take in the PUPPET-SHOW! In order to be consistent, Mr. Dollamore ought to keep all his port till it becomes watery, and all his bread till it gets stale. Let us hope, however, that as long as he keeps the Cheshire Cheese it will in no way become decayed.



CRUP WELL DONE.

BREAKING UP.



Easter Russell—"PLEASE, SIR, MAYN'T WE HAVE A HOLIDAY? WE'VE WORKED VERY HARD THIS HALF."

Mr. Bull—"WORKED HARD! WHY YOU HAVE DONE NOTHING AT ALL.—HOLIDAY, INDEED! NOT YET, AT ANY RATE."

NEWSPAPER BRUTALITIES.

SOME person employed by the *Times* to scribble reports from the "rebel districts" of Ireland—as even the most peaceful localities are still called—is in the habit of indulging in the most hideous personalities concerning the unfortunate enthusiasts whom he mistakes for criminals, and whose misery his low mind cannot of course compassionate. We do not mean to say that the man is personal merely in the same sense that we are when directing our immediate attention to Mr. Anstey, in order to prove him a blockhead, or to Mr. Hudson with a view to convicting him of ignorance; but that he gratifies his malice by noting down any little peculiarity of dress or personal appearance which may serve to procure a grin from the brutal, not on account of the writer's wit, but of the prisoner's wretchedness.

When Smith O'Brien was being escorted to Dublin, this reporter, who is equally destitute of feeling and of humour, was constantly at his side, staring impudently into his countenance, observing with delight any change of feature which would give him an opportunity of writing an extra line, and gloating with avidity over an unmistakeable expression of despair, which might deserve the honour of a new paragraph. As one instance of coward brutality we may mention that the rascal, after noticing that the prisoner yawned at a certain time, went on to state that he believed it was merely done in order to conceal the real cause of the tears which were trickling down his face! When no mental emotion is exhibited by a captured insurgent, the reporter assumes the airs of a gentleman; but on the whole is not successful. He criticises dress like a journeyman tailor, and endeavours to cast ridicule on Messrs. Meagher and Donoghue because they did not come down from the mountains in evening costume.

This impostor, moreover, who delights in noticing the peculiarities of a heart-broken man, stands forth in the most generous manner to take the part of a policeman who was "chaffed" by Donoghue in the railway carriage which was conveying him to gaol. The fact was that Donoghue ought to have exhibited some mental distress for the penny-a-liner to enlarge upon; but as this was not the case, the paltry scribbler contents himself with praising the modesty and bashfulness evinced by the constable.

THE MYSTERIES OF VAUXHALL.

LAST Tuesday a masquerade was given at Vauxhall, which, to use the language of the bills, was "on a scale of magnificence hitherto unattempted in this or any other country." Now, we admit that the masquerade was on a scale of, &c., which has never been attempted by M. Jullien, because he has always, as a matter of course, surpassed it, and to imitate it would be like the *Times* attempting the "scale of magnificence" by which everything in *Lloyd's Journal* is weighed. The mere statement that the entertainment was to be of a nature that had never been aimed at, either at home or abroad, said very little in its favour; and we should advise the proprietors, on the next occasion, to induce visitors to attend by promising a masquerade such as is generally "attempted" in civilized countries. This puff from the Vauxhall management reminds us of one which issued from the direction of a somewhat similar place of entertainment, and in which it was stated, that "the band had been selected from the best orchestras in London," the advertiser omitting to state that the conductor had made a point of choosing all the bad and none of the good musicians.

We perceive that some Scotch society invaded Vauxhall last week. How happy must have been their *fête*, for they were permitted to walk about with tartan awkwardly thrown on, and legs indecently exposed, the air smelling strongly of sulphur during the time! With singular aptness, the day chosen for the festival was the Duchess of Kent's birthday! If the Germans wish to return the compliment and the absurdity, they cannot do better than give a national entertainment on the day when the Duke of Sutherland first saw the light; and we firmly believe that many Englishmen (the believers in the *Times*, for instance) would have great pleasure in celebrating their nationality and the praises of the Emperor of Russia on the same occasion.

COURT CIRCULAR EXTRAORDINARY.

THE Court Circular, which has long been known as the essence of English snobbism in a vehicle of clumsy language, is becoming a little more liberal. On the 18th, it condescended to inform us of the following important facts:—

"Her Royal Highness's" (the Duchess of Kent's) "town tradesmen dined together, as usual, at the King's Arms Tavern, Sir George Couper having sent, by the Duchess's orders, a fine fat buck for the occasion."

The penny-a-liner then goes on to inform us, that the company were "entertained" by Mr. Ransford—a fact which we cannot understand, except on the supposition that he was striving to be serious and pathetic.

There is distinct evidence in this statement about the dinner, that the man who "does" the Court Circular is descending a little from the dignity of his birth and position, and condescending to acknowledge the claims of the lower orders to attention. Formerly he used to confine himself to telling all Europe, that Prince Cockaleekie had aired his Royal carcass on a certain lawn, or that some Serene baby had partaken of regal pap. We shall no doubt now learn, that the Duchess of Kent's funkies enjoyed their usual half-and-half yesterday, and subsequently honoured the gallery at Astley's with their presence in the evening.

A "CAPITAL" JOKE.—We think there can be no doubt, after the capture of the Chartists in the "Orange Tree," like so many toads in a hole, of the infernal nature of their designs. We are not of a sanguinary disposition, but we really think that these designs ought to be followed by speedy execution.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."—A musical friend of ours, who is so prejudiced in favour of Logier's system of instruction that he disbelieves in every other, was last week introduced to Hullah; when, after listening to an elaborate exposition of his theory, he exclaimed, "It's all very fine, Mr. Hullah, but you don't Logier!"

THE "LAST APPEAL."—Will no one find a grievance for Mr. Charles Cochrane to redress?

POLICE REPORT.

SCOTCHMEN AND INDECENCY.—Last week, a tall man, with high cheek-bones, red hair, and a tendency to rub himself on every possible object and every possible occasion, was brought before a magistrate, charged with having wandered about London in a denuded and disgusting condition.

The prisoner said, in defence, that he was a Scotchman, and was allowed certain privileges. When taken by the policeman he had declared his willingness to come up to the scratch like a man—he meant a Scotchman—and as he had no itching (a laugh) for popularity, he trusted his worship would let him off, when he had no doubt he would be enabled to rub on (a grin) in a decent manner.

His worship said it seemed that Scotchmen possessed what appeared to him the unenviable privilege of walking about with the lower part of their bodies completely devoid of clothing; this might be picturesque, but it was not proper; it was, moreover, a piece of barbarism that would not be tolerated for an instant in the Irish labourer or the English workmen. Why Englishmen were forced to wear trousers, while Scotchmen were allowed to "infest our streets, and dishonour our public places," in a state of half nakedness, it was impossible to say. Either it was indecent to walk about without nether garments, in which case the Scot should be compelled to attire himself like a civilized being; or it was a decent practice, upon which supposition Englishmen ought to enjoy the same rights and the same privilege of running about with naked legs, which was at present confined by a partial legislation to the Caledonians alone. In his (his worship's) opinion, it was nonsense to give the Scotch education until they had been supplied with that clothing, which, however necessary, they were at present unable to procure. He hoped to live to see the day when every Scotchman would be enabled to enjoy a comfortable pair of pantaloons. At present it was all very well to make an attempt at display in the upper garments; the tinsel which glittered above could not conceal the appalling nakedness beneath.

The prisoner was then discharged with a caution, and a pair of velveteens at the public expense.

A "LEARNED THEBAN."

THE other evening, Colonel Sibthorpe observed that "a public man ought to know everything." This has created an immense sensation; for as the Colonel is celebrated for being a staunch lover of the proverb "Practice is better than Precept," it is evident he would never have hazarded the assertion he did without feeling the proud consciousness that he himself was a living example of its truth.

According to his own confession, therefore, the gallant Colonel knows everything. How invaluable he would prove attached to the *Family Herald* or *Weekly Despatch* in the capacity of editor; with what ease he would answer the numerous and often bewildering questions of curious correspondents! The SHOWMAN, in consequence, begs to present the following queries to the Colonel's attention, and would feel obliged by an early reply:—

When talent without interest, and stupidity with it, are both trying for the same government situation, what are the odds against the former's not obtaining the place?

How much opium—in cwt's., qrs., lbs., &c.—have been contained in Mr. C. Anstey's speeches since the beginning of the Session? Further, is the hon. gentleman not really chargeable with the general somnolency to which the House has lately been addicted?

What is the exact time it generally takes Mr. D'Israeli to manufacture the brilliant impromptu speeches he is in the habit of making?

Who is the author of the letters of Junius?

It is so long since the cathedral of Cologne was commenced, that the name of the architect has been lost in the darkness of ages. Will Mr. Barry's fate be a similar one?

How often has Lord G. Bentinck dreamed he was prime minister? And

From what (at present) unaccountable cause has the "awful calamity" which the Lord Mayor declared he and the Corporation were anxiously waiting for, and the captains, crews, engineers, and stokers of the river steamboats been so sedulously striving, by overcrowding, drunkenness, &c., to bring about, not yet taken place?

THE CHARTIST BULLIES.

WE are glad to see that a few gangs of dirty "physical force" ruffians have been seized by the police, in those fetid pot-house dens where they go to wallow in beer, dirt, bluster, and treason. All England is interested in their being put down at once, and pitchforked into some penal colony, to work in gangs with the off-scourings of the country—the most loathsome of whom, however, is too respectable for the association. The ease with which their plots were discovered shows their stupidity, as much as the way in which they surrendered betrays their cowardice. Nothing now remains but to punish them, and they should be punished as men chastise dogs, with a severity that prevents the brutality of instinct (they have no reason) from breaking into violence. They are the natural enemies of all that is good—from religion to soap. They act on a base hatred of all that is quiet and holy, and track the ruin of a country as the shark, in Barry Cornwall's poem, follows the ship containing a dying man. There is no way of dealing with them but by the stocks, the whip, the branding-iron, and the gallows.

A MERRIE CONCEIT.—About y^e same tyme (namelie, iv or v dayes after I had taken y^e Lyceum) Will Shakespere and myselfe proceeded to y^e house of a certaine cavalier, who hadde invited us at divers periodes to passe a weeke with hym. Now this gentlemanne was very fond of his houndes, for whiche he hadde builded a beautifull kennel, and which he used to visyte every morn, so that when it was announced one daie, a year or so later, that, what with *bona robas* and court gallants, he was clean ruined, Will Shakespere remarked: "I am not surprysed; it is not wonderfull that he should go to y^e dogges." At which scurvey jeste we laughed right heartilie.—*Burbage's Diary*.

THE "MAN COWELL."

WE have seen a number of placards about London, announcing the astounding fact that some one calling himself the "Man Cowell" either is going to take, or is not going to take, or has taken a benefit! What benefit does he mean? Is it a benefit at a theatre, or at the Insolvent Debtors' Court? The "Man Cowell" ought really to be more explicit as to who he is, what he is going to do, where he is going to do it, and why he does it at all.

A STRAPPING-FELLOW—A surgeon's dresser.

SOYER'S NECTAR.

WE heard, the other day,
Some "fast" men, drinking SOYER'S NECTAR, say,
"May everlasting slowness straightway crush us,
If any human tipples half so luscious.
Why, it beats liqueurs, spirits, punch, and wine—
Takes out of beer and shan ly-gaff the shine—
In one word, 't is divine."
The "fast" men spoke more truly than they thought;
The Nectar is divine, because—in fact—in short,
Now is the proper time and place, we think,
To let the world know all about this drink.

One day, half lost in deep reflection,
Soyer the First was turning in his head
All sorts of thoughts which had not much connexion

With one another, when he sprung
All of a sudden from his chair, and said:
"I've done already for mankind, I feel,
A precious deal.

With my renown the whole world has rung.

Mais que m'importe—that's not enough—

Particularly as I'm sure
Within my breast I've got the stuff
To do much more.

Yes! ere my span of life is run,
I'll yet surpass all I have ever done;
Some hero I will imitate of old—

Mais qui?

Come—let me see—

Why, there's Prometheus—famous, we are told,
For scaling high Olympus, whence he stole
The sacred fire, where Jove had hid it—

Eh bien! Olympus also be my goal:
I'll scale it, too!"

This did great Soyer say he'd do;

And, what is more, he did it!

"What, reach the skies!"

I hear some hundred readers all exclaim,
In some surprise.

"What means did he adopt, may we p'rhaps ask,
In order to accomplish such a task?"

He mounted on his own transcendent Fame.

Having, then, reached his destination,
He seized upon the very first occasion—
By dint of flattery, *valgo* (very) "chaff"—
To wheedle from that Nymph so coy and neat,
Fair Hebe, the receipt

Of the famed Nectar which the gods all quaff:

Then, shortly after, bidding her adieu,
And planting on her lips a kiss or two,

Came down
As fast as possible to Town.

This will explain, gentle reader mine,
Why the "fast" men,

Mentioned above, quite right were when
They said that Soyer's Nectar was "divine."

What follows is already written

In History's page;

The Nectar soon became the rage
All over Britain.

In every tavern, store, hotel,
And pastrycook's and grocer's shop as well—
E'en in the most sequestered place—
The Nectar placards stared you in the face.

At present,

With every coming day its credit waxes;
It's quite as universal as the taxes,
And, of a surety, far more pleasant.

TRYING IT ON.



Wife of your Bosom.—"OH, GEORGE—do LOOK!—WHAT LOVES OF BONNETS."

George.—"AH! HEM! YES, MY DEAR; BUT I'M AFRAID IT WILL RAIN. WE'D BETTER BE GOING."

BATHING ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY!

QUARRELLING with that rare virtue of public companies—their liberality—is far from the SHOWMAN'S custom; but even this good quality may be carried too far; and therefore, in the present rainy season, when the almanac-makers, like newspaper editors, seem to be favouring us with a "second edition" of the month of April, decidedly uncalled for, the SHOWMAN cannot allow his

unique optic to glance quietly over the extreme liberality of the South-Eastern Railway Company.

Conspicuously placarded about and around the Metropolis, for weeks past may have been read the words "Half Fares"—words more taking at holiday times to Cockneys than is bird-lime to hedge sparrows. Inspired by an intense anxiety to study the recreative enjoyments of the people—an anxiety equal to that which may induce Lord Morpeth practically to acquaint himself with their sanitary condition by wading breast high in the foul waters of the Serpentine, or threading, knee deep in filth, the labyrinthine sewers of London—inspired by the most laudable of motives, the SHOWMAN lately took, and paid for, one of the Company's third class "excursion tickets" to Ramsgate.

Everybody knows that on pleasure lines the third class carriages are too open by half for the comfort of the passengers; but those only who, seeking like the SHOWMAN the healthful pursuit of autumnal bathing, have indulged in the six hours' martyrdom of an excursion train, can fully appreciate the redeeming advantages. You leave the London Bridge Terminus by steam, and long ere you reach Reigate (fortunate possessor of a third class ticket!) you indulge in the luxury of a most copious shower-bath; by the time the train arrives at Tunbridge, the shower-bath combines with a foot-bath; and both increasing in the same ratio, station after station, a very pleasant hip-bath, for such as prefer this mode of ablution, is the result before the train approaches Ashford. Here you have an opportunity of indulging in a glass of "warm

with," to counteract the effects of the possibly too abundant "cold without." Between this station and Ramsgate the water rises in all probability so high that the passengers are able to sport about like dolphins, and at the ticket station not a little fun is created by some persons diving in search of their lost pasteboard, which they have the felicity of showing three or four times in the course of the journey. The entertainment is generally repeated on your return, and through the liberality of the company you enjoy for the small sum of seven shillings and sixpence a ride of nearly two hundred miles, and a greater variety of bathing than, ~~on the~~ at Ramsgate, you could obtain, supposing you were inclined to do so, for double the money.

To make the arrangements of this cold-water cure for third class passengers more perfect, the SHOWMAN would suggest to the Directors that towels be distributed with the tickets—that the use of soap be prohibited—that the waste steam be conveyed into certain carriages to be distinctly marked "Tepid Bath"—that brushes, combs, and bootjacks be provided, and looking-glasses affixed between the compartments—and finally, that a bathing guard and a receiving-house, upon the principle of the Royal Humane Society, accompany every excursion train. A few carriages might be set apart for ladies exclusively; and if in the next issue of Time Tables the above advantages be enumerated among the attractions of the line, the SHOWMAN ventures to predict a considerable decrease in the dividends of the liberal-South Eastern Railway Company!

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

WHERE is the line to be drawn between a rebel and a patriot?

Does rebel mean an unsuccessful patriot, and does patriot signify a successful rebel?

Would Smith O'Brien have been looked upon as a rebel if he had succeeded?

And would the Parisians have been considered as patriots if they had failed?

OVER DELICACY.—An American friend of ours carries his sense of honour so far, as to spend all his time in perfect idleness, because he does not even like to take advantage of time.

CHEERING PROSPECT.—We are glad to say that since the late attempt at insurrection provisions appear to be far more plentiful in Ireland than they previously were: at least there is a great abundance of *Irish Stew*.

"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."—The *Times* states that "the avenue to Stowe resembles the road to Epsom on a Derby day." This is consoling to the Duke, for the more *dust* the purchasers come down with, the better he will be pleased.

OPERATIC "BON MOT."—We learn that Madame Grisi declares she will never sing with any tenor but Mario, who has been in consequence named the "tenor of her life."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Next week a DOUBLE NUMBER of the PUPPET-SHOW, completing Vol. I., will be published, comprising, in addition to the usual contents, an engraved title-page, dedication, index of contents, &c.

NOTICE.

Numerous Correspondents having complained of the difficulty experienced in obtaining copies of the PUPPET-SHOW in various parts of the country, the Proprietors have determined on the publication of a Stamped Edition, to go free by post, and which may be procured by order of any London Newsman. Parties preferring it will be regularly supplied with the Stamped Edition of the PUPPET-SHOW, carefully enclosed in a wrapper, direct from the Office, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, on the following terms:—

Subscription for One Quarter, or 12 Numbers . 2s. 6d.
Half-year, or 26 Numbers . 5s. 0d.

The amount may be transmitted by Postage Stamps, or by a Post-Office Order, made payable to WILLIAM DOVES.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOVES, of No. 106 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Viretelly Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOVES at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



NUMBERS 25, 26.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

TWOPENCE.

GRANTING OF LICENSES.

THE public, particularly that portion of it which reads the *Morning Advertiser*—or barrel-organ, as we have wittily called it—must be aware that this is about the time at which the proprietors of taverns have to apply for their licenses. It is not, however, so generally known that the SHOWMAN lately held a court, at which he heard various applications, chiefly for the renewal of certain licenses which had been previously enjoyed by the persons coming before him. Amongst others,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL applied for a license to be exempted from the persecutions of the PUPPET-SHOW. Refused with savage delight.

MR. D'ISRAELI applied for a license to attack everybody. Granted with sympathy.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY applied for a license to be a permanent bore. Granted in despair.

LORD MONTEAGLE applied for a license to make Government compel every one to emigrate at the national expense. Refused with a smile.

MR. SPOONER applied for a license to oblige every one to sit in one position during the whole of Sunday. Refused with pity.

SIR R. INGLIS applied for a license to have all the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland tied up in a sack, and pitched into the sea. Refused with contempt.

MR. WEBSTER, comedian, applied for a license to produce bad translations of good French pieces, and to prevent any one from going to see the originals. Refused with a knowing laugh.

MADAME CELESTE applied for a license to speak the English language with an accent totally unknown in any European country. Granted out of compliment to the audience of the Adelphi Theatre.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—During a speech of the Premier, a member near Sir Robert Peel asked him if he did not hear a noise. "No," replied the ex-one, "only a little rustle."

A PI(O)US ACT.—The Diplomatic Relations with Rome Bill.



SILK WEAVERS

AND

SILK WEARERS.

THE INDEPENDENT FIREMEN.

COMPETITION, like the locust-swarms of old, respects nothing. It goes steadily on its way, attacking everything it may happen to encounter. Bakers, butchers, patriots, doctors, together with the members of nearly every other calling, have all been its victims; and, though last not least, soldiers and policemen have at length felt its insatiable tooth.

These individuals had from time immemorial monopolized the profession of lady-killers; at present a formidable race of rivals has sprung up: we allude to those members of the metropolitan fire-establishment, into whose custody are delivered the fire-escapes which adorn different points of London as soon as evening has set in.

These officials are a cross between the lancer and the policeman, with a strong dash of the private gentleman. To all the charms of a jaunty uniform, consisting of a military-looking frock coat, and a sort of light-cavalry cap, the poke surrounded with a most martial brass edging, they add the incalculable advantage of being pretty well their own masters while on duty. They can talk with whom they like, joke with whom they like, and drink with whom they like. Perhaps the talking and drinking may not be exactly according to orders; but what matters that to them: they do it.

To their honour, though, be it said, it is not with low and vulgar companions that they talk and drink, and, we may add, eat: this they would scorn. They prefer the soft and inspiring society of beings of a fairer kind—of guileless, confiding women, and, generally speaking, of such specimens of the species as fulfil the functions of cooks and housemaids—cooks being the more sought after—and who, in return for the fascinating conversation of these entertaining fellows, insist upon the latter's accepting trifling pledges of their esteem, in the shape of remnants of cold legs of mutton, boiled and roast beef, chickens, pork and fruit pies, agreeably diversified by small bottles of sundry cordials, and sometimes a mug of warm tea.

The detractors of the Independent Firemen, as the SHOWMAN thinks himself justified in calling the latter, assert that there was never a case—that is, a bottle—in which water was ever brought to them; but the reason is obvious—there is generally a pump near at hand, from which they can always obtain an abundant supply of the pure element: justice, however, requires the SHOWMAN to state he never saw them do so.

From eight till about ten o'clock, the hour at which tyrannical mistresses require street-doors to be bolted and area-gates locked, there is hardly a spot where an Independent keeps guard, round which a group of too susceptible maidens is not gathered. But it is when the SHOWMAN perceives some fair daughter of Eve tête-à-tête with the fiery Lothario that he trembles for her. Without wishing to detract from the merit of the corps in general, it is pretty certain that individually they have the same hankering after filthy lucre as most men; and that, if a girl is foolish enough to avow the possession of a stake in the Savings Bank, or merely of a tidy sum in the corner of an old stocking, the Independent will most indubitably talk about eternal love and the potato trade, or of marriage and a spring-van, winding up by hints of throwing himself into the very first fire at which his professional exertions may be required. Alas! for the poor girl. Too late she finds out that her idol, with a total disregard of his vocation, instead of doing his best to extinguish the flame which he has kindled in her breast, exerts himself to the utmost to excite it, and that, however active he may be in saving others through the instrumentality of his "Escape," for her at least all escape is totally out of the question.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. What do the aquatic tournaments at Cremorne resemble?

A. Water-mills.

Q. Why is a lady with a small waist like a frequent traveller?

A. Because her stays are very limited.

LOVERS' RHYMES.

NED sat with Susan underneath a tree,
And both were happy, as betrothed should be;
And toying with her hair to sweeten time,
"Help me," he said, "dear Susan, to a rhyme:
I want one sadly, jingling well with 'hiss'."
"No—Susan—no—a new one, and not 'bliss.'"

"Not 'bliss,'" said she; "the easiest rhyme I know;
But since thou wilt not, grumbler, have it so,
What can I do? Look in mine eyes and see,
And for one word, discarded, I'll give three.
And all the three combined shall mean but 'bliss';
Look at me, Ned, and own it—'Kiss, THIS, Miss!'"

MOTTO FOR A NON-DUELLIST.—*Nulli secundus*,
Second to none.



THE SESSION.

THE time is now drawing near when the most useless of all sessions will be brought to a termination, and the members of the House of Commons dismissed to shooting, and those other occupations for which they are more fitted than governing the country. Lord John and his colleagues will then be able to work—or rather be idle—in safe obscurity; but before the time comes, let the premier be first asked what he has done beyond proving himself the most dishonest and incompetent minister that ever pocketed a salary or made a stupid speech.

Where, for example, are those social reforms, so magniloquently announced, that were to raise Ireland from the state of degradation into which "noble" ministers have brought her? Has one more acre of waste land been cultivated, one more peasant been taught to read, one more fish caught, or one more potato planted in that country, since this heir of the stupidity of all the Bedfords began his ministerial sway? No, must be the answer to this, as to every other inquiry about his utility. But he has adopted as a principle, and pushed to an extreme, that coercion which his party have always affected to repudiate. He has irritated Irish generosity and neglected Irish prayer, insulted Irish feeling and fettered Irish patriotism by a system which makes every creature of it a scoundrel, and every victim of it a slave.

What has he done in England—given sanitary reform to her cities, employment to her poor, or education to her children? His partial reform of the Navigation Laws has not yet become law; his bill on the Jewish Disabilities was rejected by the Lords. Like the old man in *Rasselas* he has "left many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished." He was prevented from cleaning out the sty of the City by the grunting of the aldermanic pigs, at which his little heart took fright.

One of his last exploits was denying, in the face of the people of England, that they wanted any reforms. Why, is not the fact of his being premier a sufficient proof that reforms are wanted? Are there no men in England better fitted to govern than he is? Or does he possess any other recommendation beyond that of being son of a Duke and author of "Don Carlos?"

When this session expires it will carry with it no man's regret. It began without hope, and will end without performance. The curse of Whiggery was upon it from the beginning; for with Whigs meanness is the motive, and littleness the result of every action.



A CAUTIOUS GAME.

Her Majesty don't go to Ireland; Lord John does. England, not liking to risk the Queen out of her hands, plays the Knave!

MINISTERIAL LEECHES.

The Whigs are often designated as a race of political blood-suckers who have fixed themselves upon the nation. Luckily, however, they are a race which is soon likely to come off.

AN ESSENTIAL WANT.

Ernest Jones, finding prison diet the reverse of *piquant*, has applied to M. Soyer for a supply of his popular sauce. This proves the Chartist leader to be dissatisfied with his present *pickle*.

AN UNFORTUNATE SNOB.

Mr. Vernon, one of the Chartist leaders in prison, is a mesmerist. This accounts for his bringing matters to such a "pass."

MEAGHER AGAIN.

The bombastic threats which "Meagher of the Sword" threw out against her Majesty's Government having ended in nothing, henceforth let him be named Meagher of the *Hatchet*!

A RAZOR FOR THE CHARTISTS.

We may say of the Chartists, with all their folly and filth, that they are trying to raise (*raze*) the town if they can.

THE WHIG JUGGLER.

Sir George Grey asserted that the arming of the police was only a temporary necessity. Time, however, has shown that instead of the Whig Juggler it is the public who must swallow the sword.

AWFUL REFLECTION.

The Duke of Buckingham never knew when to stop in his extravagance. He has at last, however, been obliged to Stowe it!

THROWING THE FIRST STONE.

A Whig has written to us, to say, respecting Lord John's visit to Ireland, that it's too bad, when the Irish want bread, we should send them a "brick!"

A MOTION OF COURSE.

The election of the Right Hon. E. Strutt has been declared void. After having seen Mr. Strutt on the hustings we shall now see him strut off.

A LOGICAL DEDUCTION.

Speaking of some absurd project or other, Mr. C. Anstey lately declared "he would give it a full share of his consideration." Bearing in mind the little consideration the Hon. Gentleman himself enjoys, at least in the House, we should say he had not much to spare.

TOO BAD.

A man was recently committed for having passed himself off as Lord George Bentinck. We should have thought that to be taken for that nobleman, anywhere, was punishment sufficient!

UNBOUNDED ARROGANCE.

The Premier says, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We might almost infer from this that at some time or other he has considered himself a sharp

AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

"ONE afternoon, sir, when we was rayther lateish, an old woman hailed us in Cheapside, an knowin the wonderful deal o' time old ladies requires to conduct themsel into a 'bus, I give her the blind eye, but it wos no go; she kep a chasin us all long Cheapside and all roun San Paul's Churchyard, runnin an bawlin 'nough to split her precious winepipe. 'Cut away, Charley,' ses I to our coachman, an with 'at he puts the 'ooses on 's fast as they could foot it till we gits to Ludgate 'ill, where a coal waggin brings us to a dead lock. When she come up with us, puffin an blowin, an all out o' breath, she ses to me, ses she, 'I say there's two people in that 'bus afore you that's agoin to Kew Bridge!' an with that she turns on her heels agin. Now do you know, sir, I've thought a hundred times an more, over what th' old woman said, an for the life of me I never can make out why she took the trouble to communicate to me that pertikellary interestin piece of information."

VERY LIKE + + + + +.

Last week our printer received a domiciliary visit from the police, in consequence of an intimation that he was unlawfully possessed of a large quantity of daggers! On searching the office the supposed mischievous weapons turned out to be *dagger o' types* (or "daguerrotypes"), from which the only danger to be apprehended consisted in their bearing a "striking likeness" to the more deadly steel.

The sparrows of London have it in contemplation to present Mr. Charles Barry with a silver bird's-nest with golden eggs, in return for the immense number of eligible lodgings he has provided for them in the *façade* of the New Palace at Westminster. Surely the feathered satirists must be twit-twitting the architect.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION—A Chartist taking a step on the treadmill.

SONNET TO A BAD SIXPENCE.

BASE coin, avant! Pale, wan, and leaden-eyed,
Thy smooth hypocrisy might well betray,
Thou Ghost of genuine currency—away!
Dull mocker of the hapless wight who took thee—
A curse upon the cabman who forsook thee,
And on his fare the spurious coinage tried!
Thou monster, worse than Frankenstein created,
Doomed to dismay the world—hacked, hooted, hated;
A hideous spectre—bugbear of the pocket;
A bottle-imp, of which each rids himself,
Until the last possessor of the pelf,
Entrapped, has found it raises hope to mock it;
A subtle snare that—that—"Want change, d'ye say?"
Huzza! my fears and sixpence both have passed away!

SCIENCE.—A FRAGMENT.

Mrs. Bluestocking. . . . Of course, Julia, you can do a you like, my love; either go to the ball with Harriet and George, or accompany me to hear Professor Oxygen's lecture at the Institution.

Julia. I would rather go with you, aunt.

Harriet. La! Julia. What, prefer a number of nasty dirty looking retorts and odious-smelling gasses, to such a love of ball as Mrs. Dashaway's is sure to be? Come—aunt won't be affronted if you choose the ball—

Mrs. Bluestocking. Certainly not—my dear girl—I—

Julia. No—I would not lose the lecture for the world. I am sure the ball can never be compared to the treat the Professor has in store for us. How can I hesitate an instant when reflect on the numerous and great benefits which—which—

Mrs. Bluestocking. Quite right, Julia—which we owe science—

Julia. Yes, aunt—and the beauties—the sublimity—the wonders—

Mrs. Bluestocking. It unveils—

Julia. It unveils—combined with—(*aside to Harriet*) Don you recollect that dear Captain Swordknot is sure to be at it!



HORSES versus MEN.

NE of the votes proposed in the supplies was £21,574 for the encouragement of horse-racing in Ireland. Every person of the least understanding would have supposed that such a vote as this would pass without discussion. But Mr. Bright would it otherwise.

This Hon. Member did all he could to disallow the sum in question. He pretended that it would be a great deal better to improve the breed of men than the breed of horses. The question is not one of improvement. The breed of men has been improved, as so has that of horses;

and the result has been a proud aristocracy of horses as well as of men. A grateful and admiring country has made ample provision for the latter. It is to pursue a similar course as regards the former that the pitiful sum of £21,574 was demanded.

Some other Hon. Member wished merely to defer the vote until such time as the misery in Ireland should not be so great. This is as neat a piece of irony as it is possible to conceive. "Until the misery in Ireland shall not be so great." Why, if we waited till then, we might bid adieu to the money altogether; none but a man without a spark of feeling for the noble and national amusement we are treating of could have ever made such a proposition.

As for the idea of expending the £21,574 in sending a certain number of poor persons as emigrants to our colonies, it is absolutely sickening. Let me ask, Mr. SHOWMAN, when all this philanthropical twaddle is to be abolished? Really at the present day it has become quite a nuisance. A gentleman cannot take a glass of wine, or demand a pension, without being bored about emigration. If people are so desirous of going to the Cape, or New South Wales, let them do so, in the name of all that's good, but let them cease to bother Government about it. Do I ask for a hundred or two every time I go to Vienna, or take a trip up the Rhine? Certainly not; and still I am not sure that I should not be justified in so doing, seeing the amount of taxes I pay.

Trusting that these few hasty remarks will find a responsive echo in the heart of every true Englishman who has the least respect for the "high-mettled racers" which, with a few other considerations, have raised England to the proud eminence she now occupies,

I remain, MR. SHOWMAN,
Your obedient servant,
BEAGLE.

CONUNDRUM ADAPTED TO THE MEANEST CAPACITY.

Q. What leader of the time of Queen Elizabeth would be best suited for the command of Charles Albert's army?

A. Sir Walter Raleigh (rally).

A NEW CON FOR THE NEW COIN.—We understand that Prince Albert has suggested that the new coin about to be issued from the Mint should be called a florin. We object to this, as we shall be constantly hearing jokes made about there being a *flaw*—in the florin. We hope then that the florin (*florin*) another argument on our side) will give way, and that we shall fall upon some better name.

— KILLING WITH KINDNESS.—The Protestant Dissenting ministers declare that they don't want the national grant of £1,695. Lord John, however, declares that they must have it, averring that he's as Independent a minister as any one of them.

UNFEELING REMARK.—Last week, a young man of feeble intellect used a hair-dye, which turned his hair green. On applying to the *peruquer* on the subject, he was informed by the monster (in human form, of course), that he "ought not to be particular to a shade!"

DONNA INEZ.

IN his lordly hall Don Carlos entertains his noble guests. While with noiseless tread his menials execute his dread behests. Noble matrons, smiling damsels, knights without reproach or fear,

Pass around the sparkling wine-cup to increase the festive cheer. Wherefore should his only daughter, Donna Inez, sit so still And so mournful, while the others with their mirth the building fill?

Wherefore should the tears thus trickle down her face—and why those throes?

Why? Because that horrid mustard's been and got into her nose.

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Q. What is "bursting a blood-vessel?"

A. Blowing up a slave-ship.

A FRUITFUL THEME.—A warehouseman was lately committed for robbing his employers of several boxes of raisins. This certainly is an appropriate although not strictly legal mode of "raisin the wind."

ANECDOTE EXTRAORDINARY.—Last week it was found necessary to have some repairs executed in the roof of the SHOWMAN's villa, and a celebrated builder was accordingly engaged to do all that was necessary, under the superintendence of a celebrated architect. A number of men mounted to the top of the house, all of whom had been recommended as persons who would "get through their work quickly," which they certainly did, for, as soon as a few rafters had been replaced, the workmen tumbled through into one of the top attics!

DEVILLED KIDNEYS—Potatoes affected with the disease.

ATTEMPT AT IMPOSITION.

PUBLIC curiosity has never been so excited as it is at present about the birth, parentage, circumstances, and education of the SHOWMAN. One individual has been playing the lion at an endless number of balls, routs, dinners, and *thés dansants*, on the strength of his having patched up some story or other about the SHOWMAN's patch—pretending to know how the latter came by it, how long he had worn it, and whether he meant at any future period to leave it off. Now, the SHOWMAN gave his portrait, and all he wished to be known of himself, to his subscribers in his first Number; and he will as certainly give it any person who shall, after this warning, endeavour to gain popularity by pretending to an intimate acquaintance with him. The SHOWMAN would have inflicted a public castigation on the individual referred to—who got very drunk with his temporary popularity and other people's wines—had his conduct not brought its own punishment with it. In consequence of the great number of dinners he swallowed, in an incredibly short period, he is at present a martyr to a most awful state of indigestion.

When the proper time arrives, the SHOWMAN will himself explain away the mystery which now envelopes him, and draw up the curtain behind which he is concealed. But as yet the public mind would be unequal to sustain the shock: when it has been duly prepared by an assiduous perusal of the articles in the PUPPET-SHOW, then, and then only, may the SHOWMAN be induced to publish something of his history to the wondering world.

In the meantime, the SHOWMAN returns his thanks for the many invitations and challenges he has received, all of which he declines; begging to inform the public, that in his stead, three gentlemen who contribute occasionally to the PUPPET-SHOW have expressed their willingness to accept, and, in accordance with the principles of their chief—great in everything he undertakes—to do justice to the former; while a treaty has just been concluded with two "dead shots," of gentlemanly exterior, to manage all affairs arising out of the latter.

REMOVAL OF THE QUADRANT!



There have been lately much startled by an advertisement in the newspapers which states that the Quadrant is about to be removed. The astounding announcement is put forth by a Mr. Stocken, who, with his stock in trade, is to be removed at the same time as the Quadrant; and who, we may be allowed to say, is at present but one degree removed from the condition of an ignoramus. When first we saw the words "Removal of the Quadrant" in conjunction with the name of Stocken, we thought that that very good stationer, but exceedingly bad writer, was giving notice to some nautical gentleman who had left his quadrant at his (Mr. Stocken's) shop, that unless removed it would be sold to pay expenses. We were, however, wrong; the word Quadrant begins with a capital letter, and Mr. Stocken lives in one of the houses which compose it. What Stocken says is, that the Quadrant with a capital Q, the Quadrant which is made up of two colonnades, and lots of houses, shops, billiard-rooms, and indescribable places, will be removed, with all its billiard-tables, cigars, prepared coffee, hats, coats, boots, shoes, and Stockens. But who is to remove the Quadrant? Can Stocken undertake the task *solus*? And then where is it to be removed to, and what is to become of the vacant place which will be left, and why is it to be removed at all? These are questions which we hope Stocken will answer. We are aware that the colonnade is to be pulled down, but that has nothing to do with the houses themselves. If Stocken has some plot for destroying these, let him avow it, and appease the fears of the at present panic-stricken inhabitants of Regent Street!

EARL GREY'S NOVEL THEORY.

DURING the debate of August 24th, Earl Grey made an absurd attempt to defend the Hudson's Bay Company against a charge of unjust conduct towards the natives of some of their territories. The noble Earl admitted that they had cheated the Indians in purchasing their skins—by which we mean the skins of their animals—but justified the proceeding by saying, that, as the Indians were in the habit of "indulging in intoxicating liquors," the less money they received the better! The principle is a novel one, and requires testing. Let some noble lord endeavour to apply it to the labourers employed on his estate, and he will soon find whether it will be any consolation to them, when paid only half their customary wages, to hear that it is all for their own good, as it will prevent them "indulging in intoxicating liquors." Moreover, let the doctrine be applied to noble lords themselves. Let Lord Dyce de Roulette be informed that his salary from the Foreign Office will be discontinued, as he spends it all at the gaming-table, and it will be far better for him to be without the means of gratifying his taste for gambling. Captain Turf should also be informed that his half-pay will be in future retained for the private use of the authorities at the Horse Guards in consequence of the inconsiderate manner in which he backs all the horses in John Day's stables. We will venture something that after such proceedings neither Turf nor De Roulette would be of any material advantage to Government by their assistance on an important division. No; until Earl Grey proves his belief in his own theory by applying the practise of it, to the cases of all the Whiggings at present in office, we shall continue unshaken in our opinion that one man has no right to pick another's pocket in order to prevent the latter from "indulging in intoxicating liquors."

THE DONKEYS AND DRIVERS AGAIN.

FOR a very great wonder, the cause of justice and common sense has been victorious in the case of the North Western engine-drivers. Owing to the benevolence of the *Times*, who took the side which appeared strongest, there was every chance at one period of the best men being dismissed from the line, and an accident or two had borne witness to the wisdom of the "economy" that dictated the movement; but luckily Lord Dudley Stuart threatened to ask "certain questions" of Mr. Glyn in the House, and that gentleman shrunk from the torture and conceded the point. We are glad to see the affair settled without any worse damage than a couple of collisions and some injury to the character of the directors. Mr. M'Connell, we understand, is to resign. Somebody must be sacrificed to atone for the directors' blunders, we suppose; but why this gentleman should be so, who doubtless only acted under instructions from the board, we cannot understand. Cannot he get some member to "put certain questions" to Mr. Glyn, and make that rich banker and poor reasoner haul in his horns once more?

Mr. Glyn has been much be-plastered with praise for his share in the business, which consisted, however, of sticking out for wrong while he could, and giving in to right when he had no other choice. We shall expect soon to hear of a Chartist being praised for patience on the tread-mill, when, being fastened on, he had no other choice but to be patient.

We hope that we shall hear no more of any such greediness and obstinacy as led to this mischievous and ridiculous dispute; and that if the drivers are again trifled with in a similar way, they will come forward to exert themselves in as energetic a manner as has on this occasion (with the aid of the PUPPET-SHOW) finished the quarrel by a termination as honourable to themselves as it is discreditable to their opponents.

EPIGRAM.

Of all our lingual mysteries,
That least is understood,
Why shrubs that grow on mountain tops
Are ycleped *underwood*.

BARON NATHAN CONSIDERED AS A POLYGAMIST AND A BLIND MAN.

WE perceive that Baron Nathan had a benefit last week at Rosherville Gardens. The SHOWMAN received an invitation to "rally round him;" but like Grouchy, when unable to reach Waterloo, he was prevented doing so by a previous engagement. Among other attractions, a new dance, called "Humphery's Old Clock" (for which every one was on the watch), was given, and was executed by TWELVE YOUNG LADIES! We admire the idea of the Baron possessing a clock composed of "twelve young ladies," in a country where polygamy is not tolerated. This reprobate must be taught that Rosherville is not Turkey, and that Baron Nathan is not the Sultan. If, however, any person could be induced to look upon "twelve young ladies" as so much wood, metal, and wire, when in fact they possess none of the attributes of a clock excepting hands and face, we would, after insulting him grossly for his stupidity, just ask him how he would turn such a time-piece to any advantage? We know plenty of young ladies who are "up to the time of day," but then some of them are exceedingly fast, and never know when to stop, and all require more or less regulating.

Besides the attractions of the clock, which we have no doubt was wound up in the most successful manner, we had the Baron doing his eggstraordinary egg-dance blindfolded. We always thought that to hop about among thirty eggs was a thing that no sensible man would do with his eyes open; and by putting a bandage over his optics, the Baron has proved himself to be of our opinion. While hazarding his reputation, and the fate of two shillings' worth of eggs, the hero of Rosherville was with the greatest *nonchalance* accompanying himself on the violin! So Nero fiddled when Rome was burning! Moreover he was performing on "only two strings," and this is put forward as something wonderful. Here, however, we must correct the Baron, as every man must be well off if he can boast of two strings to his bow!

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

"Turba sonans prædam pedibus circumvolat uncis,
Polluit ore dapes." ÆNEID, lib. iii.

INVOCATION OF THE GOD OF SATIRE.

O THOU, who from Olympus sent the fire
That burns in Juvenal's immortal page—
Thou who taught Pope to sweep the graceful lyre,
And raised in glorious Dryden holy rage—
Who made rough-hearted Churchill brand his age,
The Azrael* Chatterton his vials pour—
Tip us your hand, my brick, and we will wage
A war against the Whigs, and make them roar,
As howls the hungry wolf on far Siberia's shore!

"O'er the glad waters," down the Thames and back,
Their minds as muddy, and their hearts as black,
Fast as the steam can bear them o'er the brine,
Survey the Whigs in council met to dine.
Our's are the realms that hate their stupid sway,
Their sceptre, one we scorn while we obey.

"Fair laughs the breeze, and soft the zephyr blows,"
As proudly gliding through the muddy realm,
In gallant trim the hired steamer goes,
HAWES at the prow and RUSSELL at the helm!
Careless of state affairs, they glide away,
And, sunk in dull repose, expect their evening prey!

One bound they made—each gained his plate;
Already down their throats have sunk
The *water-soufflé* and whitebait,
And half the iced punch is drunk.
The waiters bring fresh food for slaughter,
And sherry, hock, and soda-water.

The cloth removed, the grace half-muttered said,
The rich dessert was on the table laid—
Wine from the land that kicked poor Bulwer out,
And grapes as ruddy as a lord mayor's snout;
Pines from those glowing islands of the west,
Whose ruin feathered many a Mawworm's nest;
And figs fresh gathered from some hot-house bough,
Almost as soft and green, dear HAWES, as thou!
"Now for a noble toast," Lord RUSSELL cries,
Pride in his voice and brilliance in his eyes.
"In solemn silence let us all be sunk,
'The Bills that at St. Stephen's fell' be drunk!"
A gloom profound clouds every vacant face,
A moment's decent silence rules the place.

Then up rose MORPETH, after one more sip,
A champagne dew-drop glittering on his lip,
"The City's health," he cried, "I next propose,"
While peals of laughter round the table rose.
"Its health," he cried again, "for sure no hurt
Can come from good old long-established dirt.
Shall impious men, with Jerrold at their head,
Disturb the sewers which their fathers laid?
Shall sacrilegious hands their dunghills rout,
Or old time-honoured cesspools be cleaned out?"
He spoke, a cheer burst from the faithful band,
And a full wine-glass gleamed in every hand.

Next up rose HAWES; sad sighs came from the throng,
For HAWES's speeches (like his ears) are long.
So GREY cried out, "No speech! Come, HAWES, a song!"

AIR—"Molly Lepel."

Sure ne'er such a hubbub was seen,
Since the old Tory government fell,
As when Bentinck would ask 'bout despatches,
And we did not know what to tell.

To be paid by the country's all proper,
But to work—quite a different thing;
For Bentinck is anxious to bore us,
And D'Israeli ready to sting.

His song raised warm surprise on every cheek—
As Balaam wondered that his ass should speak.

"I claim to give a toast," a figure cried,
And up rose PALMERSTON in all his pride:
"Is there a land from Lisbon to the Rhine,
A Turkish village or a Cornish mine,
A habitation—from the frozen pole
To where the oceans in the tropics roll—
Where my right arm has not waved o'er the land,
Where kings or people know not my command?
Let paltry ministers, attached to peace,
Bid men be tranquil, or bid trade increase.
Such calmly-working spiders webs may form;
I, like the lightning, shine but in the storm!
My flaming sword—like the old angel's—will
Keep human beings from an Eden still!
I but condemn, and will not stoop to hate
Those who get sea-sick in the storms of state.
Say, shall my arm"—here laughter shook the board,
For a low sound proclaimed that RUSSELL snored.
"Enough!" cried PALMERSTON, with haughty frown;
"Our Foreign Policy." And he sat down.
The toast was drunk as Whigs drink everything,
And RUSSELL, waking up, began to sing.

FRA DIAVOLO, *Acte Troisième.*

AIR—"Je vois marcher," &c.

"Proudly and wide my standard flies,"
Under it march Whigs of all degree;
Whether the Chartists or Ireland rise,
So long as we're paid, is nothing to me.

A general murmur through the members ran.
"I can beat that," quoth GREY, and he began.

THE GOVERNMENT TREE

[After THACKERAY's capital Christmas Song.]

<p>I. Ireland is up, Rebels are out, Making a rout; Little care we— Little we care, Snug as you see Perched up to feed On the British Oak Tree.</p>	<p>II. Hunger and toil Come to the gate; There let them wait; Little care we— Little we care, While snugly we Grub on the leaves Of the jolly Oak Tree!</p>
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When the last echoes of this lively lay
'Midst jingling wine-glasses had died away,
Once more rose RUSSELL to address the room,
But not so confident—a shade of gloom
Passed o'er his brow and quivered on his lip,
As schoolboys quiver when they see the whip,
Or GREY when active Cuffey gives the slip.
"There is a guest distinguished," he began,
A thrilling movement through the circle ran,
And "SHOWMAN! SHOWMAN!" burst from every man.

Yes, 't was the SHOWMAN! Calmly he had sate,
Much more intent on drinking than on prate.
But now he rose, and from his lips there broke
A smile of silvery sweetness; thus he spoke:
"Oh, that the wine which sparkles here to-day
Could wash Whig blunders or Whig crimes away!
Or the rich fruits that sweeten all the gale
Heal like the apple in the Persian tale!

+ See the large cut for a representation of this interesting scene.—SHOWMAN.

* It may be necessary, in order that this sentence may be intelligible to some "progress" writers, buffoons, Chartists, &c., to state that Azrael is the destroying angel of the Mahometan creed.—SHOWMAN.



Lord John Russell—"On rising to propose the health of His Honour The **SHOWMAN**, I take this opportunity of thanking him for the enlightened view of Whig measures and Whig deficiencies he has taken throughout the Session. I may here publicly state, that, like Sir R. Peel under similar circumstances, I should, in the event of my thinking fit to resign, feel it an imperative duty to introduce my distinguished friend the **SHOWMAN** to her most Gracious Majesty as my Successor."

But long as colonies derive their laws
From supercilious GREY and stupid HAWES,
While fools in letters can be chiefs in state,
And *Keepsake* writers* settle England's fate,
So long will Ireland starve and Chartists howl,
And wise men sigh, and I, the SHOWMAN, growl.

"That HAWES can manage empires, shall we hope,
Because forsooth he's great at boiling soap?
Or deem that RUSSELL's fit to make a law,
Because none quicker can an income draw?
Though MORPETH was in lofty castles bred,
Do not the rooks build highest overhead?
And if you taunt us with his ancient blood,
Know each dog's ancestors were at the flood!

"No! Whiggism is a chain in one dark bend,
Snobs are the links, and swindling 's at each end.
You treat your friends the people in this guise,
Fawn when you're down, and cut them when you rise,
As purse-proud *parvenus* renounce their race,
And grow aristocratic, mean, and base.

"Now, my coercing foes to all coercion,
The people's tyrants, and the priest's aversion,
With this one toast my short harangue I seal,
'A health to England and Sir Robert Peel.'"

The SHOWMAN ceased, in grief broke up the spread,
And two small boys took RUSSELL home to bed.

* It is a well-known fact, that nearly all the leading Whigs have been small and unsuccessful poetasters in their time. We mean to review their "poems" some day!—SHOWMAN.

TYRANNY AND GROUSE.

ON Wednesday last a *soirée* of rather a peculiar character was held at the rooms of Augustus Yawn, Esq., of the Treasury. It was at first resolved, for reasons given below, that the proceedings should be kept strictly private; but as the SHOWMAN, on being made acquainted with the matter, did not acknowledge the validity of these reasons, the gentlemen concerned bowed to his superior judgment, and enabled him to present the following authentic account of the *soirée* to the public.

The company, composed principally of gentlemen employed in the Treasury and Foreign Office, with one or two from Somerset House, arrived at about nine o'clock, and shortly afterwards partook of an elegant supper, consisting of all the delicacies in season and several out of it.

On the conclusion of the repast, cigars, wines, and spirits having been first brought in, Mr. A. Yawn begged to remind his friends that they had that night met for an important purpose, and that he should therefore propose, "That the *soirée* do now resolve itself into a committee to make certain inquiries regarding the condition and treatment of gentlemen employed in Government offices."

The resolution was immediately adopted, and Mr. A. YAWN requested to take the chair.

Mr. CHARLES WILLIAM HENRY DAWDLE said he would not detain his honourable friends long: that he had the honour to inform them that he was a slave—one of those who were doomed to look at life through the window-panes of the Treasury; that nearly a twelvemonth since he had been inveigled into accepting a situation of £200 a-year in the department just alluded to. He had been aware that the labour expected was severe: that he should have to attend from the hours of 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., but that, not wishing to live a life of idleness, he had consented. He had not, however, been acquainted with the extent of the sacrifice he was making. He had expected that he still should have been able to partake of certain pleasures which were absolutely necessary to a gentlemen's existence—for instance, that he should have been free to leave for the moors on the 12th instant; but that, to his horror, and he would likewise add, unmitigated indignation, he found this was not the case. He discovered too late that he had been the

victim of a misunderstanding (*hear, hear*). He was free to own it had been on his own part; but what man of proper feeling would not have made the same mistake? (*hear, hear, hear*). That unless some measures were taken, and that speedily, for him and others in a similar situation to himself, the far-famed boast—

"Britons never, never, never shall be slaves,"

was a bitter mockery, a cruel piece of irony, and he therefore begged to propose that a petition be drawn up, praying Her Majesty's Government to order that for the future the holidays (*cries of Order*). He begged to apologize for the use of the term, but he had been so ground down by hard work and a sense of his degrading position that he was absolutely becoming forgetful of the simplest *convenances* of society; he had great pleasure in substituting the word "recess" (*cheers*). He would pray them that Her Majesty's Government do order that for the future the recess of the gentlemen connected with the public offices of this country shall commence on the 12th day of August, so as to enable the said gentlemen to participate in the manly and national pastime of grouse shooting. (*Mr. Dawdle resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.*)

MR. SAUNTER perfectly coincided in the opinion of his friend, C. W. H. Dawdle, Esq.—in saying this he could assure the gentlemen present that he emitted not only his own opinion but that of all his colleagues of the Stamps—he himself was in the Stamps. He fully knew how to appreciate the honour which that evening had fallen to his share, humble individual as he was, of meeting so many gentlemen of the Treasury and Foreign Office—he should not soon forget it; it was an era in his life, to be marked on a white slate—no—he meant to be commemorated with a white mark, as some one had once observed—and that therefore he should have great pleasure in seconding the motion.

MR. V. A. RIETY observed, that in his opinion it would be advisable that the recess should be timed by the opera season, beginning the day after the last night. He should very much like to know what Government supposed a person was to do after the closing of the two operas. He would frankly own he himself was in an awful state of ignorance on that point—at present. He found town very slow—he might be the only one (*cries of "No, no"*)—he was encouraged by those marks of approbation—he was emboldened to go further and declare he found it dummy in the highest degree—they had not even Madame Warton as Lady Godiva, or Venus Rising from the Sea (*a laugh*). London appeared to him like a city of the dead—he had never had the pleasure of traversing the desert, but that he should say it was lively compared to the metropolis; in the desert he believed you could see somebody, whereas in London you could see nobody—that is, of course, nobody who was anybody. He thought this keeping them in town was an insult—it was reducing them to the level of a railway clerk or any other mechanic (*shame, shame*). In conclusion, he would merely advise the gentlemen present to keep the proceedings of that evening a secret. He knew the British people—he was acquainted with their pluck, and he was very sure that if they were aware of what he and his colleagues had to suffer, they would, especially in these excited times, rise to a man.

Mr. V. A. Riety's amendment having passed unanimously, the greater part of the company retired. The gentlemen from the Treasury, however, and Mr. V. A. Riety having taken the precaution to procure certificates of illness which relieved them from the disagreeable necessity of attending to their official duties next day, did not separate till an early hour of the morning.

FOOL OR KNAVE?

AT the last Ambleside petty sessions, in Westmoreland, the parish constable appeared against himself, and accused himself of having been intoxicated at the fair, for which offence the magistrate fined him five shillings. We suppose that this conscientious wearer of the parochial cocked hat and laced coat would have locked himself up had the money not been forthcoming, or have confined himself in the stocks, or whipped himself at the cart-tail, had Justice required it. Of course we cannot for a moment suppose that this possessor of so soft a conscience was actuated by any worldly motive—that he had been seen rolling about the fair in a state of inebriation, when he should have been engaged in his duty, and that he had accused himself in order to prevent others from doing so—or that he had the most remote design of endeavouring, by the sacrifice of five shillings, to preserve some forty or fifty pounds, the amount of his annual salary and perquisites.



THAT SHOCKING ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH!

Is "an honest man" be "the noblest work of God," as Pope said, and as a million persons say every day, the dishonest Electric Telegraph is certainly the most ignoble invention of man. It possesses the mendacity of a newspaper reporter, multiplied by that of a county court witness; and again, by the falseness of a person who praises Lumley's orchestra! It does not lie like the editor of a weekly newspaper who may couch his assertions in ambiguous language; nor like the babbler of small tea-parties, who may deny what he has said, and trust to the bad memory of some of his hearers. As a plain utterer of unvarnished falsehood, the *Electric Telegraph* (luckily enough) stands alone; its information is given in black and white, and in expressions which—like the jokes in *Punch*—do not admit of any double meaning. There are only two ways in which we can account for the Telegraph's mendacity: either it condenses its information, and, as steam is condensed into water, gives something like a substantial form to that which was at first but mere vapour; or, like an active, but stupid errand-boy, it runs off with the commencement of a piece of intelligence without waiting for the end, which might altogether alter its meaning.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

(WITH A STUTTERING IMPEDIMENT.)

Oh, boo-boo-beauteous Mary, say,
When shish-shish-shall we wedded be?
Nin-name the ha-ha-happy day
That will us mar-mar-married see.
Nay, did-did-dearest, though thy cheek
A crick-crick-crimson blush hath dyed,
I could not wait a wee-wee-week,
Without my jo-jaw-joyful bride.

Then, Mary, let us fif-fif-fif
For Too-Too-Tuesday next the day,
When in the morn at sis-sis-six,
I 'll fy-fy-fetch thee hence away.
Then to some bub-bub-blessful spot,
To pass the mum-mum-month we 'll go,
A cook-coo-coach I 've gee-gee-got,
Thou could'st not say nin-nin-ny-no!

A HINT FOR OUR D.C.—We know a gentleman so averse to giving offence to any one or anything, that he can never be prevailed on to make a joke, because he would not willingly even *provoke laughter*.

A GOOD SIGN.—The rascals who call themselves Chartists, march every evening in great force, to increase, if possible, the obscurity of their intellects, by getting fuddled over cheap beer. We like to see them on their road to these low haunts, as it proves they are going to pot.

A COMMON PHRASE.—We often hear people talk about "enjoying bad health." Now, although we certainly hold it best to bear with resignation an evil which cannot be avoided, we think that persons go a little too far in asserting that they take a delight in it.

SIBTHORPE OUT-DONE.—A punster alluding to the wretched nonentities of the Colonial Office, says, you hear nothing in their speeches but *hums* and *Haues*!

A MEAN SOPHISM.—Our D.C. is continually breaking his promises—firstly, from the natural depravity of his disposition; and secondly, that he may have the satisfaction of pleading in extenuation that it is morally and physically impossible for a person to keep his word when he has given it to another.

A PERFECT SEQUITUR.—Many persons must have noticed how exactly the opinions of the *Times*' reporter in Ireland correspond with those expressed in the leading articles of that journal. This has given rise to the remark that "Our Own Correspondent" writes on the principle of "follow my leader."



TEMPTING TITLES.

THE idea that there is nothing in a name, has been long since exploded—the discoveries of modern science have swept it away, with numerous other fallacies, which had been always accepted as truisms. Formerly, the object of a title, whether to a book, a play, or a piece of music, was to give some idea of its character and contents; at present it is merely a bait (sometimes, alas! with a hook at the end) to procure a purchaser. In the matter of books, we have, first, the startling titles, such as "Omoo," or "Typee," which are just about as intelligible as "Row-dedow" or "Fol-de-rol." There is another species of book-names (as the German-English writers would say) which, although equally incomprehensible at first sight with those of the "Omoo" class, are found, if the reader have patience to finish the work, to have some sort of connexion with its contents. To this description belong "Now and then," or "Here, There, and Everywhere." Some of our authors are very fond of appealing to the brutal appetites of the mob—not so much for blood, in the old Lloyd style, as for eating and drinking—and on this principle call their productions "A Glass of Ale and a Sandwich," "A Pot of Porter and a Screw of Tobacco." Among these we must rank "Biscuits and Grog," which we confess contains far more intellectual nourishment than the majority of the works which are held out as something to be devoured by the multitude. A book is being now advertised under the very drinkable title of "A Claret-Cup;" and we have no doubt that it will be shortly followed by "A Glass of Port Negus."

The commonplace figurative title is one which is rather amusing, and which includes "A Stumble on the Threshold," and which might just as well comprise "A Fall on the Scraper," or "Head-over-heels down the Staircase."

We don't like spoiling our own trade, but we must, in conclusion, call attention to a class of titles which afford comic writers excellent opportunities of making short paragraphs. For instance, if an author brings out a book called "The Serpent among the Flowers," some comic gentleman instantly states that the same writer is preparing "The Slug in the Cauliflower," or "Smith O'Brien in the Cabbages." The best name of this kind which we have lately seen is "Points for the Consideration of Persons about to embark for the Indies," and which of course suggests the points of a facetious contemporary, which require a study of some months to become intelligible.

AUDACIOUS PUFF.

In the *Lancet*, of two numbers ago, we perceived a letter containing what the writer intends for Latin criticism, signed by some person calling himself James Hannay, and introducing another equally obscure man, one Sutherland Edwards, as having assisted him in his absurd performance. We are not aware whether Hannay belongs to the firm of Hannay, Dietrichsen, and Co.; but we are afraid those respectable persons would disclaim the connexion with considerable alacrity. As for Edwards, we have no doubt that he is the well-known Henry Edwards of "egg-powder notoriety"—the "Sutherland" being merely introduced by way of blind. We trust that such a sensible man as the editor of the *Lancet* will not allow his paper to be made the vehicle of puffing two illiterate tradesmen, whose knowledge of Latin is doubtless altogether due to the prescriptions perused by the first-named of these insignificant personages. Edwards, we suppose, had been "egged-on," as he would say, by some of those friends to whose amusement he is alleged to have contributed. His egg-powder is said to possess all sorts of advantages, in which of course we, who know the man, place no belief. If Edwards is in want of employment, we suggest that he should relinquish the velveteens which he at present sports, for a pair of goose-feather trowsers, when he might endeavour to perform the part of the parent-bird, and give that "life" to his egg-powder which is now only to be found in the corruption which it speedily attains. Having performed our duty to society, by knocking these two fellows' heads together, we conclude by expressing a hope that some of their friends will muzzle them, to prevent similar extravagances.



"MODEL" CHARTIST UNIFORM.

CONSOLATION.—Some persons have hinted that Lord Brougham's nature must be vastly changed, as the learned peer has lately been so quiet. This seems to us the very best proof that he is Lord Brougham *still*.

MR. SPOONER AGAIN.—We have heard that the honourable member for Birmingham could never be prevailed on to make a journey of any length, in consequence of his being, on principle, invariably averse to *roam*.

CIGARS AND REBELLION.

MR. SHOWMAN.—A short time since a placard was exhibited at the office of one of your contemporaries, announcing the breaking out of an insurrection in Cuba. As you may easily imagine, my heart was in my mouth in an instant. An insurrection in Cuba! If this be true, what guarantee have I that the Havannah will not shortly follow the example of her sister Isle? Such a concatenation of events as this, followed by a war with America, about some out-of-the-way territory or another, and our supplies of one of the first necessities of life are immediately cut off—I am afraid irrevocably so.

Compared to a misfortune like this, the potato blight sinks at once into utter insignificance. The place of potatoes may be supplied by carrots, cabbages, rice, and a host of other things; but what substitute can be found for tobacco?

I am not generally an advocate for intervention. I think Government much to blame for meddling as it did in the affairs of Italy—being matters which did not concern them; but this is a widely different case, and therefore I trust that a competent person—by which, of course, I cannot possibly mean Lord Minto—be sent out to arrange matters, so that the peace—I mean the smoking—of the world be not disturbed, otherwise every lover of the noble weed, instead of being able to offer to a friend a case of cigars, will only present to the public at large a case of distress.

As I have seen no confirmation of the dreadful intelligence in any other paper than the one I have alluded to, I am still in hopes that it is not true; if so, I hope that you will not fail to castigate the unscrupulous periodical which has thus presumed to trifle with our best feelings. I enclose its name.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A SMOKER.

ANECDOTES OF JENNY LIND.

FROM ALL SORTS OF PAPERS.

It may be mentioned as an extraordinary instance of the generosity of Jenny Lind, that when her washerwoman (who had never heard her sing) was waiting in the hall for her bill, the Swedish nightingale continued an *aria* which she was practising, for two bars and a half, and then desired her laundress to call again.

Last week one of the chorus singers at Her Majesty's Theatre was taken seriously ill. Jenny Lind kissed her (on both cheeks), and expressed a hope that she would soon be better.

Jenny Lind's amiability of disposition is evinced in numerous little ways which might almost escape notice, were it not that the habit has become a prominent feature in her character. We may remark, as one instance of this peculiarity, that she never troubles Mr. Lumley to send her salary, but always goes for it herself.

Mademoiselle Lind's goodness of heart cannot be more strongly proved than by the fact that she never receives a thousand pounds from Mr. Lumley without a sigh and an expression of regret that nature (and the newspapers) have endowed her with talents of such a valuable order.

Like all true artists, Mademoiselle Lind is imbued with a deep feeling of religion. When praying in the *Sonnambula* she is not merely performing the part of a mimic, but is actually repeating a psalm.

AN APPROPRIATE MOTTO.—We presume that Vernon the Chartist belongs to the distinguished family of that name, for their motto is *Vernon semper vires*—Vernon is always green!

AN ESSENTIAL OIL.—Florence oil for making salads.

"PASSING STRANGE"—Going by his shop in Pater-noster Row.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PISCATOR wishes to be informed whether the Chartist Pike is easily caught, what is the best bait for it, and also where it most abounds.

The "Pike" is shy, never showing itself unless when it fancies it can do so with perfect safety. The best bait for it is a small "special," although it is usually to be taken by a moderate-sized policeman. The "Pike" is principally found in the disturbed and muddy waters of Clerkenwell and Bethnal Green; some fine specimens have also been lately captured in a dirty outlet near the Thames, called Webber Street.

INVESTIGATOR.—To your first question, No.—To your second, Forty-five, to the best of our knowledge.—To your third, We think not; a Roman Catholic priest cannot be accused of betting because he says he will "lay a ghost."

A **LYRE** is earnestly solicited not to forward us any more of his jokes (!) What does he think our readers would say if we inserted such trash as that "the painting of a dog, disposed of at the Buckingham sale, was with justice said to resemble a certain class of steamboat officials, because it was a *Stowe cur* (stoker)."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

This Number completes the First Volume of the PUPPET-SHOW. In commencing his Second Volume the SHOWMAN avails himself of the opportunity to yield to the wishes of those numerous Subscribers who have, from time to time, objected to the repetition of the weekly headings. To effect a change which appears to be universally desired, as well as to carry out other valuable suggestions, the PUPPET-SHOW will henceforth be increased in size. The price of the Enlarged Series will be Three halfpence.

Appropriately embellished covers (price 1s.) for binding Volume I. may be obtained through all Booksellers and News-vendors, to whom Subscribers desirous of completing their sets are requested to make early application for back numbers.

Parts I., II., III., and IV., price 6d., each, and Part V., price 7d., completing Volume I., may still be had.

Volume I. of the PUPPET-SHOW, price '8s. 6d., in scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold design and lettering, is now publishing.

London: Printed by WILLIAM DOWEN, of No. 105 Blackfriars Road, in the County of Surrey, at the Office of Virtually Brothers and Co. Peterborough Court, Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by the said WILLIAM DOWEN at the Office of the Puppet-Show, 11 Wellington Street North, Strand, in the parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.



- ABD-EL-KADER, 84**
Absolute Tyranny, 112
Absurd Effects of Patriotism, 70
Absurd Fallacy, 44; Inference, 185; Reason, 87
A Call for True Liberty, 118
A Common Phrase, 201
A Counter Irritant, 170
Act for Regulation of Steamers, 70
Adams and Justice, 162
Adding Insult to Injury, 22
Addressed to Mr. Dilke, 15
Addressed to O'Connell Family, 110
A Hint, 175
A Hint for Our D.C., 201
Alderman Johnson versus Humanity, 114
Aldermen and Logic, 143
Alien Bill, 61
All the Difference, 127
A Mean Sophism, 201
American Markets, 30
An Addendum, 86
An Answer will oblige, 28
An Appropriate Motto, 202
Anatomical Discovery, 135
Ancestral Advertisements, 78
Anecdote Extraordinary, 105
Anecdotes of Jenny Lind, 202
An Essential Oil, 202
An Evergreen, 142
An Explanation, 103, 154
A Frightful Theme, 198
A Good Sign, 201
A New Con for a New Coin, 196
An Omnibus Conductor's Story, 195
Another Pursuit of Meaning, &c., 34
Another Whim & its Consequences, 148
Answering Impertinent Question, 175
Antiquarians in Wit, 114
An "Used Up" Subject, 138
Appropriate Compliment, 87
A Pi(ous) Act, 198
A Put Down for Chartists, 126
A Perfect Sequitur, 201
Are all Men Equal in Law? 74
A Reply, 162
Are you an Atheist? 26
Aristocracy of the World, 40
Aristocratic Acquaintances, 30
Aristocratic Correspondence, 48
Aristocratic Sticks, 74
Armed Police, 178
Arming Movement, 176
Artist and Four Tall Footmen, 144
Attempt at Imposition, 196
A Step in the Right Direction, 105
A Toast Done Brown, 64
Audacious Outrage, 44
Auriol in Private Life, 75
A Welcome to Louis Philippe, 2
A Word with Costa, 78
- BAD IN EVERY RESPECT, 162**
Back Settlement, 179
Ballad for Charles Cochrane, 59
Barbarian, 176
Baron Nathan considered, &c., 197
Barristers and Buffoons, 138
Bathing on South Eastern Railway, 192
Batons and Clubs, 159
Beautiful Idea, 175; Sentiment, 12
Beg and Borrow, but Don't Steal, 28
Bellicose Bishop, 103
Benefit of Clergy, 19
Bentinck O'Lyinn, 54
Best Sanatory Act, '90
Best Table of Diet, '90
Better Late than Never, 40, 111
Beyond a Doubt, 45
Birds of a Feather, 54
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, 135
Blow for a Balloon, 71
Bob Lint to his Friend Jack Mullins, 54
Books Just Published, 7
Books not yet in the Press, 15
Bravo, Balzac, 186
Breaking up, 189
Break up of the Whigs, 82
- Brotherhood of Nations, 67**
Business of House after Easter, 51
Buxton on Sunday Trading, 150
CABMAN'S HORSE, 198
Call to Arms, 128
Canoe in High Life, 179
Candidate for Hanwell, 136
Candidate for the Belt, 42
Canine Attachment, 182
Capital Joke, 190; Punishment, 118
Captain Falcon of the Guards, 134
Caution, 96, 179
Challenge, 186
Chance for the Club, 87
Charing-Cross Revolution, 8
Chartist Ammunition, 112; Bombas-tes, 44; Bullies, 191; Captive, 142; Court Circular, 168; Parliament, 88; Prisoners, 162; Rows, 98
Chartists and the Middle Classes, 42
Cheap Amusement, 2
Cheering Prospect, 192
Chinese Junk, 83
Cigars and Rebellion, 202
Civic Wit, 170
Civilisation in England, 23
Classical Mania, 158, 174
Classic Concert, 31
Cochrane's Invitation, 63
Coincidence, 158
Coming Man, 68
Communism of the Press, 14
Comparison, 169
Comparisons are "Odorous," 38
Compliment Repudiated, 86
Compliments to a Great Man, 183
Conscience Money, 114
Conscientious Debtor, 165
Consistent, 185; Consoling, 14
Consolation, 202
Consolation in Distress, 58, 78
CONUNDRUMS, 12, 14, 15, 82, 60, 71, 78, 94, 95, 108, 104, 160, 167, 171, 175, 186, 187, 194
Convalescence of our D.C., 186, 155
Convalescent from Limerick, 69
Correct Reading, 146
Counter-Fact, 58
Court Circular Extraordinary, 190
Courtship of Anarchy, 145
Credulity, 161
Crime at Cambridge University, 10
Criminal Law Amendment, 146
Criticism, 72
Critics and Books, 79
Cruel Attempt at Murder, 83
Crying Evil, 138
Culpable Neglect, 153
Cure for Low Wit, 66
Cure-ious, 74
Curious Historical Fact, 18
Curious Inquiry, 155
Cutting Article, 68
Cutting the Fly-Leaves, 32
- DANCING AND DEPORTMENT, 10**
Death of Mr. Briefcase, 142
Death of Our D.C., 128
Decided Improvement, 74
Deplorable Insanity, 176
Deputation of Bakers, 23
Derby, The, 84; Derby Symptoms, 81
Despair, 169
Devil and the Potatoes, 185
Devilled Kidneys, 196
Diamond Cut Diamond, 62
Different Sort of Race, 114
Diplomatic Correspondence, 105
Dirt Cheap, 87
Disgusting Feat, 18
Distinction with a Great Difference, 68
Division on Mr. Hume's Motion, 138
Domestic Respect, 104
Don Henrico Lytton Bulwer, 112
Donna Inez, 196
Donkeys and Drivers, 179
Dorset Parson and Jury, 143
Drachm-atic, 150
Dry Subject, 161; Dull ditto, 79
- Ducal Insolvency, 186**
Dumas in London, 111
- EASTER AMUSEMENTS AT LIME- RICK, 72; Do. for the Million, 64**
Earl Grey's Novel Theory, 197
EDITOR'S BOX, 39, 78, 95, 99, 107, 115, 123, 131, 147, 155, 171
Elegiac for the Drawing-room, 127
Emigration, 170
Epigrams, 94, 168
Epitaph on the National Assembly, 89
Ernest Jones Useful at Last, 159
Estimates, The, 177
Every One to His Taste, 36
Exemplary Parson, 78
Exeter Hall Confession of Faith, 83
Exile of Erin, 82
Ex-Ministerial Movements, 34
Expressive Definition, 169
Extraordinary Meeting, 178; Panic, 136; Sincerity, 37
- FAILURE OF THE EXECUTIVE, 42**
Faithless Peeler, 159
Fall of Meternich, 40
Fancy Portrait—Mr. Meagher, 120
Fashionable Changes, 81; Intelli- gence, 184; News, 146
Fast and Slow Men, 50; Question, 62
Fast Man, 186; At the Lyceum, 83
Felix Flummary's Art Manufactures, 23
Few Hints to the Schleswig-Holstein Combatants, 95
Filial Affection, 104
Finality Government, 51
Fine Antique, 179
Fine Openings for Leader Writers, 35
Finishing Writing Master, 178
First Style of Art, 14
Flabby versus Truman, 181
Flattering Opinions of the Press, 50
Flight of Louis Philippe, 4, 12, 21
Flogging in the Army, 178
Fool or Knave, 200
- FRAGMENTS:—Friendship, 50; Love, 58; Parental Affection, 66; Fame, 74; Philanthropy, 82; Humility, 90; Charity, 98; Merit, 106; Grief, 114; Impulse, 129; Gratitude, 180; Generosity, 188; Solicitude, 146; Blighted Affection, 154; Sincerity, 162; Regret, 176; Science, 165**
Fragment from a New Rosciad, 198
Burke, 63; Tom Moore, 78
France for the Irish, 26
Fraternity, 49
Frightful Attempt on Life of SHOW- Fruit Season, 136 [MAN, 175]
- GARDENS OF ENGLAND:—I. Roach- ville, 164; II. Vauxhall, 172**
Gazette Extraordinary, 182
General Wrangel an Obstacle to General Peace, 87
Gent's Soliloquy, 115
Genuine Joe Miller, 12
Geographical, 111
Glorious News, 118, 183
Godiva, 24
Good Advice, 122
Good Enough for the Rascals, 168
Good News, 90
Good Physiognomist, 186
Granting of Licenses, 193
Great Desideratum, 186
Greatest Plague of Life, 187
Great Fact, 55
Great Legitimate, 130, 167
Great Legitimate and Celeste, 154
Great Meet. of L. House Keepers, 30
Greatness in an Omnibus, 65
Great Nonsense, 40
Great Nuisance, 150
Great Public Meeting of Smiths, 26
Great Unpaid v. Great Unwashed, 43
Great Unwashed, 56
Greedy Little Boy, 53
Green, 66; Green (Mr.), 177
- Green-room Gossip, 103**
- HERREW MELODY, 16**
Hebrew Perambulation, 86
Height of Foil, 98
Henry of Exeter, 80
Heraldic Decree, 104
Her Majesty's Theatre, 122
Herod Out-Heroded, 78
Heroic for the Nursery, 127
Highly Probable, 30
Hints for Cochrane, 55
Hints on Grammar and Etiquette, 71; To Idiocy M.P.'s, 27; Irish Jurors, 82; Organ Grinders, 56; Young Husbands, 122; Advertisers, 104; Balfie, 847; A Contemporary, 159
Historical Parallel, 23
Homoeopathic Doctor, 125
Hooking On, 98
Hopeless Infatuation, 183
Hopes for the Future, 89
Hop Market, 143
Horses versus Men, 196
House of Commons and Theatre, 91
How Punch got up his last Number, 32
How to Beg an Opera Ticket, 128
How to Contract a Debt, 60; Enjoy a Yacht Cruise, 68; Make a Monster Petition, 41; Obtain Fame, 81; Read Punch, 40; Regulate the Weather, 15; Save 2d. a-week, 8
Hudson's Last, 12
Hue and Cry, 184
Hyde Park Observance of Sabbath, 168
Hymenal Problem, 40
- IF I'S AND AN'S, 86**
If I were a Voice, 161
I found myself cribbed, &c., 94
Ignorant Libeller, 167
Illiterate Person, 55
Important Demonstration at Casino, 88
Important Meteorological Discovery, Important Motion, 34 [127]
Important Query, 127
Important to Revolutionists, 37
Imprisonment for Credit, 108
Incident in History of Street Cab, 160
Inclination versus Desire, 143
Indian Intelligence, 12
Industrious Libeller, 187
Infamous if True, 90
Inhuman Reason, 186
Innocence in an Omnibus, 13
Insanity of Mr. Webster, 55
Insolvency of Our D.C., 162
Insolvency of the Times, 167
Insolvent Theatrical News, 107
Insult to a Judge, 127
Insurgents' Game, 143
Interested Motives, 176
Interesting Discovery, 176
Interesting Fact, 94
Invisible Statue, 175
Irish Intelligence, 184
It's a Long Time Coming, 96
It's an Ill Wind, &c., 98
- JACK KETCH AGAIN, 72**
Jack the Reform Giant Killer, 139
— Illustrated, 141
Jenny Lind in Gaol, 111
Jenny Lind's Banker, 122
Jenny Lind's First Night, 67
John Bull and Young Republic, 20
John Bull Devoured by Taxation, 101
Just Like Him, 71
Just One Couple to Complete Set, 15
Juvenile Chartist, 45
- KING SMITH, 10**
Do. and Newhaven Protectionists, 3
Killing with Kindness, 196
- LANDLORD & TENANT QUESTION, 30**
Last Appeal, 88, 190
Last French Revolution, 81
Last Man, 79; Last of Honour, 4

- Lay of the Captive, 184
Lay of the Creditor, 19
Leadon King, 168
Learned Theban, 191
Legal Improvements, 137
Legendmain, 183
Les Danois, 118
Lesson for Little Literary Lions, 7
Lesson for Opera Goers, 56
Lesson in Syntax, 47
Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, 137
Limerick Row, 66
Literary Derby, 81, 96
Little Leader for Yg. Ireland Paper, 56
Lord Brougham no French Citizen, 42
Lost One Found, 97
Love in the Kitchen, 162
Lover's Rhymes, 194; Low Diet, 90
Lucky Discovery, 18
Lucus a non Lucendo, 162
Ludwig and Lola, 29
Lumley's Officials Again, 166
Lunacy of Our D.C., 160
- MAGISTERIAL WISDOM**, 180
Making Light of It, 162
Man of Sense, 169
March of Intellect, 90
Markets, The, 143
Marvellous Cure, 178
Matrimonial, 184
Matter of Opinion, 183
Meagher of the Handcuff, 187
Medical Martyrs, 86
Medical Examination, 196
Melancholy Failure, 34
Merric Concoct, 191
Midnight Review, 41
Military Flogging Justified, 71
Military Intelligence, 136
Misapplication of Terms, 162
Miscellaneous Estimates, 102
Missing from Vienna, 89
Mis-statement, 183
Mitchell's Tilt at the Quintain, 85
Model Chartist Uniform, 202
Model Jailer, 27
Modern Bobadils, 78; Thetis, 77
Modern Frankenstein & Monster, 133
Modest Request, 145
Monte Christo, 190; and "If," 15;
and Macready, 151; Ballad, 119;
Row, 116
More Patriots, 169
More Proofs of Loyalty, 58
Morpheth—and Mud, 187
Moseley and Typhus Fever, 167
Most Musical, Most Melancholy, 190
Motto for a Non-Dualist, 194
Move a Little Faster, 97
Mr. Bull and the Royal Baby, 9
Mr. Spooner Again, 202
Mr. Jeremy Diddler, 46
Much Ado About Nothing, 167
Mullins to his Friend Bob Lint, 42
Musical and Dramatic Notes, 7
Musical Criticism by John Ketch, 82
Musical Journal, 55
Mysteries of Vauxhall, 190
Mystery Solved, 66
- NAIVE QUERY**, 168
National Guard Exhausted, &c., 24
National Land Scheme, 127
Native Manufactures Encouraged, 72
Natural Consequence, 160
Natural Progression, 162
Nautical, 185
Naval Intelligence, 188
Necessary Consequence, 187
Ne Plus Ultra, 107; Of Loyalty, 162
New Act, 96
Newest from Paris, 49
New Railway Break, 116; Readings, 89
New School of Medicine, 142
Newspaper Brutalities, 190
Never Content, 114
Never too Late, 62
Next Morning, 30; Nice Point, 53
No Answer Required, 162
Noble Sacrifice, 187
No Go, 71; No Such Luck, 58
Not Bad for a Premier, 169; Stoker, 30; Tor, 133; The Un-
Noted, 166
Notice, 88, 120
Not so Cretel after all, 118
Not so Green as he seems, 88
Novel and True, 185; Definitions, 42
Novel Turn to an Auld Song, 38
Now and Then, 162
- OBSERVATIONS ON THE OBSERVANCE
OF THE SABBATH**, 87
Odd Meeting, 190
Ode to the "Specials," 102
Odious Remark, 174
Of in his Present Plight, 87
Omen and Odd Coincidence, 110
Ominous, 126, 162
Omission Supplied, 161
Omnia Vincit Labor, 104
One Good Turn deserves Another, 16
One Trial will prove the Fact, 12
Only Safe Method, 18
On Seeing an Intoxicated Policeman,
On Self-Love, 80 [16]
Open and Advised Joking, 64
Operatic Bon Mot, 192
Opera Uproar, 174
Opportunity Lost, 151
Optical Delusion, 143
Origin of the Alien Act, 48
Optim cum Dignitate, 87
Ought not a Commission, &c., 70
OUR COURT OF REVIEW, 7, 16, 71,
119, 161, 175, 201
Our Derby Prophecy, 31
Our Discharged Contributor, 31, 72, 88
OUR DISTORTING GLASS, 17, 33, 49,
113, 121, 169
Our Grand Review, 178
Our Name and Address, 1
Over Delicacy, 192
- PAGANISM**, 102
Palmerston the Dictator, 68
Pangs of Editorship, 155
Panic in London, 98; Metropolis, 143
Parallel Case, 118
Parliamentary Compliments, 80; Fa-
shions, 66; Panic, 169
Paris Fashions, 18
Pas de Fascination, 29
Passing Strange, 202
Pat in a Fix, 186
Patriotic Demonstration, &c., 62
Philological, 166
Physical and Moral Force, 109
Physical Impossibility, 185
Pictorial Parody from *Punch*, 28
Piece of Advice, 81
- PINS AND NEEDLES**, 3, 11, 19, 27,
35, 43, 61, 69, 67, 75, 88, 91, 99,
107, 116, 128, 181, 189, 147, 166,
163, 171, 179, 187, 196
Plain Answer, 108; Statement, 87
Pledge Redeemed, 169
Plundering the Public, 165
Poetry of Gas, 120
Policeman's Complete Art of Love, 30
Policeman's Pic Nic, 118
Police Report, 190
Political Economists, 183
Political Examinations, 171; Game
of Nine Kings, 20; Intelligence
Extraordinary, 70; Rumour, 90;
Showman, 60
Popping the Question, 201
Poser for the Whigs, 70
Positive, Comparative, Superlative, 94
Practical Illustrations of Grammar, 96
Pretty Certain, 26
Prince Albert's Flight cleared up, 68
Principal Parts of Speech, 164
Prizes at the Agricultural Society, 146
Prizes Extraordinary, 166
Proofs of Loyalty, 45; Prophetic, 186
Prospects of Liberalism, 59
Protection to British Talent, 73, 95
Proverbial Philosophy, 162
Prudent Advice, 19
Public Insult, 46
Public Spirit of the Whigs, 34
Puff for Old Nestor, 79
Puff of the Tempest, 55
Pullwire Correspondence, 110
Pun by a Goose of a Tailor, 169
Punch's Model Gentleman, 102
PUPPET-SHOW, The, 26
Pursuit of Meaning, &c., 30, 54, 72
Pushing it to the Full Extent, 188
- QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND**, 150
Queer Files and an Old Saw, 102
Questions for Young Surveyor's, 159
Quite Another Thing, 168
Quite Evident, 15
Quite Unnecessary, 60, 74
Quite Worthy of Him, 126
- RAILWAYS**, 116; 55
Rather a Misdomer, 99; Pleasant, 89;
Vulgar, 63; Weak, 175
Reasonable Query, 138; Thought, 147
Rebel Uniform, 183
Reform Debate, 122; Movement, 108
Regular Sell, 2
Remarkable Dreams, 119
REMARKS ON REMARKABLE DINING
PLACES, 52, 116, 132, 183
Remonstrance with Irish Agitators, 153
Removal of the Quadrant, 197
Respectability, 46
Retort Courteous, 58
Return from Osborne, 68
Revolutionary Market, 42
Ring, The, 63; Rival Operas, 177
Rising Subject, 78
Rival to Discharged Contributor, 50;
Lord Denman, 142; Tom Thumb, 90
Roland for an Oliver, 184
Rosherville Quadrille, 66
Royal Botanic Society, 79
Ruling Passion Strong in Dress, 127
Russell's Last Song at St. Stephen's, 169
Rustic Simplicity, 129
- SAFE PREDICTIONS**, 170
Saffron's the Only Wear, 150
Sapient Critic, 174
Satisfactory Arrangement, 24
Satisfactory Explanation, 64
Say not our Ministry, &c., 160
Scene at Omnibus Loitering-place, 67
Scene from *Julius Caesar*, 117
Seasonable Gossip, 65
Seedy Gent to his Landlady, 144
Self-evident Proposition, 169
Sensible Reason, 175; Whig, 143
Serious Charge, 36
Shaksperian Incident, 179
Shameful Audacity, 104
Shepherd in Fields and on Stage, 160
Shocking Prospect, 30
Shower of Royal Frogs, 30
SHOWMAN AND FRIEND—I., 121;
II., 167; III., 183
Showman at Greenwich Fair, 61
Showman at the Coliseum, 67
Showman in National Convention, 62
Showman to the King of Naples, 103
Showman's Commissioner, 187
Sibthorpe and Lincoln, 182
Signs of the Times, 43, 90
Silk Weavers and Silk Wearers, 193
Singular Folly, 90; Hallucination, 28
Sixes and Sevens, 18
Six Ways of Getting a Living, 120
Slight Difference, 83; Mistake, 97
Small Donation, 183
Smile again, Sir Robert Harry, 75
Smithfield and Treason, 183
Snarling Philanthropists, 182
Snobs and Relic Hunters, 18
Soft Desire, 160; Some Hope yet, 106
Something in his Favour, 134
Something New about Potato Disease,
So much for Buckingham, 192 [185]
Song of Physician, 162; Pickpocket,
28; "The Out-and-Outer," 43
Sonnet to a Bad Sixpence, 195
Sooner these are Done the Better, 56
Soyer's Nectar, 191; Spanish Ballad, 48
Special Constable at Home, 36
Special Constable on Duty, 41
Spirited Proprietor, 126
Spiritual Destitution, 79
Spread of Education, 58; Popery, 18
Spread of Revolutionary Opinions, 168
Standard Edition, 15
Stebbing's Literary Companion, 127
Stoppage of the Bank of France, 18
Strange but True, 126, 176
Strange Idea, 120; Notion of Our
D.C., 142; Strange Oversight, 68
Strapping Fellow, 191
Strong Evidence of Incapacity, 87
Strictly Confidential, 193
Supporter of Monarchy, 66
Suspension of Hostilities, 170
Swell Dragsman and Costermonger,
Sympathetic, 18 [106]
- TAKE NOTICE**, 49; Tantalizing, 98
Temperance and the *Puppet-Show*, 60
Tenant Right, 36
Terrific Perpetration, 169
THAMES, FUNNIOLOGY OF THE, 92,
100, 108, 123, 140, 148, 166, 180
That Shocking Electric Telegraph, 201
Theatrical Intelligence, 126
- The Bankrupt to Commissioner, 126
The Bill, 46
The Chartists forth are streaming, 143
The Delegate—An Eclogue, 86
The Independent Firemen, 194
The Little Premier, 91
The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner, 196
The Man Cowell, 191
The Session, 194
The Premier Punning Again, 146
There's a House, &c., 143
There's Room Enough for All, 178
The "Tick of Other Days," 63
The Two Students, 40, 91, 116
The Whigs Again, 90
Three Words with Cowell, 129
Thundering Mistake, 62
This Brougham no More, 66
Toast for the Times, 2
To Butchers, Cheesemongers, &c., 178
To Classicists, 63
TO CORRESPONDENTS, 32, 72, 80, 88,
96, 104, 120, 128, 162, 160, 184
To Gentlemen of the Press, 33
To Gliddon and Others, 14
To Hypochondriacs and Others, 154
To Legitimists, 18
To Lexicographers, 126
To Mathematicians, 71
Too Good to be True, 168
Too True, 79
To Parents and Guardians, 46
To Protectors of Native Talent, 154
To Shakspeare Commentators, 152
To Slow Men, 110; Total Eclipse, 44
To the Red Republicans, 129
To the Shade of Sir Wm. Jones, 134
To the Sun, 64
Touching the Spanish, 78
To Young Europe, 70
Trade Report, 136
Treasonable Communication, 184
Treason and Teeth, 70
Tribute to British Talent, 161
Trio of Punctiches, 16
True Version, 40
Truths and Paradoxes, 10
Trying it on, 32, 192
Two of a Trade Seldom Agree, 23
Tyranny and Grouse, 200
- UBIQUITY OF THE SMITHS**, 74
Un-English Principle, 16
Unfeeling Remark, 196
Unfounded Panic, 162; Ungrateful, 120
Union and Repeal, 168
United Irishmen, 11, 62
Unkind Cut of All, 16
Unlucky Map, 163
Unmerited Punishment, 158
Unworthy of Notice, 15, 161
Upon the Step he turned, 110
Utter Depravity, 163
- VALUE OF LOYALTY**, 57
Verandah Question, 38
Very Clear, 164; Desirable, 106;
Desperate, 120; Green, 50; Just,
146; Natural, 78; Neat, 74;
Proper, 111; Shameful, 135; Ver-
dant, 34
Very Like + + + +, 195
Vestiges of Creation, 87
Vice-Regal Blunder, 134
Vulgar Error, 176
- WARNING BELL**, 78
Warning Voice to the Parisians, 17
"War Organ," 37
War Song of the Chartists, 47
Webster Rewarded, 142
Wellington Statue a Symbol, 133
What does he mean? 161
What Mr. Adderley Thought, 63
What's in a Name, 128
What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid, 128
When Ernest Jones, &c., 131
Where to Draw the Line, 192
Whittingtons Again, 166
Who Brags and then Runs Away, 8
Who is Cowell? 128
Wholesale Desertion, 157
Who's to Decide, 22, 153
Will o' Wisp and King of Munster, 181
- YOU AND I**, 106
Young England & Gretna Green, 175
Young France, 149
Your "If" is the only Peace-maker, 47
1830 and 1848, 14

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